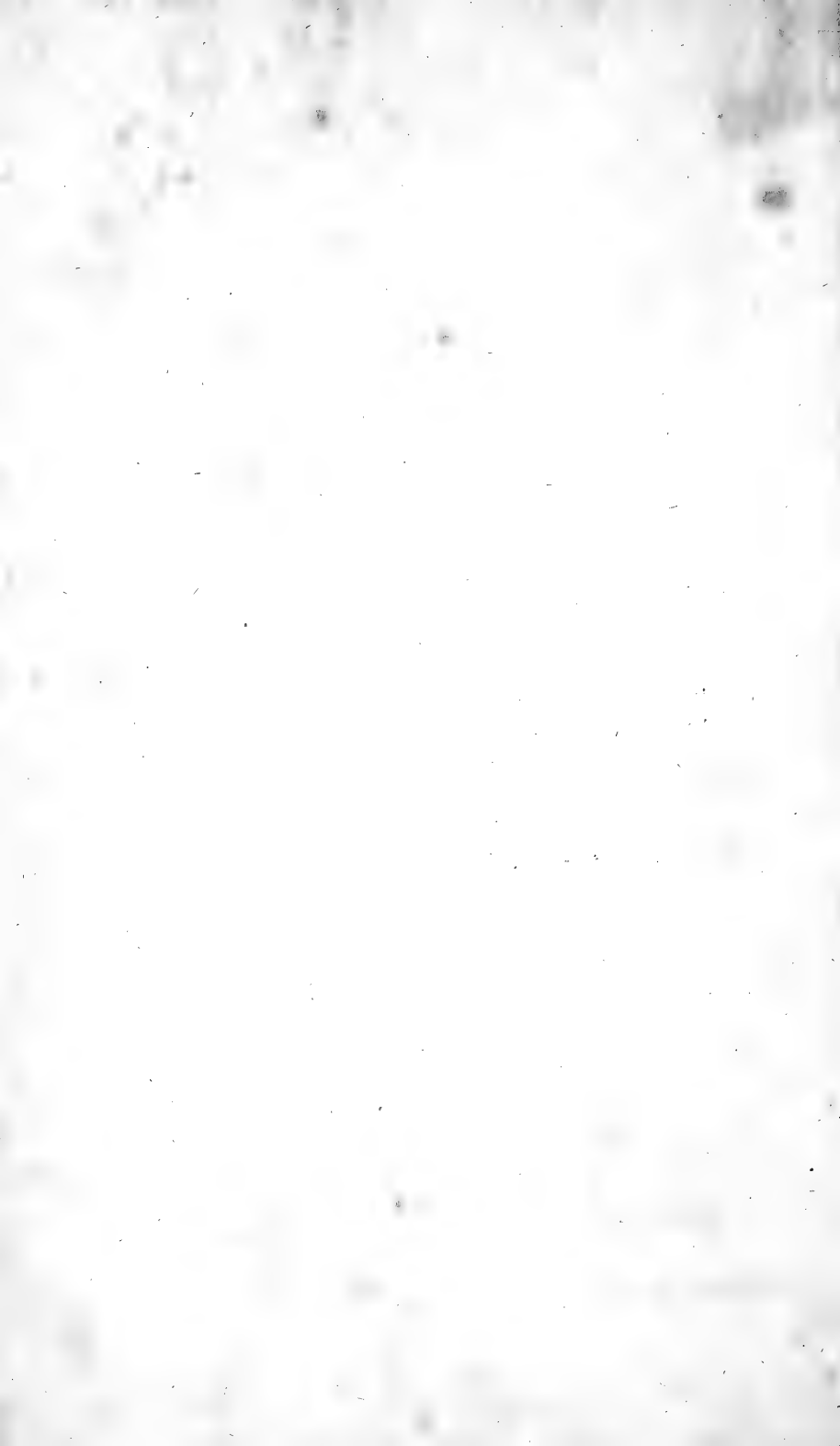


VARIETIES
OF
LITERATURE.



VARIETIES
OF
LITERATURE,

FROM
FOREIGN LITERARY JOURNALS
AND
ORIGINAL MSS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

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COLLECTIONS
IN
VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS
OF
LITERATURE.

THE VOYAGE OF GREGORY SHELEKHOF, A RUSSIAN
MERCHANT, FROM OKHOTZK *, ON THE EASTERN
OCEAN, TO THE COAST OF AMERICA, IN THE
YEARS 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787†,
AND HIS RETURN TO RUSSIA.

FROM HIS OWN JOURNAL.

IN the year 1783. a company of merchants built
three galleots in the harbour of Okhotzk. To the first
was given the name of, The three church-doctors, the
second

* Okhotzk is situated in 59 deg. 17 min. north latitude, and
348 deg. 10 min. longit. from the meridian of Kamtchatka.

† The whole title of the MS. runs thus : The voyage of Gre-
gory Shelekhof, a russian merchant, from Okhotzk, on the east-

second was called, The St. Simeon *, and St. Anna the prophets; the third, The St. Michael. With these I sailed, on the 16th of August, 1783. from the mouth of the river Ourak, falling into the sea of Okhotzk, into the eastern ocean, with a company of 192 work-people †. I myself was on board the first galleot, with my wife, who was resolved to accompany me wherever I went; from which she was not to be deterred by the representation of all the toils and dangers she was likely to undergo. In case the vessels should be dispersed by contrary winds, I appointed the Bering's island to be the place of rendezvous. I had a variety of difficulties to conquer previous to my departure. However, on the 30th of August we reached the first Kourilli island; but a contrary wind obliged us to defer our landing till

ern ocean, to the coast of America, in the years 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787. and his return to Russia; with a circumstantial account of the discovery made by him of two new islands Kuktak and Aphagnak, to which even the famous english navigator Captain Cook did not come. To which is added a description of the way of life, manners, usages, habitations, and dress of the people dwelling on them; who submitted themselves to the russian dominion; as also of the climate, of the seasons, of the animals, both wild and tame, fish, birds, vegetables, and many other remarkable particulars found there, all of which are authentically and accurately described by himself.

* In the MS. it is the St. Simeon who took God in his arms; and a note upon it refers us to the Gospel of St. Luke, chap. ii. ver. 28. 36.

† So he calls his ship's company all along. Sometimes by that term he seems indeed to mean artificers; but in general it must signify the sailors.

the

the 2d of September. On that day we dropped anchor, went on the island, and supplied ourselves with fresh water. On the 3d of September we pursued our voyage; but on the 12th we were met by a violent storm, which lasted eight and forty hours, and separated all our ships. The storm raged so furiously, that we even lost all hope of saving our lives; and though, on the 14th the two first galleots met again, and landed on the 24th at Bering's island, in the resolution of wintering upon it; as well in order to wait there for the third galleot, on board of which were 62 persons, as also on account of the adverse winds; yet even this expectation was frustrated during the whole time of our stay on Bering's island. On the 25th, of September I dispatched some people from the two vessels, on baidars*, with orders to sail round the island, as I was curious to know whether they might not meet with something remarkable. They returned on the 27th, without having seen any thing worthy of notice.

The whole winter through, all the produce of our hunting consisted of no more than some, very few, little rock-foxes; no other game being there to be found. The provisions afforded by the island consist of sea-fish, which abound there in great variety, and the flesh of sea-animals: such as sea-bears and sea-dogs. Of birds are found geese, ducks, swans, mews, gulls, with other water-fowl and birds of the forest; to which

* According to Kratcheninikof these are vessels 12 feet long, and 2 feet broad, sometimes constructed of poplar wood and sometimes of seal-skins.

we may add the roots kutarganoe and farana*, as useful to the support of life.

The winter was long and severe; the winds mostly from the north or east; snow and fleet almost every day.

As the sailors could not be kept from the scurvy, it was necessary to think of remedies; accordingly when it snowed, they went about the sea-shore, and on clear days, on snow-shoes, to the mountains farther off.

On the line we drew there we found the deviation of the magnetic needle to be $1\frac{1}{4}$ rhomb to the east.

On the 16th of June, 1784, we left this island; and I appointed, in case of a separation, Unalashka, one of the Fox-islands, for our place of rendezvous. But, in order that the third vessel, which had strayed from the two first, might be informed of this our agreement, and so be enabled to follow us thither, I took care to leave a letter on Bering's island for it. We were detained till the 19th; the wind being sometimes slack and sometimes contrary, when we very tediously got again on board: on the 19th, during a thick fog, we lost sight of the St. Simeon. On the 20th, one of our vessels brought to at the Copper-island; here we took in fresh water and some flesh of sea-bears; on the 23d, we again set sail. The 6th of July we came to

* From Kratcheninikof's description of Kamtchatka we learn that the farana is a species of lily, *lilium flore atro rubente*, with a dark red flower, which at the beginning of summer is found in Kamtchatka growing wild in the fields, and from the dried roots whereof the Kamtchadales prepare a sort of grist or meal; which, mixed with bramble-berries and cranberries, is said to have a very agreeable taste.

the island Achta, one of the Andrew-islands; the 7th, we passed Omla; the 8th and 9th, we were in sight of the island Siugam Achmuta, and afterwards of the four Berg-islands. The 10th, we passed through the straits between them, and bent our course from south to north. On the 12th, at a small distance from this island, we got sight again of the St. Simeon, pursued our course, and came on the 13th, to the island Unalashka and the bay of Natukinsk; on the 14th, we drew our galleots into the Captain's haven, where we remained till the 22d, employed in refitting them, and providing ourselves with necessaries.

On our way to the abovementioned islands, we could not but remark, that this whole chain of islands, from Bering's island to Kuktak, of which I shall speak more hereafter, consists of high rocky mountains; among which are some that vomit fire. They are entirely destitute of forests; though single trees grow dispersed between the rocks, namely brushwood, alders, and abreschenbaume, but even these not in all parts. The inhabitants collect for firewood what the sea throws up upon the shore.

At Unalashka I supplied myself with necessaries, took two interpreters and ten Aleutans with me, who voluntarily came and offered me their services, no longer waited for the galleots that were left behind, but prosecuted my voyage on the 22d of July; only leaving directions for the galleot St. Michael to land if she thought fit, at the island Kuktak*, which is other-

* This and the following contradicts the title; but it is easily seen from the whole on which side the truth lies.

wife called Kadyak; as this was appointed the common place of rendezvous.

We now passed the strait that runs from north to south between the two Fox-islands Unimak and Akun. This passage is no hindrance to such vessels as pass it, it being clear and broad; only at the time of ebb and flood the current is extremely rapid.

On the 3d of August we came to the island Kuktak; entered the southern harbour, and there dropped anchor. On the 4th I sent some workmen, on four baidars, two and two together, for the purpose of examining whether the island was inhabited. Two of the baidars returned that very day, without having found any islanders; but, presently after, one of the last baidars that had been sent, came into the haven, with tidings that they had seen some inhabitants: on the 5th, came back the last baidar bringing one of the inhabitants in it, whom I endeavoured to entertain as well as I could, made him some trifling presents, and dismissed him the following day. He afterwards came again, and staid with us till our departure; making one in all our excursions, and not only discovered no instance of treachery, but even warned us of the hostile dispositions of some of the natives who were laying snares for our lives. This their base design also betrayed itself through their own undertakings, of which I shall speak hereafter. On the third day after our arrival there came to us three men from the Konæges, the people we had first seen, on 3 small baidars; we invited them to come on board our vessel with signs of friendship and good will, taking from them a few animals in return for things that were particularly acceptable to them. During their visit,

visit, there happened, on the 5th of August, about 2 in the afternoon, an eclipse of the sun, which continued for an hour and a half. This excited great astonishment in the Konæges, as people who had not the slightest notion of the cause of this phenomenon, but was attended with no farther consequences.

On the 7th of August, I sent workmen, for the second time, in four baidars, partly for the purpose of looking for the coverts of animals, partly for exploring the island itself; with orders to go as far about it as they should find it possible. They saw, on the 9th of August, at the distance of about 40 versts from the harbour, a multitude of savages assembled on a very steep and broad rock, standing alone, and inaccessible from the sea, which on one side was five feet in height, but on the other more than seven. My people spoke to these savages; telling them, "that they might safely receive us as friends;" but, instead of regarding what they said, the savages sternly insisted, "that we should retire from their coasts, if we had any regard for our lives, and never come near them again!" As soon as I was made acquainted with this, I immediately went thither with my people, and represented to them; "that they might as well lay aside their insolence, and rather enter into a friendly traffic with us;" at the same time assuring them, "that we, on our parts, were come, not for engaging in quarrels and hostilities, but to gain their affection in a friendly intercourse; and, as a proof of it, I promised to make them presents to the utmost of my ability, of such articles as were most estimable to them." There was then a great number of them, at least 4000 persons. They paid not the least

attention to my assurances; but began to shoot at us from their bows. I was therefore compelled to retire, not without uneasiness at the uncertain termination of this transaction. Yet, considering their perverse and obstinate behaviour towards us, and their firm resolution either to remove us from their coasts or destroy us all, I proceeded to take every possible precaution against an unexpected attack. The 12th of August, exactly at midnight, just as my people had left the watch, the savages came down from their rocks in great numbers, and fell upon us with such fury, that I verily believe they would have effected their purpose without difficulty, had we been less vigilant, or more timid. The prospect of death inspired us with courage; we defended ourselves with our fire arms; and, though not till after an obstinate engagement, put them to flight. At sun-rise we saw none of them near us, nor any of their slain; for these they had taken with them. On the other hand we were so fortunate that not one of us was either killed or wounded; which I ascribe solely to the providence of God. Shortly afterwards we learnt from a deserter that had been in captivity among the savages, a native of Tatagu, otherwise called in the russian language, Fox-aleutes, that the savages waited all the next day on their rocks expecting a considerable reinforcement from the habitations of Ilud, Ugaataka, Tchinnigaka, Ugashika, and several other places, in the resolution of making a vigorous attack, with combined force on all sides, both on us, and in the harbour on our vessels, so as not to leave a man of us alive. Thus, not dismayed by the ill-success of their former attack, they only resolved to strengthen themselves the more;

more; and, in case that any of us should by chance escape from death, to distribute such among them as slaves, and then to take possession of our effects; for our planks, our vessels, and other matters, were of great value to them. Considering the imminent danger that awaited us, now dreadfully increased by the artifice of the savages, I determined to prevent their hostilities, by taking possession of the forementioned rock on which they had settled themselves as in a fort, before they could get their reinforcement. In the mean time the savages never ceased from making various attempts against us. These, as well as the disproportion between our numbers and their's, especially after the augmentation they expected, determined me to rush, with all my people, upon their fortress and drive them from it. We marched under the discharge of our fire-arms; but as this did them no injury, they made a violent resistance with their arrows; whereupon I found myself necessitated to oppose them with five cannons of two-pound balls that we had brought with us; yet leaving the most of them on the projections of the rock, pointing them at their habitations, in order, by doing them some mischief, to strike these people, who were not acquainted with the effects of such arms, with the greater terror. And in fact so new and unusual an appearance frightened and enraged them more than all the damage they suffered from it; they now no longer entertained their former contemptuous opinion of us; fled from their fortress and abandoned it to us, without our losing one single man; and hurting only five, who were indeed severely, though not dangerously, wounded. With all the care

I took

I took to avoid the shedding of blood, yet it cannot be imagined but that some of them must have been killed. I was desirous of knowing something more accurately of this circumstance; but in vain: for they either took their dead away with them, or threw them into the sea. We took upwards of 1000 Konæges prisoners; the rest, certainly not fewer than 3000, escaped by flight: 400 of the prisoners we took with us to the harbour; and the others I set a liberty. Of those we retained I chose one to be their leader, called in the konægan language, Chaskak, to whom I afterwards gave full command over all the rest, presenting them with baidars, baidarks*, nets, and other necessary implements; but at the same time taking twenty of their children as hostages for securing their fidelity. These prisoners, expressing a desire to settle at the distance of 15 versts from the harbour, I complied with their request. In the sequel they proved constantly faithful allies; and I learnt from them that we certainly could not have escaped the utmost danger, or even entire destruction, had we waited till the other Konæges had come to their assistance; who consisted of a very numerous army, and were already very near the fort. But now the fugitives that met them informed them of something more dreadful than in fact it was; and assured them, that, with our fire-arms, we might accomplish whatever we would, for, that with our darts we had destroyed their rocks and their habitations; by which they so much intimidated the others, that they immediately ran back again. Notwithstanding all this, the savages,

* The diminutive of Baidars.

excepting my colonists, afterwards ventured to make several attempts. They assembled, one rainy and stormy night, in great multitudes, and fell with much fury on the baidars that lay in the bay of Igatazk, throwing on all sides darts and arrows; but our people with the fire of their small arms, repelled this attack; yet whether any of them were slain by them, we could not learn: on our side five men were wounded, but only so that they might soon be cured. Our baidars were indeed much damaged; as the darts of the Konæges had entirely gone through their sides, and in such numbers, that some of them had at least a hundred holes. The attack was indeed tremendous. I had been previously informed of the savage nature of the nation of Konæges, as likewise of the causes of the success of their endeavours to find out the state and condition of the several trading hunters*, as they came to them, whereby they very easily drove them away. But my zeal for the interests of my native country armed me against every apprehension I entertained in regard to the earlier accounts of the trading hunters who had been on the promontory

* It is thus that I have ventured to translate the russian term *promuïshlennik*, which M. Muller in his contributions to russian history does not translate at all; and of which in vol. vi. p. 491. he gives the following explanation: "In Siberia under this name are comprized all those people who addict themselves at once to trade, to hunting and fishing, and whose forefathers settled there soon after the discovery of Siberia, in order to gain their livelihood by trading in furs, of which, as is well known, there is great abundance in that country." As we see already from this account of Shelekhof's voyage, they have now united in several commercial companies.

of

of Agayechtalik at this island, who had all of them experienced the rage of these savages. I got the better of these discouraging sentiments; and it was not merely in the transactions with the members of our society that I made it my first duty to endeavour at promoting the advantage of the crown by soothing the savages, but I strove to bring all my people to assist me in that intention. The Konæges thought it an easy matter either to beat us off from their island, or not to leave a man of us alive if we should be so obstinate as to persist in opposing their attacks; or, if any should escape death, to share them among them as slaves, according to their custom in the wars they are incessantly carrying on with the nations of their kind, and afterwards employ them in all sorts of work. What strengthened them in their purpose, was,

1. The smallness of our number; for we were in all but 150 persons.

2. The success they had had in the year 1761. against a vessel containing a party of trading hunters that had imprudently landed at Agayechtalik, in order to winter there; when the savages permitted not the people of the vessel to go farther than five versts at most from that place, robbed them of almost all they caught, and afterwards forced them to depart before the winter was at an end.

3. In the year 1778. they succeeded in entirely driving away a vessel belonging to the Chodoliltzeffki * company of merchants, within eleven days after their coming upon their coasts.

* Probably so denominated from the names of the persons by whom they were first established, or of the principal partners.

4. In the year 1780. a vessel of the commercial company of Panof touched at the same promontory, under the command of the pilot Otsheredin; who, notwithstanding his design of wintering there, after many contests, in which he lost several of his men, was obliged to run away.

5. In the year 1780. a few hunters on the Fox-islands, in the service of several trading companies, fitted out three vessels to sail for the coasts of North America, having near 300 men on board. These vessels were under the command of the pilot Potap Saikof; they came at the latter end of August to the shores of North America, ran into the Tshugatskoi straits, to which Cook gave the name of Sandwich Sawn, intending there to winter. They thought themselves strong enough to repel any attack that should be made upon them; but they were at last convinced of their mistake. The inhabitants prevented them from taking any kind of game, and allowed them not, though single and unarmed, to proceed farther than one verst from their people. However, with great difficulty they maintained their station during the winter, abandoned all their former projects, and fled away, after several of their people had perished by hunger.

These knew at that time of my purpose to go to the island of Kadyak, and endeavoured by all means to dissuade me from it, representing the natives to me as a blood-thirsty and implacable race; and that not only from the just mentioned examples, but also from the experience I myself had made of the inhabitants of the Tshugatskoi promontory, who are of like dispositions with those of Kadyak; but I paid little attention to all these

these remonstrances, and slighted all dangers, so I might only accomplish my design and that of my employers.

The above related attacks upon us promised no security for the future; and so much the less as they still never ceased from falling upon our baidars which from time to time we sent out upon discoveries, notwithstanding that after every attempt they gave us fresh hostages. Yet, with all this, we resolved to winter on the island, and to induce them by friendly treatment and little presents to a peaceable acquaintance with us, at the same time to convince them that by a savage behaviour they would deprive themselves of their own repose, and frequently of their lives. In order to shew them a manner of life with which they were hitherto-unacquainted, I applied myself to the building of little dwelling-houses, and a fort, though at first they were only of wood and plaister. In this building we were very successful, though it cost us great trouble. But as they did not even now desist from their perpetual hostilities as well on the baidars as on ourselves, I strove, in order as much as possible to prevent the shedding of blood, and yet to provide for our own safety, to let them see the force and violent effects of our powder. I caused a hole to be bored in one of the largest rocks, had it filled with powder, and fixed a firelock before it, to which a long string was tied, the extremity whereof reached to a cavity in another rock, made for the safety of him who was to pull it. Immediately as he jerked the trigger, I gave the sign for a number of musquets to be fired. By means of the great concourse of peaceably disposed Konæges who were

were spectators of this explosion, the report was immediately spread of the force and the exactitude of what they termed our arrows. After these and many other phænomena which I pass over, incomprehensible, marvellous and at the same time terrible to them, the islanders desisted from harrassing us with their attempts to drive us away. I now took advantage of their amazement to represent to them that I only wished to live in amity, and not to be at war with them; for, if I had any other intention, they would not be able to avoid the force of my arms; that our most gracious monarch likewise only wished to protect them, and to enable them to lead a life of security and repose. These and other proofs of our friendship, together with some trifling presents, at length got the better of their stubborn tempers, and pacified their minds. I then endeavoured, by my interpreter, to convey to them proper sentiments of the tranquillity, greatness, power, and beauty, of the russian empire, as well as the benignity of our empress. The more I now perceived that the fame of these and the curiosity after such accounts was increasing every moment; so much the more I laboured to convince them of it, one while by displaying to them such objects, which, but for our admonitions, they would have immediately revered as divine; at others by leading them gradually to the knowledge of the state of ignorance in which they were, and thus gained their good will to so high a degree, that at length they all called me their father; and amidst numerous tokens of their confidence, resigned themselves entirely to my guidance and direction. The quick completion of our houses they held for a miracle,

as they, wretched as their habitations are, construct them with great difficulty and labour; being forced to employ some years only in planing the boards with small pieces of iron. Accordingly those that are already erected bear a great value. Their ignorance was so great, that they took a Kulibin's lantern*, which we used to set up on dark nights, for the sun, which we had stolen, and "therefore, said they, the days are so dark." It was extremely painful to me to see the narrowness of their minds, I therefore did not leave them long in this mistake, but took all possible pains to make it intelligible to them, that it was the work of a man, such as they were, only with this difference, that they could not learn any thing, till they became peaceful and tractable and shewed an inclination to adopt our usages and manner of life. I shewed them the conveniency and superiority of the houses, dress, and food of the Russians; and called their attention to my people as they were at work in digging, and sowing and planting the ground for kitchen-gardens. Also, when we came to reap the

* So called from its inventor Kulibin; a man of humble origin, but become conspicuous for his remarkable genius in mechanical works. He first made himself known by a watch he contrived in the shape of an egg, at present kept among the curiosities in the museum of the imperial academy, and is since described in Bacmeister's essay on the library and the rarity chamber. — Besides this, his principal inventions are: a model of a wooden bridge of one arch proposed to be built across the Neva; and the lantern here mentioned, in which the lamp is placed burning before a large mirror composed of a great number of little pieces of looking-glass.

fruit

fruit of our labours, I gave them portions of it; yet they would only wonder at it, without doing any thing farther. I feasted numbers of them on the provisions which my people dressed for me, and to which they constantly shewed a great liking. Such treatment increased our intimacy from day to day; and as they knew of no other means of obliging me, they brought me their children in great numbers as hostages, even when I made no such requisition, and had no need of them; yet, not to make them dissatisfied, I accepted of many, and sent back the rest with suitable presents. Our intimacy being thus established, I began to examine into their conceptions of the deity; and I was pleased to find that their hearts were not infected with idolatry. They knew but of two sovereign beings in the universe, of whom one is good, the other bad; of both they related numberless extravagancies conformably with their ignorance and rudeness. Upon this I made an attempt to convey to them a general and comprehensible idea of the christian belief; and ever as I saw their curiosity increase, I strove to profit as far as I was able by the opportunity. Accordingly I proceeded at leisure hours, to give to such as shewed an inclination to it, more particular information concerning our belief, and to lead them to piety towards God and affection to their fellow-creatures, in which I sensibly touched their hearts. In a word, at my departure I had made forty of them christians.

They were baptized with such ceremonies as a man might venture to use without being a priest. And now I perceived that they began to despise the rest of their countrymen; and, what was still more surprising, as

they now strove to imitate the manners and customs of the Ruffians, they affected to ridicule the other savages, as very ignorant people in comparifon of them. Many of them I frequently took to my houfe with me, where they faw a picture of our fovereign, and various books, asking them what they faw remarkable ; I then told them, with all due reverence, of her imperial majesty, of her gracious government, her power and fupremacy; and how happy they thought themfelves whole duty it was to obey her commands, and who lived under her fway; on the other hand, that they were extremely miferable who evaded her laws, and acted contrary to her will. I ufed my utmoft endeavours to infufe into them this maxim, that every one ought to be in eafe and fecurity, that every body fhould be able to go wherever he pleafed alone, without fear of attack or robbery. — By thefe and the like representations eafily comprehenfible to them, I had actually wrought fo much upon them, that they begged and intreated me to drive from their ifland all that fhould hereafter approach to land upon it; affuring me that they put themfelves entirely under my protection, with the promife of being in all things obedient and fubmiffive to me. As thefe poor people frequently came to our dwellings, and there were witneffes to the alacrity and refpect with which my people obeyed me and executed my orders, they prefently began to imagine, that none in the world could be greater than I. — I foon however fet them right on this matter, by telling them that I was no more than one of the meanest fubjects of my empress, that a great many other commanders were conftituted by her, whole bufinefs

it

it was to see that none were injured or oppressed. By all possible methods I endeavoured to make it plain to them how they would prosper and flourish, if they devoted themselves with fidelity to our most gracious monarch ; who, on the other hand, had power sufficient to punish them for their obstinacy and chastise them for disobedience ; and, by frequent repetitions of my accounts of the order and harmony that prevailed in Russia, of the beautiful houses and edifices that were there, I excited the curiosity of some of them so far, that forty of them, men, women, and children, expressed their longing to see Russia, and actually accompanied me to Okhotzk. Fifteen of them proceeded farther, to Irkutzk ; the rest, after having cloathed them and made them some presents, I sent back on board my vessels, bound for their island.

In regard to the books they saw in my chamber, I found it impossible to give them the smallest idea of the nature of them, and how they could impart information. — When at times I would send one of them with a letter to my artelshiks, or workmen, in other parts of the islands, they fell into the utmost astonishment, that they should send me back exactly what they knew I wanted from what I had said to them a day or two before, though they had not spoke a word of it. I sent one of them, for example, with a letter to one of my under-traffickers, desiring him to send me some plumbs and other dried fruits. My messenger, unable to resist the temptation, ate up half of them by the way, as I found by comparing the quantity he brought me with that mentioned in the letter. For this I chid him ; observing to him that it had been

my intention to give him a few for his trouble, on his delivering to me the quantity entire. On this he expressed the most extreme surprize, persuaded as he was that the letter had seen him eat them. However, returned he, I know how I shall prevent the same thing happening for the future. Now, in order to try how far his stupidity would go, I sent him a second time, and found in like manner, by the letter and the weight, that there was a deficiency of more than half; he frankly confessed the fraud, but was struck with still greater amazement than before; as this time he had the precaution to keep the letter buried in the sand all the while he was eating the fruit; however, the only conclusion he made from it was, that the letter must have spied him through the sand *.

A farther example of this dulness of apprehension was exhibited on occasion of a looking-glass, that I had put up in my room, before which the savages never stood without inexpressible admiration at seeing persons in it exactly like themselves. That they themselves produced these persons was what they could not

* I should not have translated this anecdote, had I not hoped that many of my readers would not be displeased to see that this transaction, which they will recollect to have read in their youth, and which almost every jest book relates, is properly appropriate to an island of North America. The credibility however of my traveller I think cannot well be lessened by this little slip; especially if we consider how natural it is to every narrator, on coming to a favourite anecdote, to bring himself into play by the little preface of "I saw it;" I myself was present, &c."

by

by any means be made to conceive, and therefore held it to be an inexplicable effect of magic.

At length, however, I was able to give them some faint idea of books, and promised to teach their children to read, if they were desirous of it. A species of wisdom in their opinion so extraordinary found some admirers, who actually sent their children to me. Here I must do justice to the good capacities of these people; their children constantly very soon comprehended the task I set them; and some of them, at my departure had learnt to speak Russian so well, as to be understood without difficulty. I left 25 boys that were able to read a little, and shewed a far greater inclination to live with us than with the savages their parents. By all these means I endeavoured to bring them to the consciousness of their ignorance. I was obliged to be always reproofing my people for their disposition to wrangle with the savages, till I at length convinced them of the utility of my behaviour towards them. The natives had even now found out that my letters were of consequence; and, whenever they were obliged to travel to some distance on their own affairs in traffic, they always took a sort of pass-port from me, in order, if they should meet with any of the people sent out by me, they might shew it to them as a certificate of their actually belonging to the Konæges in peace and amity with us. By thus protecting them from the attacks of savages in other places, I furnished them with an example how much it behoved them to live in peace; for according as they did so their enemies would never venture to molest them. As they saw immediately by this, that the obedience they shewed

to me, was not without its reward, so they expressed their wishes that I would stay with them for ever. And I can boast, with the strictest attachment to truth, that on first hearing of my intended departure, they were as dejected as if they were about to lose their all; though I resigned all my establishments and institutions to my overseer whom I intended to leave behind on the island, a merchant of Yenisei, by name Samoilé; a man on whom I could safely depend for the religious observance of all my directions; and whom I moreover provided with rules for his conduct in writing. Both from the declaration of the savages, which indeed they did not know how to prove with accuracy, and by their own relations in conjunction with my remarks, the number of the new subjects I acquired to her majesty may be computed with certainty at upwards of 50,000 persons of both sexes.

But I never once thought of imposing on them a yassak*, in order to avoid raising their dislike or suspicion, only concerning myself in giving them a good opinion of the Russians, and to make them by degrees more familiar with our manners and usages, so that they might not find them repugnant but rather agreeable; and accordingly I left every thing relating to the yassak to be settled by the high commission of controul as it might please to decree.

In the year 1785, the scurvy made its appearance among my people, which increased to so much viru-

* The tribute in country-products or money; usually paid in furs, fish, and the like, which all the tribes in submission to the Russian empire are bound to pay.

lence at last that about the middle of the winter they began to die, and the rest were extremely reduced. The rumour of this soon spread among the natives; and it was presently remarked that meetings were frequently held among those that dwelt at a distance. Of this I had intelligence from the Konæges that were really attached to us, with the addition, that in these assemblies plots were already hatching against us; therefore they waited for no farther intimation from me, but immediately hastened away to disperse them, and brought the ring-leaders back with them to me, whom, after a closer examination into their designs, I found it necessary to keep in confinement. On the 9th of April I dispatched one of my people, with a thousand of the peaceable Konæges, who, from their entire devotion to me, pledged themselves to conduct this man safe to the Uginikoi, or, as they are called by Bering, the Berg-islands, and take him to the trading company established there, whom I informed in the letter I sent by him of the misfortune that had befallen me by the breaking out of the scurvy, intreating them to give me all possible assistance. However, presently after my messenger was set out, the scurvy began to abate.

On the 2d of May, I sent, on board four baidars, 52 ruffian sailors, 11 Aleutes from the Fox-islands, and 110 Konæges in baidarks, to the eastern side, with directions to make themselves acquainted with the inhabitants of the islands on the coast of America, as far as the bays of Kinaiak and Ergatsk, to examine the products, and to take notes in writing of whatever they saw; and to continue their navigation, till the weather would allow them to proceed no farther. The mission

returned at the latter end of August. They had navigated the strait between the isle of Kuktak and the main coast of America; and the whole summer through had never met with any attack, either from the Konæges, the Tshugatshes, or the Kinaitzes: which nations had even given them 23 persons as hostages. But the trade they carried on was very insignificant; for, as inhabitants were unknown to them, they were apprehensive, notwithstanding the hostages they had received, of any closer intercourse with them. They therefore came to the resolution to winter on the island Kuktak; and for that purpose made choice of the more inhabited region of Karlutsk. During the winter the baidars went to the northern and western sides of the island, and as far as Yukat Maka on the american coast, and the bay of Kamushatfk. By civil behaviour to the natives, by treating them constantly with humanity and kindness, by entertaining them with hospitality and giving them presents, they brought them into an alliance, took hostages of them, and traded with them on so peaceable a footing, that not the least quarrel or controversy happened between them. From the harbour where I lay, I dispatched throughout the winter various parties, for the purpose of exploring the southern and eastern sides of the island Kuktak; as also to the other islands in those parts. Great multitudes of Konæges, by kind behaviour and commerce, were induced to live upon amicable terms with us, gave us likewise hostages, and thus confirmed their real submission to the russian sovereignty. In the latter days of December I ordered two sailors and an interpreter to make for the Kinaiski bay; where they were to give themselves out for traders,

and

and under that character to have an opportunity for examining the country, of which they were to bring me an account. I accordingly furnished them with several sorts of commodities for barter; and for the rest consigned them to the protection of the Askak* of the island Shuyek, who had been given to me as a hostage.

On the 10th of January I sent 11 workmen to the eastern side of the island Kuktak, to the pine-forest there, at about 160 versts from the harbour, in order to build boats for us at that place. On arriving there, the first thing they did was to construct for themselves a winter-habitation; next they proceeded to execute my commission, at the same time made purchases of valuable furs; and returned to me in the harbour on the 1st of May.

On the 25th of February I received a letter dated at Katmanskoi-Shik, from the Greek, Eufrathios Delarof, informing me that the galleot St. Michael, of our company, had, according to my directions, sailed from the island Unalashka on the 12th of May, 1785. but no sooner were they out at sea, than they were driven back by contrary winds, and were forced for near six weeks to beat on and off the said island; after which, during a storm, they lost a mast, which broke below the yards, and obliged them to put back into the port of Unalashka; that having repaired the mast, on getting out to sea, in the month of August, they were stopped by a second misfortune: for, by a mistake of

* Askak, as well as the above explained Chaskak, and Tien, which will appear a good way farther on, signifies, a leader, commander, or chief.

the under-pilot, the galleot struck upon a rock, and was so much damagad that they were forced to return and winter at Unalashka. In the mean time, on hearing accounts of us, they were very desirous of sending us 30 men on baidarks to our assistance, which they did accordingly; but these were overtaken by a storm, and forced to pass six weeks on the american coast, where six of their number perished by cold and hunger; the others were delivered by succour sent after them; but even of them five more died soon after their return to harbour.

As I now began to think of my departure, I sent five Russians, on the 7th of March, to the promontory of Elias, to make observations for completing the description I could not finish in the foregoing year; and for the purpose of building a fort, which might be of great service to us in our future undertakings; taking with them 1000 Konæges from Kadiak and other islands, and 70 Aleutes from the Fox-islands, who very willingly entered my service for pay; giving them orders to set up crosses on the shore, and to bury potsherds, birch-bark and coals in the earth at the foot of them.

These my missionaries sent to me on some of the last days of March, two men from the habitations of Tshinigtak, with the account that the Tien of Shuyek had betrayed me and was fled, after having previously murdered the two workmen and the interpreter whom I had deputed to go and examine the bay of Kinaiak.

They therefore requested people of me to enable them to make a stand against the Kinaitzes, who came down from the american coast almost as far as Shuyek, and whose number amounted to about a thousand men. On receiving

receiving this intelligence, I dispatched thither from the harbour two parties; the first consisting of thirty russian workmen, and the second of Konages and Fox-Aleutes, under a particular leader, with orders to look out for a convenient place on Aphagnak for making a harbour, over against the isle of Shuyek, and there, according to a plan I gave them, to erect a fort; in the mean time they were to fit out in the harbour the galleot, the three church-doctors, as a transport. On the 19th of May I received from the islands Aphagnak and Shuyek the news, that after the junction of our forces there, every attack of the Kinaitzes had been defeated. Afterwards a fort was raised on Aphagnak; and the foundation of another, according to a plan I had given with them, at the Kinaiskoï bay: and then, leaving behind them a number of people for completing the building, they proceeded along the shores of America quite down to the promontory of St. Elias. The island Aphagnak, as well as the opposite shore of America and the island Kadyak, possess excellent harbours, a fertile soil, fish and fowl of various kinds in abundance; the meadows produce fine grass and excellent pasturage; likewise plenty of timber that might be employed in building vessels and houses, as well on Shuyek as on the shore of America.

This year came far greater numbers than in the first year, of the inhabitants of America as well as of the islands, to our several harbours; at first with great variety of ceremonies, and afterwards familiarly, almost every day. At these visits we neglected nothing that could give them proof of our obliging and friendly dispositions. The wind in this year blowed most strongly from the north

north and west; from the east very rarely; and from the south scarcely once during the whole winter. Rain fell in winter very seldom; on the other hand much snow, which, in those places where the wind could not come, lay upwards of an arshine in depth.

On the 22d of May I sailed, accompanied by some Tiens from America, Kuktak and other islands, and the best people of Konæges; and in the same hour we descried on the sea our third galleot the St. Michael, which, with out-spread sails, was hastening to the harbour. I immediately went on board of her, changed her captain, and brought her into the harbour; where I gave orders to him I had appointed commander there, to take this galleot to the fortified harbour at Aphagnak. In regard to the galleots, I made this disposition: One of them I entrusted to my faithful Samoilof, with directions to navigate from the 40th to the 47th degree of longitude of the meridian of Okhotzk, which I adopted for the first; and of latitude from the 40th to the 60th degree; in order to examine the seas of those parts: the second I commissioned to sail to the north, where the two quarters of the world approximate each other, for the purpose of discovering places and islands as yet unknown; the third, on which I sailed from Kadyak, was altered into a transport-veffel, in which I intended every year to perform the agreeable office of carrying intelligence to the government of the accounts of our enterprizes in these parts. Thus we quitted America, in the design of sailing as far as the 45th degree of latitude; and in that direction to keep towards the west, till we should be opposite to the promontory of Kamtshatka, then to proceed to the Kurilli straits, and from

from thence to bend our course for Okhotzk. I settled this plan in hopes that I might discover some hitherto unknown islands somewhere between the 40th and 50th degree of longitude; however by reason of the unlucky winds that almost the whole summer through kept incessantly blowing from the west, I could not execute my project; but found myself under the necessity of bearing as direct as possible for Okhotzk; and even in this I was greatly impeded by the contrary winds. On our course we perceived of the chain of islands the four Berg-islands and Amuchta, which, from their burning-mountains, appeared to be all in flames. Being frequently obliged to beat to windward, we also descried Siugam, Amulu, Atka and other of the Andreanofski islands. On the 30th of July we cast anchor, for the first time, at the foremost of the Kurilli islands. The 12 russian workmen that I had on board with me, being entirely laid up with the scurvy, the Americans that had come with me out of curiosity were obliged to work the ship, and on the 31st of July we took in 40 casks of fresh water from these islands. In regard to the sea I observed but one thing remarkable, that its current is the strongest round about Kamtschatka; and not only in windy weather, but also in a perfect calm, is so violent, that the vessel was constantly tossed to and fro, with the water even with her gunnel.

On the 1st of August we came to the strait between the first Kurilli islands. Here we were kept by a strong contrary wind till the 5th, when we ran into the second Kurilli-strait, and there put into an harbour. From hence we parted on the 7th, and reached the mouth of Bolsheretz, over against which we came to anchor on
the

the 8th. I went ashore on a baidar, which I sent back, myself remaining in order to purchase fish. Though this business did not detain me long, yet I met with several hindrances on quitting the land: and during this time a violent storm tore our galleot from her anchor. My people were too disabled to work the ship to windward, and consequently she was soon carried out to sea. I now got into a boat for Bolsheretzsk; where I bought three horses for 200 roubles, in order to prosecute my journey by land to Okhotzk. On that very day news came to Bolsheretzsk that on the 9th of August an english ship was arrived in the harbour of Peter and Paul, but intending to make a stay there of no more than 20 days. I was exceedingly curious to learn the business and object of the voyage, and also probably some matters that might be useful to me; I therefore put off my journey to Okhotzk, and set out on the 20th of August, on horseback, for Petropavloffsk, where I arrived on the 23d. The ship's captain and some of the officers, as soon as they heard of our arrival, came on shore, greeted us in a very friendly manner, and prevailed on me to accompany them on board; where they shewed me samples of their goods, and told me that they had brought with them a letter from the India company to the governor of Kamtschatka, expressing their wishes to open a trade to Kamtschatka, and requesting permission to that effect. I diligently enquired of them what way they had taken, and how soon and how well they had completed their voyage; to all which, without entering into farther particulars, they told me they had nothing to conceal of their chart. I then learnt of them that on the 20th of May,

old

old style, they took their departure from Bengal, in the 23d degree of north latitude, and on the 16th of April sailed from Malakka to Kanton, where they arrived on the 29th of May; that on the 28th of July they left that place, and entered the Peter-Paul's harbour on the 9th of August. There were three english and one portugueze officer on board the ship; the sailors were English, Jews, Negroes, and Chineses, in all 70 men. It was a fine strong-built vessel, of two masts, 28 sails, and 12 cannons on the deck.

I was very sumptuously entertained on board; and, after supper, the captain, William Peters, with some of the officers, attended me on shore. On the 25th came hither the commandant of Kamtschatka, Baron Stengel; on the 26th and 27th all agreed, that in regard to the custom-house duties, the English would pay, without contradiction, whatever the government should please to determine thereupon; and now the traffic began. On the 28th it was settled by mutual concert, what commodities should in future be brought to Kamtschatka, what should be bartered against them, and at what price. The following day I too managed my commerce, taking goods of them to the amount of 6611 roubles; of which I paid 1000 roubles in hard cash, and the remainder in bills on Mosco. On the 3d I left Petropavlofski, and came on the 8th of September to Bolsheretsk, where I had the good fortune of immediately selling my goods at a profit of 50 per cent.

The 12th of September I went from Bolsheretsk, down the Tigilskoi coast to the fort Tigil, which I reached the 6th of October. From thence I set out on
the

the 18th of November, in a sledge drawn by dogs, and came on the 27th of January 1787 to Okhotzk, a great while later than my galleot. In the same kind of conveyance I left Okhotzk on the 8th of February, in company with my wife, pursued my way, sometimes with rein deer, sometimes with horses, sometimes with oxen, encountering the most tremendous dangers, and suffering inexpressible hardships. However, I came on the 11th of March to Esakutsk, prosecuted my journey on the following day, met with a renewal of all my difficulties and perils; which, especially the whole way from Kamtschatka, are not to be conceived from any written account, and were sometimes to be encountered under the most tormenting impressions of well-grounded fear, and with the utmost hazard of life. The fidelity of the Koræik hordes between Tigilsk and Inshiga was at that time extremely dubious; the winter, by continued and very violent north winds, was extraordinarily severe; and, at the same time, in these wild and dreary regions, we were frequently attacked by such impetuous storms of driven snow, that we could not by any means stir from the spot, and were often obliged to lie two, three, and even five days in the snow, without being able once to change our position; without water, and as we could make no fire, even without any thing warm to eat or drink. To melt the snow in our mouths, and to gnaw a sort of hard biscuit, were our only means of nourishment. On the last part of our journey, from Aldana to Irkutzk, from the road being unbeaten, our horses were so wearied as to sink under the fatigue; we therefore proceeded on foot, in order to get faster onwards, and thus, after
all.

all our pains and hardships, we reached Irkutzk on the 6th of April, in good condition. And here I esteem it my duty, in this public manner, to testify my gratitude to two persons highly deserving of our common country, the captains Timotheus and Basilius Shnales, of whom one has the superintendence of fort Tigil, and the other a command in the settlement of Kamensk for preventing of quarrels between the hordes of the Koræki and the Tshukotki; as also to the corporal Popof, and to the Kozaks and the interpreter Sufdalef; who accompanied me on the road; and, as they had relations among the Koræki, the more easily defended me from harm: for only to their care and kindness I believe myself indebted for the preservation of my life.

Nothing now remains but to describe as briefly as I can the soil of the american islands, the people that inhabit them, their manners, usages and dress, and to give some account of the beasts and birds that are found upon them.

The american islands, extending eastwards from Kuktal, are, like north-eastern America, for the most part stoney and naked mountains, yet among them is very good land, extremely fit for cultivation; of which I thoroughly convinced myself by my own experiments, namely, by sowing barley, millet, pease, beans, gourds, parsnips, mustard, beets, potatoes, turneps, and rhubarb.

All these succeeded as well as could be desired, excepting that the millet, pease, beans, and gourds, produced no seed; but this for no other reason than because the proper time for sowing them was neglected. For hay there are plenty of meadow-lands, which produce excellent grass; and in many places the cattle

will do very well without hay the whole winter through; great forests I found none, but smaller woods in abundance. The vegetables and plants they mostly cultivate for food, are roots, and namely, farana *, bistort, the root of yellow fern †, and kutagar, which last deserves particular observation on account of this circumstance, that where there are no mice, as here on these islands, it has a very agreeable taste, whereas, where these animals are found, it is so bitter that no man can eat it. Of berries I found there the raspberry ‡, the bilberry §, and the blackberry ||. Morafs-berries, or maroshka ¶, broshnika **, schlingberries ††, cranberries, or klukva ‡‡, and kneshenika §§, in abundance. Of larger trees, on one half of the island Kuktak, and farther eastward to America, are, as far as I could reckon, five sorts, namely: alder, buschwerk, birch, and a kind of ash; and farther to the east on the islands and bays of America, besides those already mentioned, are pine-forests and larch trees. Of the feathered animals I found several kinds of geese and ducks, crows, jays, daws, black canary-birds, there called napoiki, and

* *Lilium martagon* seu *pomponium*. According to the plan of natural hist. for the normal schools of Russia, p. 178, there are two kinds of them, one with dull red, and the other with high red flowers, the leaves of the latter are crumpled backwards at the point, in the former the leaves are thicker, and in the other more divided and smaller below.

† *Filices*, ib. p. 235.

§ *Vaccinium uliginosum*.

¶ *Rubus chamæmorus*.

†† *Viburnum opulus*.

§§ *Rubus arcticus*.

‡ *Rubus idæus*, ibid.

|| *Vaccinium myrtillus*.

** *Vaccinium vitis idææ*.

‡‡ *Vaccinium oxycoccus*.

magpies.

magpies. The cry of these latter resembles not at all the noise of our russian magpies, but they rather sing not amiss, though very softly, not quite unlike our bulfinch. Here are also mews, cranes, herons, snipes, divers, sturmvogel, alken, and water-fowls; of sea-animals, the beaver, the shaggy porpoise, whales, and seals; of river-animals, beavers and others. Of land-animals, foxes, wolves, bears, ermines, rein-deer, fables, hares, gluttons, lynxes, tarbagans, and evrashks*, wild sheep, and a superior species of porcupine. Of sea-fish they catch rays, scaits, and thornbacks, stock-fish, and herrings. Of river-fish, Tshavutsha, keta, nerki, goletz†, chaiko, karakalitza†, and a peculiar kind of crabs.

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* The former of these two animals I have never found any where else mentioned. Evrashka is explained in the Lexicon of our russian academy by *lepus dauricus*; and this animal is thus described by the celebrated Dr. Pallas: *Magnitudo paulo infra leporem alpinum, cui simillimus. Differt forma magis ad leporem pupillum accedente, proportionibus quibusdam, colore et forma aurium, teneritudine velleris, colore, et anatomicis quibusdam momentis; deinde moribus. Auriculæ rotundato-subtriangulæ, albidæ. Vellus tenerrimum, nitidum, totum supra gryseo-pallidum, subtus albidum. Palmæ pentadactylæ, dentesque, ut in cognatis. Cauda nulla, neque coccyx adiposo tuberculo prominula.—Vivit in campis, montiumque declivibus arenosis, apricis, per totam Danutiam, cuniculo labyrinthico; sub autumnum foeni acervos globulosos congerit et compingit. Vox ferè leporis alpini. See Pallas's Travels, vol. iii. p. 692, german edition.*

† Of these other untranslated names I have not been able to find any explanation. Goletz, according to the translation of Leschek's natural history by M. Oseretzkoffkoi, tom iv. p. 65, 66,

The Konæges are well-built, robust, and healthy people, and have usually a round visage of a swarthy complexion, with generally black, seldom auburn hair, which both men and women cut round about the head. The wives of the principal personages distinguish themselves from others by combing the hair strait down all round, cutting it close to the eye-brows and wearing a fillet; some also wear artificial beards, and some again, instead of wearing a neck-kerchief, cover their breasts and shoulders with punctures in the skin. Men, women, and girls, bore a hole through the partition gristle of the nostrils; all likewise pierce their ears and the lower lip. Some of the males also punctuate their neck, but not many, though all cut through the under lip, in such manner that at first sight one is inclined to think they have a double mouth. In the hole bored in the partition of the nostrils they stick a longish bone; and whoever have pieces of ore or coral, hang them in their ears, lips, and nose; which is held to be a great distinction as well as a beautiful ornament. They never cut the beard; wear no shirt, go barefoot, and when at home are quite naked, except that before they wear a little apron of fur ornamented with flowers and

is a groundling or loach. Karakalitza, tom. vi. p. 36, Sepia, the ink-fish. Nark, according to the russian lexicon, salmo; a species of salmon about three quarters of an arshine in length, smooth, red like a salmon, has a very little head, small reddish teeth, carulean on the sides, white tongue, on each side five teeth, a broad dark red spotted back, the sides silver colour, the belly white, the tail somewhat arched, with large round scales which easily come off. They come in vast shoals in the rivers of the Eastern and the Penzhinskian sea.

grass.

grafs. They are sometimes seen in pellices of beaver, fox or bear fur, of bird's feathers, the skins of evrafhes, tarbagans, otters, fables, hares, reindeer, gluttons, and lynxes. A sort of upper garment they make of the entrails of the porpois, the feal, and the whale.

On the head they wear hats made of pine-roots or grafs matted, or inftead of caps a piece of wood arched and hollowed out. In catching the marine animals they ufe arrows which they caft from a wooden board, and in war they employ the bow and the dart pointed with iron, copper, bones, or ftone. They have iron hatchets of a peculiar conftruction; namely, fmall rude pieces of iron: alfo pipes, knives of iron and of bone; iron needles, which, till our arrival, were made by the women. Inftead of thread they ufe the dried finews of animals. Their veffels are of wood, and of the horn of the wild fheep, or of clay and hollowed ftone; their large and fmall baidars, or canoes, inftead of being planked, have their ribs covered with leather. In thefe they go out to angle on the fea, with hooks of bone, faftened to the end of a long ftring of dried fea-cabbage; the ftalk of the fea-cabbage being frequently forty fathom in length, and upwards. In the rivers they take the fifh by means of a pole with a kind of a net at the end of it, in the opening whereof is a point of bone, iron, or ftone, faftened to the wood of the fpear by finews. The red-fifh [*falmo alpinus*] that abound in the bays and bites of the fea, they ftrike dead in a moment as foon as ever they put their heads above water. Their manner of producing fire is by rubbing two fticks together; and inftead of lamps they have earthen veffels, wherein they lay a wick of twifted hay,

which is fed by the melted greafe of fea-dogs, bears, fea-bears, whales, or the fea-cat.

Of their marriages I know nothing, nor of their customs at the birth of a child, except that to the new-born babe they give the name of whatever thing first strikes their fight; whether it be beaft or bird, or any object of like nature.

The feveral races of Konæges bury their dead with various ceremonies. The customs used on these occasions having never had an opportunity of seeing, I consequently am not in a capacity to describe; only thus much I know, that some of their dead are interred with the best of what they had, inclosed in a baidark for a coffin, which is strewn over with earth; with others of the dead a living flave is buried. But the Kinaitzes burn their dead, with the skins of animals, which the relations are obliged to collect for that purpose.

For testifying their sorrow they cut off their hair, besmearing their faces with black. In this manner they mourn their relations, father, mother, brother, sisters, and such as were dear to them; but frequently even for an acquaintance with whom they lived in friendship; however they mourn for no one who was their enemy, or only was not their friend, though ever so nearly related to them.

Popular diseases are not known among them, the venereal excepted; and to the small-pox they are utter strangers. In general they are of athletic habits, and live frequently to a hundred years.

When they expect guests, their custom is to go to meet them, properly smeared over with red paint, and hung about with their best pieces of dress, dancing as they

they go, to the beat of drum; and bearing their weapons of war; but the guests make their appearance in the very same dress in which they go forth to battle. As soon as they approach the sea-coast, the persons who give the entertainment jump into the water, breast-high, and drag as many baidars and baidarks as they can to the shore; then each takes one of the guests on his back, and runs with him to the first place prepared for the entertainment and the games; there they squat down in due order. And now all are silent, till they have sufficiently eaten and drunk. Their first hospitable mark of honour, is the giving of cold water all round; then little youths bear about the eatables, which consist partly in a mish-mash of the fat of the above-mentioned sea-animals, partly in the berries before described, sometimes mixed, sometimes unmixed. Then other dishes are served round, of dried fish, called by them yukol; of flesh of beasts and birds; of all sorts always the best that can be procured. They know nothing of salt. Of all these the host must first eat and drink, otherwise the guests would not take of them; from whence we may conclude that at times they may be poisoned. The host then passes the dish to the guest that sits next him; who, after taking what he pleases, hands it to his neighbour, and so on to the last. What then remains is brought back to the first, who lays it by, in order that afterwards when the time for parting comes, each of the guests may take a portion of it away with him. When they have done eating, they converse for some time, and then begin to play on drums and other small instruments; some at the same time put on a peculiar kind of wooden masks, variously

painted, and dance for the entertainment of the guests. The games being ended, they conduct their guests into a building erected expressly for such occasions, capable of containing a great number of persons. This building in some sort resembles a small church, but built in a very irregular, rude, and barbarous style. Here commences a different kind of pastime, which lasts as long as the guests continue their stay. When any one is weary, he goes to sleep; and, having had his nap out, mixes again in the sports, till the company prepares to depart. On taking leave they receive presents, or make mutual exchanges of whatever they have about them. In these buildings they usually hold their consultations, enter into negotiations, form compacts, and in short transact all businesses of a general nature: but to these meetings their wives are never admitted.

The Konæges and Thugatshes speak the same dialect; but the Kinaitzes have a language peculiar to themselves; these latter likewise follow a mode of life entirely different.

They dwell in huts of earth, the walls whereof they case with boards; the window is in the cover; for panes of glass they make use of the bladder and other intestines of animals, the little and narrow pieces whereof they neatly sew together with thread made of nerves and sinews; the place for going out of them is upwards from below. They have no stoves, nor are they in want of firing, as these habitations are sufficiently warm without them. Their sweating baths are the same kind of caves in the earth, in which they cleanse themselves with grass and birch-twigs. The heat is produced by stones previously made glowing hot in the kitchen; which
method,

method, besides that the heat produced by it is extremely great, has yet this other advantage, that it causes no vapour at all. In general, like the Russians, they are exceedingly fond of hot-bathing. The kitchen belongs to numbers of huts in common, being provided with large apertures all round it, for that purpose. To conclude; their way of life is very thievish: he that can steal the ofteneft, the most at a time, and the most dextrously, acquires the greatest reputation. Polygamy is not in use among them. It but rarely happens that a man has two wives; but it is a very common thing for a beautiful and buxom woman to have two or three husbands; who, in that case, are never jealous of one another, but live on the best terms and in perfect harmony.

None of these tribes have any land-carriages; neither are there in those parts any animals that could be used for draught. To this assertion dogs may perhaps be an exception; but they are never employed in that manner.

The inhabitants of the coast of America and the circumjacent islands traverse the lakes and rivers in their baidars: of the customs of those that live farther within the country I can say nothing, as I have had no intercourse with them.

Of the deity they have not even the slightest conception; and, though they relate that there are two rulers of the world, or sovereign spirits, the one good and the other evil, yet they make no likeness whatever of either; neither do they pay them any worship, and have no sort of idols. Nor have they any thing farther to say of these two beings, than that the good one
taught

taught them to make baidars, and that the malignant one is delighted in destroying and wrecking them. Hence we may draw conclusions of the narrow bounds by which their understanding is confined. And yet witchcraft and sorcery are matters of no small consequence among them. Justice and jurisprudence are not only not submitted to any regulations; but they know scarcely any thing about them; in general they and the irrational animals do not differ greatly in their manner of life. They are of a very warm temperament, especially the women. They are by nature artful and enterprising; in committing and revenging injuries mischievous and malicious, though they wear the semblance of gentleness and affection. Of their fidelity and sincerity I cannot say much, by reason of the shortness of my stay among them. I have had proofs of attachment and constancy, but I have had also proofs of the contrary qualities. Represent to them any thing in such a manner as that they shall perceive the utility of it; they will set to work at the execution and attainment of it with the utmost activity and diligence, and will assuredly never spare themselves in any labour however arduous, when once they are certified of profit. On the whole, they are a merry, harmless people, as is evinced by their daily sports and pastimes; from their perpetual and unbounded carelessness all improvements in their domestic concerns are entirely neglected; nay, they have not even an idea of any such thing; and therefore frequently obliged to suffer hunger and nakedness.

OF THE LIBERTY OF REASONING ON MATTERS
OF BELIEF.

BY MR. WIELAND.

IT might be considered as an evident sign of a lamentable retrogression of sound judgement amongst mankind, if ever the freedom of delivering our thoughts on objects that are undoubtedly submitted to reason, should be declared by the critics either unseemly or inadmissible. It would indeed be a very illiberal and unphilosophical way of philosophizing, if the man who attempts to penetrate with the torch of reason into the darkest recesses of human ideas, must tremble at every step, for fear of making a discovery whereby some old or young Hircocervus should be seen in its proper shape, and pronounced to be what it really is: or if, while analysing and comparing human ideas and opinions, he must always foresee the result of these operations; and immediately stop short in his reflections as soon as he came to one, from whence some honest dogmatiser or another might draw a consequence which did not exactly tally with his formulary of tenets.

Reason — without which, we, the sons of Adam, should be at all times neither more nor less than grannivorous and carnivorous Yahoos — must by its very nature be entirely free in its operations. The use of this
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freedom, and the right of imparting to others the whole process of reflection we have gone through on interesting subjects, as we arrive at this or that result, belongs to the unalienable rights of mankind. The general welfare of society is inseparably united with the preservation of this palladium; for the natural consequence of its loss would be the loss of all freedom of conscience and of all civil liberty, with the return of that dreadful darkness, slavery, and confusion, which mark the period between Theodosius and Frederic III. If it be true, that our century may justly boast of some considerable advantages over all the preceding, we are principally indebted for them to the liberty of thinking; and to the liberty of the press for the propagation of the sciences and the diffusion of the philosophical spirit, together with the more general publication of those truths whereon the welfare of society depends. Some panegyrist of our times may perhaps be too sanguine in their opinions of these advantages; but, if they are not incomparably greater, more extensive and more beneficial in their effects, whence comes it, but because the prerogatives of reason are still very far from being acknowledged in all the countries of our quarter of the globe; and that even there, where the greatest light is found, it meets with so strong and obstinate an opposition, from prejudice, passion, and the private interests of prevailing parties, ranks, orders, and classes of men?

It cannot be too often repeated: nothing that men have ever publicly spoken, written and done, can pretend to a privilege against the cool examination and decisions of reason. No monarch is so great, and no
high-

high-priest so holy, as to presume by virtue of his majesty or holiness, to speak nonsense or to act folly in the ears and eyes of the world, without its being allowed — though perhaps it may not happen till after his death — to shew with all becoming courtesy, that the follies he either said or did, are follies. And if this be true, as no man will have effrontery enough to deny, why should only the wrong definitions, only the groundless distinctions, only the sophisms and paralogisms, in one word, only the follies of the learned, of authors, doctors, and magisters, however illuminated, resolute, subtle, irrefragable, angelic, and seraphic, all or any of the gentlemen may be, pretend to a dispensation against trial and verdict?

Neither can it (at least while it is still as necessary as formerly) be too often and too loudly repeated: that the objects of speculative philosophy are not things themselves, but only our representations, opinions, imaginations, real or pretended experiences, conclusions drawn from thence, or hypotheses and systems invented for their elucidation. At the nature of things themselves we are not yet arrived. We live and move in an ocean of phænomena, of ideas and phantoms; we are deceived by them in numberless forms and ways; but it is our interest to be deceived as little as possible by them: and what have we, besides common sense and sound reason, that can teach us clearly and certainly to decide between what is true to us, what it is necessary to our happiness to know, and error and deceit, which are detrimental and pernicious to us?

It is true, that children, so long as they remain children, must be guided by authority : but they should likewise be instructed, that they may not always continue children. A child, in the order of nature, will every year be less a child ; he contains within him whatever is necessary for attaining to the maturity and perfection of his individual appointment by nature ; and it is unjust when his superior, from self-interested views, impedes or retards its developement. — Are the beings we call the people, a sort of moral children, as, not without reason, we are accustomed to admit ? Then must that have force with them which is valid in regard of all children : they must not be cut off from any opportunity of attaining to a manly intellect.

I have seen for some time past, not only the darklings (among whom one or other of them might dispute for the name of the Beautiful Darkling, le Beau Ténébreux, with the antient and illustrious Amadis de Gaul) but even such as would be held for very enlightened personages, rising up against liberal instruction and liberal instructors. — What may they wish to have ? What have we to fear from the light ? What hopes are we to entertain from darkness ? — If weak eyes are unable to bear the light ; we should endeavour to make them sound, and they will gradually learn to bear it. But murderers, robbers, gamesters, and such like, shun the light — and it is exactly these, that, for the sake of the general welfare, it ought to pursue into their most secret haunts.

Every known and ascertained truth, every rectification of an error (be it only in regard to a false lection in an antient author, or the number of dusty atoms in

a new-discovered plant) has its value : but there are truths and errors that have a very great, a decisive influence on the weal or woe of the human race : and these may and should indefatigably and intrepidly be enlightened on all their various sides, in all their references and effects, and remain so long exposed to the strongest fire of trial, as till they are purified from all the dross of error, as fine, massive gold comes out of the refiner's pot ; and then compose, without the possibility of a rational contradiction, the most precious and glorious treasure of human nature.

Of the truths I now have in view, some are susceptible of an evidence which is equal to the certainty of our own consciousness. — Others, on the contrary, are of such a texture, that, from the nature of the case, and the limitations of our being, they can have no other certainty for us than that which arises from a high degree of probability, and is supported by a secret wish, in the hearts of all men, that they may be true ; a wish which seems to have for its basis an evident moral want to adopt them as true. These truths are not so much objects of speculative reason as of rational belief ; but their root lies so deep in the nature of man, that no nation on the face of the earth, however uncultivated and uninformed, or any ways deserving of the human name, has hitherto been visited, with whom, at least, no dark, rude, and misshapen fantoms and goblins, have established these truths, for which they have an attachment inexplicable to themselves.

These truths are — the eternal existence of a sovereign original being, of unbounded power ; by whom the whole universe is governed according to the immutable laws

laws of absolute wisdom and goodness — and the continuance of our own primary being, with consciousness of our personality, and eternal progress to a more perfect mode of existence.

According to my most firm persuasion, these two truths of belief, stedfastly thought over and resolutely adhered to, in their utmost simplicity and purity, must have the most beneficial influence on our intrinsic morality, contentment, and happiness. It is demonstrable, and has been demonstrated, that, taken in the whole, they are indispensable to mankind; it is demonstrable and demonstrated, that even the best and happiest man, would be still better and happier by the belief of them. Of them, and of them alone, may it be justly said, what Cicero pronounces of the eleusinian mysteries: They put us in a frame to live more joyfully, and to die in better hopes.

What dæmon, hateful to the human race, has, from the remotest antiquity to the present day, been so maliciously busy as to disfigure this belief of a divine government of the world, and a better state after the present life; to obscure it in all imaginable ways; and, by intermixing with it the most absurd fanaticism, the most odious superstitions, the most inhuman and senseless conceits and frenzies, to turn that which should be the support, the comfort, and the hope of mankind, into the means of their oppression and vexation; into an instrument of tyranny, of imposture, and extortion; into a moral object of terror; nay, even into a destructive poison, that preys as it were upon the finest and noblest parts of the human soul?

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We have no need to look far without us for the primary cause of all this evil; it lies at home; for, in short—the dæmon is under our own skin! and, though, for want of sufficient authorities, it is impossible to trace the history of superstition with all due certainty: nothing however is easier than psychologically to comprehend the origin of it from the circumstances wherein the nations of remote antiquity were placed, according to the general history of mankind. This however is not the place for it, and it is no part of my present design to enter upon this deduction.

The most antient lawgivers, who felt themselves called to the office of uniting in civil societies the rude races of mankind, still living in a kind of natural ferocity, found the belief in deities inhabiting the skies, the earth, the sea, and under the earth, and more especially the belief in paternal gods, and the tutelar divinities of the region they inhabited, of the mountains and rivers of it, and the like, already in firm possession of their minds; and the thought very naturally occurred to them of employing this circumstance to their grand design. They saw, that the fear of the deities, under the guidance of a skilful hand, might be rendered the most efficacious means for taming and softening the rude people with whom they had to do, and for inuring them to civil discipline and order. Accordingly, they made either the gods themselves the authors of their laws, or at least enacted them under their immediate sanction; they gave to divine worship a more stated form and a greater solemnity; they instituted mysteries; and among the Greeks, for example, Eleusis, Olympia, and Delphi, were already in very antient times

the point of union of numberless petty tribes and nations, from whence, by insensible degrees, that great political body grew, which revered Jupiter, as its general guardian god, and the amphictyons as its sovereign national tribunal.

Thus all civil societies were in some sort founded on religion; it composed a part of the legislature, an essential piece of the constitution. It was considered (how far right or wrong is not now the question) as a band of the state, that could not be cut, without at the same time dissolving the government. But—how was this religion framed?

Such raw and extremely sensual people, as we must conceive the men of those times to be, were yet but little capable of elevating their minds to the rational idea of sovereign power, wisdom, and goodness; the only idea that can be worthily connected with the word God. They required visible and palpable objects of their religious adoration. The deities therefore got images, the images temples, and the temples priests. These latter, as was highly natural, came gradually, from ministers to be the familiars, from the familiars to be the favourites, and from the favourites to be the organ of their gods. The gods revealed themselves to them, one while in dreams, at another by voices and apparitions. They were instructed by these superior beings in the secrets of nature and the decrees of fate. Hence, the priests in those remoter periods were also the sages or the learned, the soothsayers and the physicians of the nation; and still are so among all the nations that yet remain in the lowermost degrees of civilization. They healed diseases, which they considered

as the productions of evil dæmons or of angry and avenging deities, mostly by supernatural means, by magical charms, incantations, burning of incense, amulets, talismans, and the like. Their art of medicine was therefore, for the most part, a branch of their magic and theurgy*. These latter, with all their collateral branches, the collective arts of divination, of astrology, geomancy, necromancy, conjuration of spirits, spells, exorcisms, discovery of hidden treasures, &c. were sacerdotal arts, connected with religion, and sanctified by it. The propensity to the marvellous, and the ardent desire of looking into futurity, constitute the weak side of human nature: the priests drew too much profit from them, not to turn them every where into a regular trade (more or less according to the concurrence of other circumstances), and to cultivate as far as possible these fertile fields of superstition, as their proper appanage and province. Doubtless, there might then, as well as now, have been found among them numbers of fanatics and other weak persons, who believed in earnest in all these follies: but the generality knew very well what was in their supernatural arts, and their consciences soon grew sufficiently tough, to

* Magic, in its most extensive signification, is the pretended occult science of acting upon spirits of all kinds, and through them upon the material world. Theurgy is the name of the pretended pure and sacred magic of the unknown miraculous personages Hermes Trismegistus, Zoroaster, and their pretended disciples, who are said to have wrought miraculous effects by the power of the names of the gods, by invocation of the deities, and by the help of benign spirits.

allow them without compunction to deceive the weak, who so readily wish to be deceived, and are ever disposed, not only to give up their little scrap of reason, but even to let their five senses be muffled and masked whenever they are in expectation of seeing and hearing something supernatural. The so much extolled and falsely famed wisdom of the ægyptian priests, consisted, for the most part, in the forenamed priestly arts.

What is termed the philosophy of Zoroaster, and in general all that comes under the denomination of the oriental philosophy, was in like manner favourable to it, and was just as unworthy of that name as the cabbala of the jews.

When at length the true philosophy insinuated itself among the Greeks, superstition indeed declined among the more liberal part of the nation, in proportion as illumination increased; but, as I observed before, since the popular religion, once introduced, formed, in each of their republics, a part of the constitution, the philosophers were obliged to take great heed that they came into no dangerous collision with the priests, by which the latter might run the hazard of not always retaining possession of the most lucrative branch of their trade, and the people dependent upon them not be kept in that dread of dæmons (*Δεισιδαιμονία*, as the Greeks very justly termed superstition), and encouraged in their propensity to listen to every species of visionary imposture.

The well-known philosophical sects and orders gradually sprung up among the Greeks. Some of them, as the Pythagoreans, the Platonists, and the Stoics, held maxims that very well comported with the prevail-

ing dæmonistic religion; Pythagoras and Plato especially seem adapted to serve as a basis to these priestly arts. The pythagorean and platonian systems, particularly the more foul and turbid they grew, were always most favoured by the priests. The epicurean, on the other hand, which indeed in externals prudently conformed to the popular religion, but was the declared enemy of all kinds of religious imposture, all magic and dealings with ghosts, all new oracles, all supernatural arts and operations, remained as long as it lasted, the utter detestation of the sacerdotal order, and by them was rendered so obnoxious to the people, that all their attempts against superstition, in the whole, and in process of time, were able to effect but very little.

The remarkable epocha of Alexander the Great, when the principal part of Asia at that time known, as well as Ægypt, was in subjection to grecian princes, and the language, arts, sciences, religion, and manners of the Greeks were spread throughout the provinces which had formerly owned the sovereignty of the persian sceptre, became important by a natural consequence of that commixture which necessarily took place by insensible degrees between the Greeks and Asiatics, the Syrians, Medes, Ægyptians, &c. as likewise by the influence of this mixture on the general way of thinking and the spirit of the times. The philosophy of the Greeks gradually degenerated in these countries, and was lost at length in the oriental magism or dæmonomania. Alexandria became the school of a new philosophy, in which the most incongruous ideas and opinions were brought together, for supporting all the

possible extravagances and schemes of fanaticism and superstition with greater authority than ever.

When the Romans became the predominant nation of the world, all things were in this state, not only in the eastern parts of the vast roman empire, but the Romans, with whom illumination by means of the sciences did not begin till very late, and had extended itself only amongst very few of the great, found an uncommon taste for the oriental superstition. Already in the time of Augustus we find Rome and Italy overrun with syrian and ægyptian vagabonds; who, under the names of ægyptian priests, magi, chaldeans, &c. found their account in flattering the superstition of the Romans, especially the ladies, by all possible means. Such was the face of things throughout what the Romans termed the globe; every part of it was more or less filled with idolatry and forcery, idle tales of gods and fairies, belief in supernatural conceits and chimæras, magical operations, amulets, and talismans, metamorphoses of men into beasts, apparitions of spirits, evocations of the dead, belief in interpretations of dreams, soothsayers, oracular responses, prognostications, and a thousand senseless ways of rendering good and evil spirits propitious, of reconciling them, of conquering or casting them out; in short, the whole mass of mankind was infected with magical-religious superstition and frenzy — when the divine founder of christianity made his appearance in Palæstine, for preaching the belief in a universal Father in heaven by his doctrine, and still more by his example; and to restore the genuine worship of God, purged from all magical and
theurgical

theurgical superstition, to sincerity of heart; love towards God and man, and the practice of all the moral virtues.

If we may be allowed to judge of the plan of providence by what happened in the sequel, so great a work as the destruction of the kingdom of the dæmons and their priests, that is, in other words, the dominion of superstition, idolatry, and magic, over the human mind, is not the work of a few years, nay, not even of a few centuries. At least the universal history of the seventeen hundred years that are elapsed, whereof the greatest part of the authorities lie open before us, evinces that this great undertaking was indeed begun, but soon checked by those very persons who called themselves by the name of Christ, and by a continued combination of detrimental contrary effects, has hitherto been effected in but a very imperfect manner.

Excepting the times in which we live, there is scarcely a period to be met with in all history, where at the same time, and partly in the same countries, together with a tolerably high degree of illumination, cultivation, and refinement on one side, there subsisted on the other more darkness of intellect, more weakness, credulity, and disposition to all kinds of fanaticism, more propensity to private religious connections, mysteries, and orders, more faith in incredible things, a stronger passion for magical sciences and operations, even amongst the superior classes of men, in short, where it was more easy for every species of religious impostors*, conjurors, and miracle-mongers, to carry

* By religious impostors I understand such as make religion to serve as a cloak and an instrument to their impostures.

on their sport with the weakness and simplicity of mankind, than the first and second centuries of the christian æra. The triumphant conflicts of a Lucian and a Celsus* against this frantic spirit of their times, were not sufficient to put a stop to an evil, the increase of which was promoted by all imaginable means and circumstances, which we shall not here examine, but, in the sequel, principally by the New Platonic philosophy, which, to use a phrase of the wise Polonius in Hamlet—put method in madness.

Even the christians were intoxicated with this fanatical philosophy, as it appeared to them not only perfectly well to suit with their own mysteries, but even to contain the key to them; and when their party, after long and bloody battles with heathenism, as it is called, gained at length the ascendant in the roman empire, and had exterminated or fully suppressed their adversaries, but too soon evinced that the world was but little the better for it. The dæmonism of the heathens, rose from its ashes in another dress, and under other names. The light of science gradually withdrew its beams. The monks filled the places of the fanatical Pythagoreans and Platonists, and got possession, after their example, of the same magical and theurgic arts; using for pretext, that they wrought, by the power of the true God,

* Celsus, a friend of Lucian, wrote a great work against magic, the loss of which is much to be lamented; because, as we may gather from a passage in Lucian, the chief stratagems whereby the pretended adepts in magical wisdom imposed upon the credulous were expressly described. It is easy to imagine, that the masters would take all possible pains to suppress a book of that nature.

and the name of Jesus, what the necromancers and the pretended theurgi of the heathens effected by the assistance of the spirits of hell. The chronicles and legends of the four first centuries to Constantine the great, swarm with stories of exorcisms, resurrections of the dead, apparitions of angels, devils, and wretched souls; all is full of the marvellous, often ridiculously incredible and absurd, and performed by numberless holy monks and bishops. Nature, during all this time, if one twentieth part of these pretended facts were true, must have lost all her properties, and have been sunk in a total antinomy and anarchy. The people necessarily fell deeper and deeper, under such circumstances, into a superstition disgraceful to human nature. The old idle fancies of the heathen world were unnaturally mixed with the pure maxims of christianity, and produced the most monstrous phantoms that the imagination can devise; which were adopted without examination, and supported by the clergy (for reasons very well known both to them and to us) by every method they could invent; nay, they even coined some of them into dogmas and articles of faith, which they fenced round, against every attempt of reason, with the formidable catalogue of Ernulphus's curses.

It would lead me too far out of my way, and is unnecessary to my present design, to continue this historical picture, and only summarily to mention the Iliad of calamities, which, under such circumstances, partly by the leagues and partly by the disputes between the emperors and the clergy, were diffused over a great part of the globe of the earth. Though a really true and impartial historical display of this remarkable period

riod in the annals of mankind, is still, while I am writing this, among the objects of devout desire: yet there are already, in every man's hands, the works of a Hume, Giannone, Robertson, Mosheim, Walch, Schmidt, and others, more than sufficient to confirm all that I have hitherto advanced; the testimony is abundant, and some of it even beyond the intention of the author that gives it. Any one, however, who should be desirous of acquiring a lively and accurate knowledge of the spirit of these unhappy times, must take up the tremendous resolution of diving into the sources themselves; and, amongst others, must peruse the chronicle and the libri miraculorum of Gregory of Tours, the Golden Legend of the archbishop Jacobus de Varagine, the Acta Sanctorum, and the historical books of the different orders of monks; where he will see enough almost to turn his head with astonishment at the incomprehensible effrontery and filliness of the people of those times.

The only particulars that I shall notice in regard to the main object of this essay (to which all I have hitherto said is intended but to clear the way) are the following.

From the time that the new [the christian] religion became predominant in the roman empire, it entered not only into all the rights and privileges of the old, and was the religion of the state, consequently protected and encouraged by the laws, but arrogated to itself new, and till then unheard of prerogatives. The antient religion of the government had tolerated all other religions, even the christian: the latter, or rather its clergy, (who here as well as in so many other respects, renounced

renounced the spirit of its founder, by stiffly adhering to the letter of some few harsh expressions) asserted an exclusive claim, and in a short time tolerated no religion beside. But they went still farther. Not satisfied with having declared every other belief, every other kind of religious opinions, dogmas, modes of representation and expression, concerning incomprehensible objects, to be erroneous, they proceeded to inflict punishment upon error. They treated conviction as a matter that was dependant on our wills; whoever had the honesty to contrast their tenets which did not convince his mind, with what he held for truth, was immediately pronounced a man bold and obstinate in error; and as such condemned to eternal, and (what was far worse still) to temporal fire. Thus there arose in the christian religion a new species of crimes, never heard of till now; malice and self interest found out a new branch of denunciations, a new source of confiscations to the despotism of the byzantine and western tyrants, new means for destroying any one whom they hated or suspected, and opened to the clergy a new way for acquiring a formidable authority, and an almost unbounded influence.

However, for having something of an appearance, as if the dogmas on the belief whereof the temporal and eternal lives of men now depended, rested on irrefragable positions, and would stand the test of every investigation, they invented a subtle kind of dialectics and terminology, the express use whereof was to confer upon the most glaring absurdities an air of possibility, to bring contradictions into a kind of agreement, and to render the path of truth so laborious and intricate,
that

that of ten thousand — even of those classes of mankind, whose state and condition in common life require a considerable degree of rational aptitude — there could be scarcely one who had not rather implicitly believe whatever was required of him, than endeavour to convince himself by so painful a method. But in fact this new-broached mode of conviction was nothing but fallacy throughout: for, it was not only so framed, as that, instead of producing conviction in really thinking minds, it rather raised doubt upon doubt, and led them, whether they would or no, to new opinions, contradictory to those that were in vogue: but it was likewise previously determined, that every investigation of an article of belief or dogma which should produce another result than this dogma, was already in itself erroneous, reprobate and damnable, i. e. obnoxious both to elementary and hellish fire. Woe to him, who, in those unhappy centuries, should offer to make use of his reason in the trial of what was proposed to his belief, and submit the oracular decrees of a priesthood who had usurped an arbitrary and unlimited empire over the human intellect, nay, over the very senses of mankind, to the necessary and natural laws prescribed to the mind of man! All examination ceases where every doubt is pronounced to be a suggestion of the devil, which can only be combated by fasting and prayer, by the mortification of the flesh, and a total suspension of thought; and reason is turned into a useless instrument so soon as its free employment leads to the gloomy dungeons of the inquisition, and from thence to the stake or the scaffold.

I con-

I confidently appeal to every reasonable creature, to every creature capable of reason, on the face of the earth, to refute me, if it can, when I say, that, in this manner, and by such means and precautions, any religion, however senseless, detestable, and ridiculous, it may be, — from the inhuman worship of the canaanite fire-god Moloch, to the stupid idolatrous rites in homage to the frogs of Latona at Abdera, may be promulgated for the only true religion, the only religion by which salvation is to be obtained, and, as such, be enforced on all the world!

What name then do they deserve, who arrogate to themselves, or, if their predecessors have been guilty of such arrogance, would yet always maintain the pretension to propagate and assert the most simple, the most rational, the most humane of all religions, in such a manner, and by those or similar proceedings?

I intreat every reader who loves truth in his heart, to stop here for a moment, and prosecute for himself the reflections to which what has been said must naturally lead him. It is not my design to offend. It would be highly unreasonable to impute to sensible, reflecting, and better-minded persons now living, the extravagancies and the iniquities of their barbarous predecessors. — But the times of ignorance are past: at least, no man, who is not of the vulgar herd, can any longer excuse himself on the plea of invincible ignorance, if he be unacquainted with the fundamental truths, on the knowledge and observance whereof the welfare of the human race and of civil society undoubtedly depend; for, God be praised, they have been loudly enough preached for more than fifty years past,

past, and are to be bought at a moderate price in every bookseller's shop. But, if we are enlightened by the torch of reason, why would we prefer to walk in darkness, rather than in that light! Do we feel and confess the honour and dignity of being men (in the stricter signification of the term*): why should we not at least have the will to cast away every thing that hinders us from feeling, thinking, and acting, as genuine human creatures? — Are the maxims which we called to mind at the beginning of this essay†, irrefragable fundamental truths, — is the free use of reason in elucidating and examining every human opinion, every human belief, one of the indefeasible rights of mankind, which no man can ravish from us, without committing the most heinous of all crimes, the crime of high-treason against human nature‡: who shall presume to disturb his brother in the possession and use of this right! — Is no man infallible; is to err and to be deceived generally inseparable from our nature; are there an infinite multitude of objects of knowledge as well as of belief, which, from the bounds that nature has fixed to the human intellect, it is impossible completely to elucidate: then let every man be at liberty to deliver his opinion or his contradiction with reason and calmness and modesty, without vilifying or deriding another who believes he has reason for thinking other-

* Namely, in that wherein the half men, the third part men, and the quarter men, are not comprised.

† See before, p. 44 & sqq.

‡ From whence all the majesty of nations and their kings derives, if it be not usurpation and empty pomp.

wife.

wife. Is the conviction of the understanding independent on the will; can error never justly be punished as a crime: then let us once at length confess, that it is at the same time both folly and injustice, to turn names by which merely a different mode of representation, different ideas, doctrinal tenets and persuasions are distinguished from each other, into names of abuse!

It is really disgusting to persons of plain sense to see the custom still prevailing, even among people of learning, of treating the word deist or theist, which denotes a man who holds neither atheistical nor dæmonistical tenets, as if it carried with it a blot which no man of honour ought to put up with, — though christianity manifestly takes deism for its groundwork, and the christians of the first century pride themselves in being deists. The turn that is given to the word deist, in the usual scurrilous application of it to a professor of natural religion, who cannot believe in the particular dogmas of christians, as they are settled by certain councils and in certain symbols and formularies, is a wretched evasion. For, though we should allow, that every deist must, according to his principles, reject all the peculiar doctrines of christians: yet even on this supposition it remains always unjust to load every one with hatred or contempt who does not believe whatever they believe. But in fact the case is quite otherwise. Real deism is very near to genuine christianity cleared from all magism and dæmonism and from all the rest of the dross of the barbarous ages; and, if a deist had to chuse, from among all the religious parties on the face of the earth, a religion to which he would firmly adhere, he would certainly wish

to live (provided he was sincere in his profession, and therefore a warm friend to truth and virtue) among that christian party, whose principles, dogmas and constitutions came the nearest to the fundamental doctrines and dispositions of Christ, and was the most free from all the above-mentioned spurious additions and dross. What reasonable ground now could these christians have for excluding him from their outward communion? Is it not their duty, if they think that the faith he is still deficient in, is necessary to his everlasting welfare, not to deny him the opportunities for obtaining it? May he not, perhaps, by time, by affectionate admonition, and by good example, receive from them what he still wants in all particulars to believe as they do? — if indeed it appears to them a matter of such great importance, that every man should in all respects believe as they do? But now if the deist should happen to have been born among them; if he were born to the civil rights and immunities of the city wherein at that time their symbol of faith was the predominant one: with what semblance of equity can he be said to forfeit his birthright, merely because it is as physically impossible for his understanding to hold certain positions for true, as it is impossible for him to fly in the air, or to live in fire? — or, is it not shameful, if, from no other cause, they put him to the alternative either of being a liar and a hypocrite, or send him to seek his bread in foreign climes, an exile from his country?

The consequence of my reflections having brought me to this point, I cannot help giving vent to the hearty disgust I feel at the abuse that is made of the word toleration

leration in our times, and, what is still more shocking, of the thing itself. What is called, to tolerate? Mankind would always be well enough disposed to tolerate one another on the surface of the globe, if there were no other relation and no other name to absolve them from the duties of humanity. Who will dare to teach the contrary; though, to our sorrow, the contrary appears daily in practice? But is it not abominable, that, what all men indispensably owe to each other — namely, so to treat each other, as each would desire to be treated by the other — should be extenuated and reduced almost to nothing by such a paltry term as toleration? — What an inconsistency, more than childish! We regard it as a duty of a superior class, to be complaisant and obliging towards each other in a thousand nugatory matters: and in affairs that nearly concern our conviction, our conscience, our peace of mind, and our integrity, we arrogate to ourselves a right to tyrannize over others! I can require of any one that he let me pass on my way along the street unmolested: and yet I shall esteem it a favour, if he tolerate me in thinking differently from him on things “beyond the visible diurnal sphere,” in raving or dreaming differently from him; though he himself be not the better for it, whether I think of these things in one manner or the other!

Fools and bad men are intolerant by nature; the former cannot endure that any one should think differently from them, and the latter would, if possible, compel the whole world to do and to suffer what they would have them. Had these two classes of people always been able to lord it over the earth, it would long ago have been a scene of frightful desolation and

savage fury. To our happiness, the world on the whole (how little soever it may have that appearance in particular) is governed by better and discreeter personages, and the wise man tolerates the fools, because he is wise, the weak because he is strong, the wicked because he is good. And thus, when the question is about the greatest evils that urge the human race, we always return to the truth of truths: mankind cannot be helped, unless they become better; they can never become better, unless they become wiser; but they can never become wiser, unless they rightly think of every thing whereon their weal or woe depends; and they will never learn to think rightly, so long as they may not think freely, or, which is the same thing, so long as reason is not established in all her rights, and all is forced to disappear which cannot stand her light.

Thousands, who in life act against these principles, will yet, upon reading this paper, themselves confess their truth. Unfortunately, it does not always depend on their good will to act upon them. The application of the clearest result of the simplest and most undeniable truths, under given circumstances, and through the influence of a number of powers acting in opposite directions, will often become an infinitely perplexed and probably an indissoluble problem. — The splendid prison in which reason is still kept in confinement by the greatest part of Europe is the work of a great skill, and of many centuries; thousands of minds of no ordinary stamp, and millions of enterprising hands, have laboured at the structure, and it is so firmly founded on the rock of priestly authority and priestly profit, and so artificially connected, by its numerous wings and continuous

guous erections, with another enchanted-castle: that it would nearly amount to an absurdity to deem the rescue of this captive princess possible, much more to engage in the attempt. Affairs indeed take surprising turns at times, and violent revolutions may be brought about in the present state of the world: but if the reformation of the world with which a philanthropical dreamer consoles our posterity in the year 2440, is to be effected by intellectual improvement alone, then it is much to be feared that he has stated its epocha some ages at least too early. Heaven grant that even my grandchildren may put me to confusion for the ill-success of my doleful auguries! But the honest avowal of the ovidian Medea,

video meliora, proboque;

Deteriora sequor,

will hold good so long as men continue to be men; and so long as the DETERIORA are connected with great, shining, and in the scale of self-interest, infinitely overbalancing advantages; it will likewise be the true key to a thousand events and actions which will surprise the understanding of the recluse philosopher, retired from the actual world into his ideal dshinnistan, and utterly deceive his wrong-calculated expectations.

How readily therefore, in this grave soliloquy on objects of such universal concern, would I have opened my mind with all of the nobler and better part of our great nation, merely as a man to men, as a cosmopolite to cosmopolites, as a German to Germans, without any regard to diversity of religious parties—and this the rather, as

my dislike to all that favours of the spirit of sect, my propensity and inclination, as one without prejudice and interest in all these matters, are directly against every party, and my good meaning towards the common welfare of my country and of mankind in general, has long been known among them, and doubtless is the cause that my well-intended radotage on the pia desideria of all honest men is usually listened to with so much indulgence: I feel myself under the necessity of entirely abandoning the hope of finding access to the two prevailing parties, for what I have already said and what I have yet to say, and to conceive that I have only made them the confidants of my thoughts, to whom I belong more from free choice than by necessary relation. Only this one thing — as this good opportunity is now present, and may not speedily return, — may I be permitted here to think aloud in regard to one improvement declared to be universally necessary, by all enlightened patriots and honest christians?

I wish all men the grace of God and every good of this life and of that which is to come; and therefore I include in this wish his papal holiness Pius VI, and all his lawful successors in the sacred chair at Rome; which, though it should prove not to have been the blessed Peter's, yet I hold to be a very respectable chair, — and accordingly, I hope it will not be imputed to me as proceeding from a secret grudge against the papal sanctity, or from any ill-will to the bones of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, if I admit as a physical possibility, that soon or late, the whole city of Rome, with the Basilica at St. John in Lateran, the church of St. Peter, the great obelisks, the Vatican, the Campidoglio,

doglio, the castle of St. Angelo, the Maria rotonda, and all the rest of its innumerable glories, may be swallowed up by a dreadful earthquake, so that the places of them shall no longer be discoverable on the earth.

Much as I have the salvation of the world at heart, yet I frankly confess, that it would be with infinite difficulty I could be brought to pray for the destruction of the city of Rome, even though that were the sole condition of the prayer. Far be it then from me to let the slightest shade and dream of such a desire ever enter my soul!—But, suppose now (which may heaven and all the guardian spirits of antiquities and arts forbid!) suppose, since it is physically possible, that this direful accident had really happened, — that Rome was swallowed up by the earth, or was changed (sans comparaison) like Sodom and Gomorrah, into a kind of dead sea — what measures could and would the catholic church most probably have adopted?

With the city of Rome, on the above supposition, the cathedra Petri, and the magical fisherman's seal (which disputes the palm with the seal of Solomon so famous throughout the world), the boasted donations of Constantine, Pepin, and Charlemagne, the decretals of Isidore the sinner, the triple crown, of 'superterranean, terranean, and subterranean might, the four holy-jubileegates, the dataria, and rota, the wool-weavery and the agnus-dei-fabric of the nuns of St. Agnes, would all disappear and vanish out of the world. Would this indeed excite a great weeping and wailing among the nations of the earth? Would the remaining bishops and prelates of catholic christendom have any great cause to rend their garments and sprinkle ashes on their heads? Should they

and would they make it their prime concern, to labour with united powers to chuse as soon as possible another Rome, and proceed to elect a new successor to St. Peter, in the chair where St. Peter never sat? Would they not rather—I speak humanly, but I hope not foolishly—have great reason patiently to acquiesce in this awful dispensation of heaven; and, all things well considered, see cause at length to be thankful, that, by this unexpected event, all farther contention and strife about their rites would cease, and that they were restored to that liberty and respective independency which is their due by the most antient ecclesiastical constitution?—But, I hear it said, what becomes of the centrum unitatis esteemed so necessary?—Does then this point of union cleave of necessity to one single person, or to one particular chair? or precisely to these? Is not the christian name, is not the apostle's creed a sufficient point of union? And if there were no longer any Rome, whose despotic spirit is solely interested in the utmost possible uniformity of its subjects: who is then concerned in an uniformity disavowed by all nature and only enforced by unnatural violence? Cannot concord and order very well consist with diversity? Does not harmony arise from diversity with order? and is not harmony more pleasing than monotony?—However, let us see—without dwelling any longer on an objection, which at length must die away of itself,—what the consequences of this great event would be.

If there be no longer any pope, then the papal system, with all its excrescencies and accessories, falls to pieces of itself. The sheep of Christ now find themselves

selves once more under the inspection of their shepherds and chief shepherds in the same constitution as they were in the fourth and fifth centuries; and it would be the business of those shepherds, in the words of the psalmist, to feed them in green pastures, to lead them to fresh water brooks, and to let them suffer want in no thing that is good. They have no spurious authority, no chimerical prerogatives, no claims which would be shaken by every investigation, and are only grounded on ignorance, superstition, and the dread of Ernulphus's curses, the scaffold, and the faggot. What then can induce them to hate the light they have no need to shun? to hold the reason in bondage which is already on their side? to oppose the illumination, which, by "securing the main fortrefs of the christian religion, by giving up the untenable outworks, "against all the attacks of reason," gives an immovable stability, to their authority and to their rights? They have nothing to gain by superstition, nothing by the adulteration of pure christianity with the commixtures of magical and demonistical rubbish, nothing by miraculous images, devil's-bane, pious tales of apparitions, and other such like trumpery: and they think too justly and nobly for ever desiring to inherit the romish warehouse of indulgencies, jubilee-years, apotheoses of crack-brained monks and lunatic nuns, talismannical amulets, ladies of Loretto, holy wax-candles, sacred bells, and the like contemptible branches of finance. In a word, there is no reason to imagine, that, under the foregoing supposition, on the dismissal of these evident abuses, they would not hail with joy that evident improvement, and be the first to open the door

of that aforefaid dungeon, for giving an eternal liberty to imprifoned Reason — to her who alone can make us capable of a true religion, — and fo prepare the way, for the only poffible, the only defirable means of uniting all christian communities in one, and of producing a thoufand other beneficial effects.

I intreat but a little more patience, and I have — dreamed out my dream.

There are things which in their very nature are fo dependent on our wills, that they are or are not, according as we chufe that they fhould or fhould not be.

Allow me to exemplify this by a well-known instance. St. Paul, on coming to Ephesus*, found there, with feveral others, a temple that was reckoned among the wonders of the world; and in this temple, a fmall image of ebony, or of wicker-work†, well befmoaked with incenfe, which was called the great Diana of the Ephesians, to which divine honours were paid throughout all Afia far and wide, as a miraculous image. Saint Paul, — who, as every one knows, made ufe of his reason with great freedom againft the fuperftitions of the heathens, without minding that the poor people held their idle nonfenfe for the true belief, — St. Paul then took the liberty to fay to fome Ephesians, that images, made with hands, could not be gods; and there were not wanting among them perfons, to whom

* Acts of the Apoftles, chap. xix.

† So fays Pliny, lib. xvi. c. 40, and the objection brought by the Count of Caylus againft it, in his treatife on the temple at Ephesus, is (to mention it by the way) of no confequence whatever.

this concise argument appeared highly reasonable. But now there was a certain Demetrius dwelling in this city, whose interest it concerned very much, that the great Diana of the Ephesians should still remain a goddess: for he kept a fabric of little silver shrines of this Diana, which used to be bought by the strangers coming thither, of whom there were constantly great swarms in this capital of Asia; and this fabric was in such repute, that all the workmen in the gold and silver line at Ephesus found employment in it. Demetrius brought all his people together, and laid before them the danger that threatened their manufactory by St. Paul's very rational conclusion. "So that not only
 "this our craft, said he, is in danger to be set at
 "nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised*, and her magnificence destroyed, whom all Asia, and the world worshippeth."—There is no difficulty in perceiving how it came to pass that the majesty of the great goddess Diana so nearly touched the good man's heart. In short the result of this synod of goldsmiths was very naturally, that their blood was much enflamed, and they all with one consent cried out: Great is Diana of the Ephesians! A general uproar soon raged throughout the city. The populace one and all rushed into the amphitheatre; the noise and riot increased; and, when the mob at length came to hear what it was

* This, with permission, is a great lye of the goldsmith Demetrius. The temple of Diana always remained a gorgeous masterpiece of architecture, and was admired as such by St. Paul and all the world, whether Diana was to be reputed a goddess or not.

all about, they set up a cry which lasted for a couple of hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians: till at last the town-clerk, or the chancellor, by a very sensible speech, worthy of a lord high chancellor of England, appeased the people, and sent them to their homes.

I know of no better example than this for elucidating what I advanced above. The wooden Diana of the Ephesians either was a goddess, or was not a goddess, just as the Ephesians chose to have it. And why so? Because, seriously speaking, it was in reality nothing better nor worse than a wooden image of a little hideous large-breasted gypsey, and therefore no goddess. Yet, so long as they held it to be so, in certain respects it was just as if it actually were so. Let us be reasonable — The Asiarchs, the head men of the city of Ephesus, the chancellor and the rest of them, doubtless knew as well as we the true state of the affair: in the mean time the Ephesians, for a long succession of time had accounted it a great honour to be called the neocori* of the great Diana, and her mag-

* The word neokoros originally signified, with the Greeks, the person that looked after the temple, opened and shut the doors, and saw that every part of it was kept clean, &c. in short, the officer we at present call the sexton. In process of time, every city of note made it an honour to call themselves the neokori or sextons of their guardian divinity to whom they had built a temple within their walls; and, under the Roman cæsars, they contended with one another for the honour of being neokrates to the emperors to whom, even during their lifetime, a sort of divine honours were paid in the provinces. Luther and Beza translate this word, Acts xix. 35. very fitly by the term *warden*; since, in the

magnificent temple procured great respect and a lucrative concourse of strangers to the city; they had therefore political and cameralistical reasons for receiving it as an incontrovertible truth (as the lord chancellor of Ephesus* expresses himself) not that their Diana was really a goddess, but, “that the city of Ephesus was the guardian of the great Diana, and of the image that fell down from heaven†.” — With the vulgar, the divinity of their Diana was a plain matter of fact, to whose worship they had been habituated from their infancy; and it no more entered their heads to form objections against this belief, than with the populace of Loretto to doubt that their *santa casa* was carried by a group of angels from Nazareth to Loretto. But the goldsmiths had quite another interest for being confessors and champions of the divinity of Diana; and they could no more believe in it, than Cicero could in his augurate; only that, while their shrines were bought and well paid for, they exclaimed somewhat less loudly, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

the sense wherein it is used to imply a whole city, it carries with it the idea of patron and guardian. The Ephesians, on all their coins, styled themselves the neokores of Artemis, and were the more proud of this title, as their temple of Diana was, in a manner, the common temple of all Asia, which had contributed to its erection.

* Acts xix. 35, 36.

† From this passage, which is confirmed by a Greek epigram, quoted by Joseph Scaliger in his commentary on Eusebii chronicon, it appears that it was the common belief, that the image of the Ephesian Diana had fallen down from heaven.

Let

Let us now for a moment suppose, that the governors of the city of Ephesus had had a great and cogent motive (which in truth they had not) to enact that their Diana should be no longer a goddess: what would they then have done? — The attempt would most assuredly have been subject to great difficulties: but with time and patience more difficult things have been brought about. Perhaps the first step they would have taken would have been to find the goldsmiths some other lucrative business. — St. Paul, and his helpmates, on one hand, the philosophers, the Lucians, and persons of their stamp, on the other, would then have had full permission to reason upon the subject, and at length (only with wit and urbanity) to turn it into ridicule as much as they pleased; and the people at large, who, with all their faults and frowardness, have more plain sense than they have always credit for, would be so brought about, by imperceptible degrees, that they would have beheld with the greatest calmness one regulation to take place after another for fulfilling the prophecy of honest Demetrius.

I hope I shall not be charged with a want of reverence for crowned heads, if I say that certain opinions, which, from the time of pope Gregory VII. have been gradually disseminated by monks, jesuits, and other clients of the court of Rome, and through the astonishing pretensions of that court, have gained a sort of plausibility, — for instance, that a pope is at times a god upon earth, or at least a middle-being between God and man, that he has all power both in
heaven

heaven and on earth *, that he can make wrong to be right, that he is superior to all laws, that he can make and unmake kings, and a multitude of the like propositions male sonantes † — that, I say, these and similar opinions, depend on our good pleasure to believe them or not to believe them, exactly as in the case of the divinity of Diana. St. Paul would infallibly, from the quite simple argument — “a man such as we are, can, no more than a wooden image, be a god or a demi-god,” — have concluded in favour of the unbelief. In like manner, if I may say so, we absolutely run our noses against the solution of the grand problem, which is held by numbers to be as difficult as the discovery of the philosopher’s stone; and I should run the hazard of being accused of an undue distrust in the sagacity of my reader, were I to add: that the bishop of Rome would be neither more nor less than the foremost among the western bishops, his brethren, whenever it should be found good, on this head, solely to adhere to plain matters of fact, antient authorities, sound reason, and the nature of the case.

And hence, probably, we should be great gainers! For thus might all the good, which, as we have already seen, might reasonably be expected to accrue from a sudden overthrow of the city of Rome, without

* That in heaven we will readily grant him uncontested, so he will but relinquish his supreme authority over this poor earth-ball which we inhabit; a sacrifice, which, in comparison with his authority in heaven, that will still remain to him, is so very insignificant, that it is almost a shame to speak of it.

† See the confession of P. Giannone.

buying it at so extravagantly dear a rate as with the destruction of the glorious church of St. Peter, the museum Clementinum, the villa Borghese, &c. We have only to set about acting, in all respects as if this catastrophe had really happened: and then, most probably, all the rest would follow, and nearly with as much facility, though perhaps not quite so fast, in its primitive and natural order. An earthquake would operate indeed with greater celerity, and at once remove a multitude of hesitations and difficulties; as formerly the Goths, when they burnt and destroyed the temple of Diana at Ephesus, under that graceless emperor Gallienus, put an end to her divinity at a stroke: but I confess I am not fond of these heroic methods; and I would wish, for the honour of reason, that so blessed a revolution might rather be her work than the blind effect of jarring elements. Indeed it would be better in more than one respect. My reader may probably recollect what an extremely venerable and amiable man pope Pius XXVI. (or however else he may be called) will be, in the year 2440. — how directly the antipode of a Gregory VII. a John XII. and XXII. a Clement V. Alexander VI. Julius II. Leo X. — in short, of the majority of his predecessors; and how completely this excellent Pontifex Maximus, by his illumination, wisdom, goodness, modesty, and disinterestedness, will do honour to the sovereign dignity of high-priest and common father of christendom. — Now this, by means of my humble proposal, may come to pass much earlier than the year 2440, and how advantageous for the church and the world such a transmutation would be, certainly needs no farther proof.

proof. Its salutary consequences are so weighty and diffusive, that a friend of humanity can scarcely forbear to grow impatient for it, though the mole-hills which stand in the way of its realization should still continue to be regarded as insurmountable Alps.

In fact, I see but one objection of any consequence, than can be made against the foregoing means for accelerating this desirable revolution — which is, “that
“thereby the imposts and tributes of various denomi-
“nations will be abolished, which the successors of
“Hildebrand (for St. Peter neither had nor coveted
“silver and gold) have hitherto levied from the blind
“belief, the implicit obedience, and all the other sins
“of the Ultramontanes.” But, as by the adoption of this proposal, it is not intended to rob the princes of the church of their legitimate and well-earned temporalities: so the administrator of the ecclesiastical state will always have enough remaining, by a better regulated œconomy, even without any foreign resources, for supporting with propriety his exalted dignity, and for keeping the cathedral of St. Peter, with the other six basilica at Rome, in thorough repair.

Unless any private and public conspiracies, which, under divers names, qualifications, and pretences, are made against sound reason, should unexpectedly throw us back into the barbarism and darkness of the hildebrandine times, — it is to be hoped, that the days are approaching, when the eyes of mankind, and, if it please God, likewise their hands and their feet, will be constantly gaining new accessions of force; and thus many matters be brought to effect, towards the conclusion of the sixteenth century, which at the conclusion
of

of the xviiith were politely styled by no worse a name than, The dreams of a doting cosmopolite.

To this, from my heart, I say Amen! And, now, after this short cosmopolitical digression, I intend to apply what remains of my present considerations, to that part of my brethren, who, for their deliverance from the yoke that oppressed our fathers, are principally indebted to their bold exertions of the prerogatives of reason, and would be utterly inexcusable were they again to lose those invaluable benefits from their not using them, benefits which they thought not too dearly purchased for their posterity even at the expence of their lives.

I am as much convinced of the great possibility that the public can dispense with my sentiments on these objects, as the severest of my unfavourable readers (for I cannot expect to have merely favourable ones) can be. It is hardly possible for any one to know better than I do, how little new is to be said on these matters, especially in the present times, when, for several years, so many able writers have been writing so much upon them. In the mean time, it is no less true, that intelligent readers expect nothing new on subjects of this kind, but—from the inward feeling that they relate to the most important concerns of mankind, and therefore can never be too much taken to heart, never too frequently shewn on all their different sides, and placed in every possible point of view—are satisfied if they either meet with something in the mode of representation or in the delivery of it, that but seems to give a colour of novelty to these matters, on which men have ever been, and ever will be writing, because they ever have

have been interesting and ever will be so. The man will always be readily listened to, who discourses with us freely and frankly on them, as matters wherein himself and we are intimately concerned, and although he reveal to us nothing new, tells us, at least nothing but what he himself has frequently considered or felt.

With all this, it makes a man rather feel uncomfortably, when he cannot help saying to himself: that with all one's good will to contribute something to the general welfare of mankind, it is at last only threshing of empty straw, fetching water with a sieve, writing in the sand, milking a he-goat, and washing a blackamoor white. — What has been omitted, to mention only the present century, what has been left undone by the clearest and soundest heads in Europe for removing the baneful and infamous relics of antient barbarism, at least among the most civilized nations of our quarter of the world? To give but one example of it: Who will ever compose a better and more generally read book on toleration, than Voltaire has done? Who will ever more truly represent its advantages, more solidly refute the objections that are brought against it, more irrefragably state the obligations thereto, more forcibly display the horrible consequences of intolerance and religious constraint, by striking and dreadful examples? Would not one think that truths demonstrated with so much evidence and so much energy to be truths; and that the welfare of states and of the whole human race is dependent upon them, should now be generally confessed, at least by all who have not an evident interest in resisting them; and that they should bring forth fruit a thousand fold? And yet,

but a very few years after the world had been so well-informed, affected, and edified, the Abrahamites in our days were banged with cudgels out of Abraham's bosom into the bosom de notre sainte mere l'église! that in our days a dreadful court of inquisition was erected at Parma! that, in one of the first capital cities of Germany, a day was solemnized by singing and ringing and general jubilations, wherein it was determined by a great majority, that the protestants should not be allowed to have a house of prayer within that city, as if the republic had been delivered from their corruptions on that day! — What need of more examples? — And yet we boast of living in enlightened times! and think the monster superstition is disarmed and bound for ever!

“Why shouldst thou thus deceive thyself?” my good genius whispers: “Never, so long as men continue to be men, will light be completely victorious over darkness! Never will the reason of a small number gain the superiority over the ignorance, the imbecility, the dizzy imagination, the poverty of mind, and the weakness of heart, of the greater number. Never will whole nations learn to see their real interests, and remain true to this sagacity any otherwise than by the most cruel shocks, and even then only in particular particles, and but for a period of time. Always will a great man have a contemporary or a successor, to demolish what he has been building. The future already teems with new Goths, new Saracens and Turks, new Gregories of Nazianzen and Gregories of Rome, for annihilating the works of the philanthropical muses, and for replunging the world into the darkness of barbarism

barism from whence these guardian deities of the human race had drawn it. — But these revolving returns of the past in other forms, this eternal conflict of good and evil, this demolition of that which is, for making room for that which is to be, belongs to the great order of things, the plan whereof is as inscrutable to you mortals, as the hand that conducts its execution is concealed. It behoves you to comply with necessity, and to do that to which you feel yourselves called, without impatience or weariness. Like Lucian, when he was borne through the air, with Pædeia in her chariot, or like Triptolemus, in the fable, in the dragon-drawn car of Ceres, do thou strew all kinds of good seeds on the earth, unconcerned (for thou sowest not for thyself) what fruit it shall bring forth; whether it shall fall on good ground, or on the sand, in the water, or on the naked rock. Some part of it will always spring up, carried perhaps, by some wind or wave, into a quite different soil from that wherein the seed first fell, — perhaps not until long after thou art no more.”

Away, then, my friend, with that uncomfortable thought! And, as we are now in a situation (our little domestic circle excepted) wherein we can serve the world no otherwise than by our good intentions, — let us always be strewing, from time to time, somewhat whereof we are convinced (at least as certainly as mankind can be convinced of any thing) that the grains are sound and good — and then let heaven cause it to thrive or not, as the great Pepromene has predetermined.

You have seen that what I write contains a series of facts, that supply us with the history of the

world and of religion, which, when it is completed, will probably bring us near to the solution of our problem. But ere we proceed in the series of reflections we have begun, it will be needful to take a departure again, for placing, as well the result of what has been already said, as the primitive axioms from whence we set out on our meditations, so closely together, that we may survey them at one view, with as much perspicuity as possible.

When a good institution has so grossly failed of its aim, that precisely the contrary from what it ought to have effected has fallen out, there remain (unless I am very much mistaken) only two things to be done: We must either let the good institution entirely drop, — and this would be acting very foolishly, unless we were certain of being able to substitute somewhat preferable in its place, that would better and more assuredly produce what the other was intended to produce: — or, we must investigate how it happened, that the design of the former was defeated, till we have plainly discovered it, and then apply the most effectual remedies as quickly as we can.

But, is the good, from whence, contrary to its nature, evil has proceeded, of such a kind, as that, in the first place, it does not depend upon us whether it shall exist or not; is, secondly, the matter so framed, as that every man, merely by opening his eyes, can be convinced, that the evil only arose, because every good must have a mixture of some degree of evil, that not only hinders the salutary effects of it, but by its mixing with it, has even changed it into a deadly poison; and, in short, is it, thirdly, as apparent, that it is
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fully in our power, and in fact an easy operation, and attended by little or no danger, to separate this evil that has brought about such pernicious effects, at least so as to bring the latter to such a degree of purity, as it is not humanly possible to bring it to a greater : then, it seems to me as if the question, What then is to be done? can be no longer a question to people that have their five senses; and if, on this presupposition, the evil still is not removed, we at least know what we are to think of the understandings or the good dispositions of the moral doctors and apothecaries who are appointed to heal our moral disorders.

Let us now proceed to make the application of these seemingly incontrovertible practical principles.

As far as history allows us to see into the remotest times of the children of Adam, we behold religion and superstition every where growing closely together; and the latter, like a luxuriant parasitical plant, twining up the former, robbing it, by insensible degrees, of all its sap; and even, by its baneful influence, communicating its own poisonous qualities to the fruits by which it might otherwise have been beneficial to the human race.

As it is of the utmost consequence to us to form an idea of religion, purified from all superstition, from all that a disposition to sensuality, fancy, passions, and priestcraft *, have mixed with it; so, under this term, I can conceive nothing but the belief in an inscrutable prime cause, by which all things subsist, and are preserved in order according to the invariable laws of the

* What I mean by the *not-liberal arts* I hope I have made sufficiently clear in the former part of this disquisition, p. 50 and 51.

most perfect equity, or (which implies the same thing) the most perfect wisdom and goodness—connected with the belief of the continuation of our own original being, no less inscrutable to us, with the consciousness of our own personality, and a progress to ever-increasing perfection, which will be modified by our behaviour in this life.

Of this belief I maintain, that:

1st, It is a moral requisite of mankind;

2dly, That it lies so deeply rooted in our nature, and is even, in a manner, so absorbed into all the vessels of it, that, for wholly extirpating it from a man, the man himself must be destroyed;

3dly, That it is sufficiently supported by reason, for deserving the name of a rational belief; and

4thly, That, as far as it is free from superstition or dæmoniftery, it is not only entirely harmless, but is supremely beneficial, and in a certain sense, indispensably necessary to the human race*.

Unhappily, it was not possible for mankind, in the constitution and circumstances wherein they were placed in the primitive times, long to preserve their religion in its original purity; admitting that there was a time when it was as simple and pure as the weakness of the

* I deliver these four propositions, without subjoining their demonstrations, as having long been made out, and known to all whom these reflections can any way interest. Should any one, who makes the enquiry into truth a serious business, think he has new reasons for not holding these axioms to be so thoroughly proved as I do; the imparting and examining of these reasons would have its use in placing the truth doubted of in a new light.

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infant state of humanity allowed. Rude sensual men require a visible and palpable god. Penetrated by a powerful but obscure sentiment of the divine in nature, but incapable of elevating this sentiment to a purely rational idea, they filled the whole universe with divine existences, and formed to themselves deities according to their wants. They wanted gods that would descend to them, discourse with them, take up their concerns, help them in hunting and fishing, be their leaders in war, and tell them in doubtful cases, what they should do, and from what they should abstain. As they required and expected so much from their deities, they found it but reasonable on their part to do something for the gods, and to testify their gratitude and reverence by sacrifices, vows, donations, monuments, temples, altars, and statues. Mankind imperceptibly accustomed themselves so much to the idea, that they considered all the good that nature and the concurrence of things afforded them freely, or bestowed on them as the fruit of their own diligence and ingenuity, as the voluntary gifts of certain divinities. But nature was always nearly as busy in doing evil as good to mankind — all the operations of nature that were hurtful and mischievous to mankind were therefore in like manner attributed to the gods. Earthquakes, inundations, famines, blights, destructive diseases, terrible tempests, storms that destroyed the husbandman's hopes, were looked upon as the sallies of their indignation, which had been incited by known offences or unknown affronts. This at length was carried so far, that with several nations even certain vicious passions and actions, when they brought unusual distress on whole families and tribes,

were considered as effects of the vengeance of some offended god.

Deities, that in such various ways were implicated in the destinies of mankind, from whom so much was hoped for and so much dreaded, whom it was necessary so frequently to appease, or to render propitious to their undertakings, could not long be without priests, that is, mediators, procurators, and advocates, with these superior beings, in behalf of wretched mortals,—and priests could not be long without theology. As reason can only say what God is not, and falls into perplexity on being asked, what he is, and either stammers or is mute: so it needed no great artist, for engraving the whole theology of reason on a grain of millet. It was natural that priests should not content themselves with so compendious a system of divinity; they should know more of their Principals than ordinary men, and whence should they have this secret science, but from the gods themselves? They revealed themselves to them in dreams, by apparitions or by other means, and the sacerdotal and magical arts were soon seen to flow from these supernatural fountains; of which indeed philosophy never would have thought, to which however she had at least the key: the theory of good and malignant spirits, of heavenly, elementary, and infernal dæmons; the science of sacrifices, expiations, and initiations; the art of rendering the supreme divinities propitious, the good dæmons favourable, and the evil ones submissive; the science of interpreting dreams, and of foretelling future events from certain signs by which the deities declare their wills; the science of healing diseases by amulets, necromantic words, incantations,

rations, charms, and other mysterious remedies. Thus the priests became gradually soothsayers, expounders of omens, physicians, and miracle-mongers; thus the fates of whole nations, the fortunes and misfortunes of families, and even the lives of men, came into their hands; thus they got possession of the two strongest instincts of human nature, fear and hope; that they might rule with unlimited sway over ignorant savages and credulous barbarians; thus dæmonistry arose from religion, and magic from priesthood, and both of them, under various forms, designations, and modifications, bore rule over all the earth. On the coming up of the christian religion, and by a revolution, which seems, at first sight, astonishing, but on closer and freer examination is very comprehensible, the polytheism that prevailed throughout the old roman empire came to an end, that on the ruins of the antient religion, a new species of hierarchy might arise, which though at first promulgated and rendered amiable by the most beneficent views, yet, but too soon, by the facility with which it learnt to captivate the hearts of men, got acquainted with the natural weakness of mankind, and the strength of its own resources, it was thereby induced to extend so far the authority of a certain mysterious two-fold key, and to employ it with so little decency and discretion, that its influence and sovereignty became at length more oppressive, more pernicious, more cruel and destructive to humanity and civil society, than the manifest dæmonism and magism, which governed in its own undisguised and native form, had ever been.

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It is well known — but is brought too little into use on the most important occasions — how forcibly the habits and prejudices of those with whom we are brought up, tyrannise over common intellects: and how should not they — they which enable us to believe in opposition to the testimony of our own senses — how should not they have the power to blindfold our reason, and to conceal from us matters, for instance, contained in a book, for the very letters whereof we have been impressed with the deepest reverence, before we were capable of comprehending the sense and spirit of it, nay only of guessing at them, matters which to any unprejudiced and liberal-minded person, would present themselves spontaneously on the first perusal? Accordingly, I shall not be surprised, if what I am going to say, should prove strange to many of my readers; though it is not on that account (at least according to my most intimate conviction) one whit the less true, — and that is: that, between the spirit and the aim of Jesus — as they are disclosed to us in the general scope of the four gospels, in which all that we know of his person and history is contained, — and between some things which he is said to have spoken and done, there reigns so striking a dissonance, so strong a contradiction, that it is next to impossible, at least it is against all the rules of ordinary criticism, to believe that he actually said and did these latter things. Fully to disclose my thoughts on this phenomenon, would here lead me too far from my scope; that is therefore reserved for another opportunity: I only add thus much to my present purpose, not doubting that, at least several of those who have read the gospels with

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somewhat more than usual reflection (for usually they are read without any reflection) will agree with me in this: that Christ did indeed reform and purify the religion of his nation, but never intended to found any properly new religion, still less any new political constitution of religion, but least of all that which, several centuries after his death, was gradually introduced on the foundation already laid by his disciples. The religion of which he was at once the teacher and exemplar, that which suits, in the properest sense, the name of christian religion, that is, the religion of Christ, is no institution that forms a part of civil government, but merely an affair of the heart; it is entirely grounded on the relation between God, as the universal father of mankind, and them, as his genuine or depraved, his obedient or rebellious children. It exalts the obscure sentiment of God, which seems to be an innate property of human nature, to the most simple, the most humane representation of God, the most worthy of the deity, and the most adapted to the wants of mankind; purifying it from all dæmonistic and magical superstitions*, and making it, in every human soul, in which it

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* That this is the spirit of the doctrine of Christ, and the incontestible result of its primitive ideas, can hardly be denied by any, who have gone for them immediately to the fountain head. But why is not this fountain head itself cleared from all dæmonistic mire? Certainly it was Christ; but not his disciples, to whom he and his doctrine, notwithstanding their dependance on his person, seems always to have remained, in some sort, an ænigma. He was separated from them, before he could free them from all the prejudices and sottish conceits of their na-

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is lively and predominant, an inexhaustible source of boundless confidence in God, of love to all goodness, of universal humanity, of persevering fortitude in misfortune, of moderation and modesty in prosperity, of patience in sufferings, of flighting every thing that wisdom teaches us to flight, of inward peace of heart, contentedness with the present, and the everduring hope of a better futurity. — His religion was true theosophy, in the simplest meaning of the word. — God to him was all things in all, all in nature, all in himself. Hence that kingdom of God, whose approach he announced, to which he invited all men, to which all are called but few are chosen: because it was not concealed from him, that but few men are so simply minded and so well disposed, as to concur with their whole soul in these his sentiments and affections, and to become like unto him in all these respects, — that is, in all that he had in common with the wisest and best men that ever lived, and which he displayed before them in his own example, — and therefore, in the proper sense, to deserve the name of his disciples. All could and ought to be invited to it: but from the very nature of the case, those who were really of one heart and one mind with him, could only compose a small society of brethren, a kind of order, if I may use

tion and of the times. On that account it was, as I should think, that he promised them the spirit, that should lead them into all truth. But this spirit resides only in clean hearts, and probably took its flight back again, from the moment they were pleased to write to the brethren at Antioch, Syria, and Cilicia: *It seemed good to the holy ghost and to us, &c.*

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that epithet, — as formerly the disciples of Pythagoras had done, or like the Essenes among the jews — and just in this small number, and in the uniformity of their inward dispositions, lay the foundation of that fraternal equality which he established among them, and the close affectionate connexion, wherein they lived, or ought to live together, as the children of one father.

In thus representing to myself the religion of Christ, and the primitive brotherhood, whose founder he was, I by no means intend to deny, that it might not have been possible in the sequel, to form a national and state-religion, in agreement with the maxims and morality of Christ, that could have remained free from all dæmonistic and magian superstitions: nay, I think I shall not advance too much, if I say, that even an hierarchical religious constitution, built on those principles, may be conceived, though not so easily reduced to practice; such an one as should be free from all priestly frauds, all priestly tyrannical authority, all dominion over consciences, suppression and hood-winking of reason, intolerance, undue limitation of ideas which have been made of supernatural and incomprehensible things, from all monkery, and the like; in one word, free from the whole litany of abuses, which for so many centuries have had their full swing under sanction of what is called christianity; — something similar to what has been seen in England since the days of queen Elizabeth. However beautiful the ideal project that might be formed on this possibility; this at least is an irrefragable truth: that ever since the times of Constantine the Great, nay even long before them, christi-

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anity and its ecclesiastical constitution have been constantly declining farther and farther from the spirit of him after whom it is named — so that at length it is become almost in all things the direct reverse of what he intended it should be, — and that a general and fundamental reform should now be the grand object of an (however fruitless) ecclesiastical council, as it is the ardent wish of all the laity ; nay even of a considerable part of the clergy.

The church-reformation, which had already been long thought necessary, had several times been attempted, and as often staved off by the arts of Rome ; for which, however, the minds of men well prepared by the influence of all these motives, no less than by the revival of the greek and latin literature, shewed itself, at length, in the former half of the sixteenth century, with all those consequences which are known to every one. This reformation, however, was effected amidst such violent struggles, amidst so obstinate an opposition from the predominant party, amidst so many furious sallies of fanatical passions on both sides, that the benefit accruing from it, bore no proportion to the price it cost. The reformation stopt short about the half way, and no more real gain arose from it to mankind, than that they were satisfied with the notion that all farther improvement and reformation were absolutely needless ; which they carried so far, as even to declare that the mere opinion, “ that the work now begun was yet very far from its completion,” was contumacious and unworthy of attention. In no other century, not even in the horrible times of the crusades,
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the persecution of the Waldenses, the extermination of the knights-templars, were more numerous hecatombs of human sacrifices offered up to religion, in every part of Europe, than in that which is marked by the reformation. No other presents us with a greater profusion of materials for meditation on the unspeakable influence religion has on the temporal happiness or misery of mankind ! Could we, on a review of the immense calamities, that in these dreadful times, were spread over all Europe, by intolerance, hierarchical tyranny, the spirit of fanatical innovation and rebellion, the furious zeal of the new, the sedate cruelty of the old party, either from real religious passion (if I may use the term), or under the mask of religion, — could we acquire a luminous and striking proof how infinitely incumbent it is on human society, by the greatest purification and simplification possible of religion, to prevent the bare possibility, that we or our posterity should again be witnesses of such inhumanities, such barbarities, such diabolical actions perpetrated in the name of God ?

To this it is replied, “ that we cannot easily suppose
 “ these times will ever return. The spirit of toleration
 “ which is become predominant at present, and even in
 “ countries where it has not yet got the ascendant, has
 “ very much moderated the manner of dealing with
 “ the dissidents, is a security to us for it.” — Good !
 but who is the security to us for this spirit of toleration
 itself ? How long will its reign continue ? what forces
 will it bring against superstition and fanaticism, — if
 this toleration — whose very name bears witness against
 it — be only a momentary fruit of transient impressions
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made by some fashionable writings, and not the natural consequence of a real illumination and conviction generally diffused? If it depends merely on the turn of mind, or humour, or good nature, or indifference of the regent, and on the accidental imbecillity of the priests of Moloch, fighting over their impotence, and longing for power; instead of resting on the solid basis of universal reason, and the irrevocable laws of government? In short, what cause have we to reckon ourselves safe, while the raging, untamed, tiger is only asleep; instead of being bound, like the dedscial of Mohammed, at least till the day of judgement, in indissoluble chains?

Against one party, with whom intolerance, in a certain sense, is even a fundamental article of their religion, we can continue in safety, so long as they persevere in this way of thinking, no otherwise than by our political power. But on what is our internal security founded? What defends us against the intolerance of a superstitious attachment to an antiquated terminology and idle formularies, against a fanatical zeal in behalf of the supposed cause of God, &c. arising from ourselves?

The indifference at present so prevalent in religion is an armour not much to be depended on, as liable to fall off on the slightest shock. Whoever is acquainted with the history of mankind and of religion cannot possibly be indifferent about the state of a matter, which, in the hands of fools, of fanatics, and tartuffs, may be made the instrument of so much mischief when they are possessed of influence and clad in the robes of authority. We may learn from the experience of our own times, that this indifference has occasioned the
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most respectable and enlightened part of society for a long time past to shut their eyes against many objects highly worthy of their attention, of which the enemies of reason have taken great advantage, and that it is exactly the shade under which all kinds of religious weeds thrive with most luxuriance. Probably no more than another fifty years, like the last, is requisite for putting it into the power of fanatics and zealots to leave our posterity no greater freedom of reflection and belief, than the holy inquisition has allowed the inhabitants of Goa. As long as the exercise of this freedom is mere accidental toleration ; as long as the right of protestants to a free unlimited liberty of conscience, and an unlimited examination of all human opinions, interpretations, and decisions in matters of faith, is not confessed to be an evinced and established axiom, but remains to some a problem, and is held by others for a heresy : so long have we little cause to imagine ourselves safe from the danger of falling back under the yoke which our fathers were unable to bear.

But how, it may reasonably be asked, how can that right, on which the very existence of protestants rests, be still problematical in their own possession ? Where is the covenant, by which they, who set themselves free, have doomed their posterity to new arbitrary fetters ? Or, if there were such a covenant, what obligation could it lay upon us ? Who can renounce, in the name of his children, the future exercise of their reason ? Under what pretence can so unnatural a disinheritorance ever take place ? The right of which we are speaking, if they had it themselves, they must have left to us : for it was either natural right, or nothing.

Our fathers, in the sixteenth century, cast off that yoke of implicit belief which their fathers had pretty contentedly borne till then. They recollected the salutary admonition of the prophet, Be ye not like to horses and mules, which have no understanding! and began to remark, that the very real evils by which they were bowed down to the ground, were merely the effects of a sort of enchantment, which is annihilated the very instant that a man ceases to think himself enchanted. Prejudices which were impressed upon the minds of men, by every thing they saw and heard, from their earliest infancy; idle conceits, which had been so long guarded by the terrors of temporal and eternal fire, against the bare thought of doubting on them, — were brought before the judgement-seat of reason, taken into examination; and, being acknowledged for what they were, for prejudices and idle conceits, were rejected and condemned. Tradition, possession from time immemorial, decisions of St. Peter's chair, opinions of the holy fathers and doctors of the church, nay even that form, that commands universal reverence, of the first council at Jerusalem — “It seemed good to the
“holy ghost and to us” — in the mouth of general ecclesiastical assemblies, were regarded by the reformers and their adherents, as nothing, when they were in opposition to their own inward conviction, and the arguments whereon it rested. But all this came on in gradual succession: they themselves knew not at first, how far and whither the way they had struck out would lead; and were very far from intending — as nothing else was possible in the then circumstances — at once to throw off all submission to the throne of Rome, the
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fathers of the church, the councils and tradition. At the beginning they only rose up against abuses which concerned the discipline, as it is called, of the church; but they soon saw themselves under the necessity of attacking the articles of faith, behind which those abuses were intrenched. Each proposition they discovered to be false, naturally drew after it the discussion of another, with which it was connected: and thus it could not otherwise fall out, but that in a few years they must find the greatest part of the old doctrinal edifice so worm-eaten and ruinous as it actually was. They made applications to the pope as long as they had any hope that he would remedy the abuses against which their first attacks had been directed: but as soon as the pontif had decided against what Luther and his companions held for demonstrated and irrefragable truths, they saw themselves compelled to examine more nearly* the authority of his papal holiness; and found, in the end,

* Far be it from me, by this assertion, to design the insinuation of any thing in disparagement of the sincerity and integrity of Luther! When he appealed to the pope, he was still fully persuaded of the infallibility of that head of the church, as he had not yet examined into his pretensions: but he was no less convinced of the truth of his position against the sale of indulgencies, only with better reasons. Accordingly, he did not doubt for a moment, that the infallible judge would determine in favour of the truth. As, however, contrary to all expectation, the reverse ensued; and Leo X so foolishly played the part of Jupiter, that he darted his thunder even against palpable truths in defence of palpable enormities: honest Luther was irresistibly impelled to doubt of the papal infallibility, and to set about an investigation of that tenet, which could not possibly turn out to its advantage.

that he was as fallible a man as any other ; and that his vicariate of Christ was no better founded than his succession to the chair of St. Peter, who never saw Rome in his life, or his succession to the title and rights of a pontifex maximus, which belonged to the cæsars. And just so it proved, from the nature of the case, with all the rest of his authorities. The greater party strained every nerve to draw the holy fathers, the great doctors of the church, the traditions, the decrees of councils, to their side : but, whenever they were in favour of the opponents, their testimony was evaded ; and, from their authority, they appealed to a higher. Even the repeated appeals to a general council that was to be convoked, if it was any thing more than a subterfuge to which they were compelled by the pressure of circumstances, implied a confidence in the majority of voices in such an assembly ; which, with the reformers, amounted to a conviction of the goodness of their cause : for, suppose the council should decide against them, — which that of Trent did not fail to do, — what was left for them but to declare the whole assembled hierarchy, in corpore, to be but men, who collectively were no more infallible, and no less liable to error, than when taken singly ?

Accordingly, it was not long before they found it necessary to declare the holy scripture to be the sole decisive judge in matters of faith, and the only fount from whence the tenets of christianity were to be drawn ; and to allow all other authorities to be only so far valid as they perfectly agreed with that. How much or little advantage was thereby gained against the church of Rome, and what that church has, with plausibility or with justice,

justice, to alledge against it, belongs not here: suffice, that, with constantly increasing light, we cannot fail of being, sooner or later, apprized, that a book, how infallible and divine soever, can only then be competent as a decisive judge in matters of faith, when, like the elements of geometry, it should be so framed, as that all mankind, who read it, should not only think of it perfectly alike, but also be so thoroughly and intimately convinced of the truth of its contents, alike intelligible to all men, and liable to no difference of interpretation, that it would be absolutely impossible for them to doubt of it, or to be of various opinions concerning the sense and import of this or the other passage. Whether such a book be possible, is a question which I need not pretend to answer, as it does not belong to my purpose: this, however, no man will pretend to deny, that the Bible is not that book; — that a man must understand a great deal of Hebrew and Greek, must have read an infinite number of other books, must possess a vast fund of historical and philosophical, critical, antiquarian, chronological, geographical, physical, and a variety of other scientific knowledge, for being able to read it to any purpose, — and that, even for readers, who are furnished with all these branches of knowledge in the requisite degree, yet it contains in almost every page, passages, that will be differently understood, and differently expounded by different persons; to say nothing of those passages which are shrouded in such an inexplicable incomprehensibility, that all the pains and labour that have hitherto been employed only to gain so much light upon the articles of faith that have, notwithstanding, been drawn from them, as is necessary to a belief not directly contradictory to reason; that is,

only so much light as is sufficient for knowing what we believe, have been totally fruitless to this very day.

In this undeniable and universally known state of the case, there remains then, as far at least as I am able to conceive, only this alternative, in regard to all such truths as are obscure, ambiguous, mysterious, in contradiction to common-sense and universal experience, or to other passages in the Bible itself; in one word, whatever is not generally comprehensible and intelligible: either to submit them to an infallible judge in matters of faith, who alone is qualified and authorized to determine on the meaning of doubtful words and propositions: or, that we acknowledge all those for our brethren who agree with us in this, that they adhere to the religion of Christ, and confess no infallible judge over them in matters of faith, but insist on a right to believe according to their own conviction, or, which is the same thing, on the right of making that representation of all that is obscure and incomprehensible in religion which appears to them most just, however different it may be from our's; I say to acknowledge them for our brethren, notwithstanding this difference: and by this temper, so perfectly consonant with the spirit of Christ, at once to put an end for ever to all detestable animosities, accusations of heresy, and horrid persecutions, together with all the other mischiefs that arise from them in civil and christian society. Would we embrace the former party? then I see no new alternative. Nothing remains to us, in that case, but straitway to throw ourselves at the feet of the thrice blessed father in his triple crowned holiness, to be reconciled with our good old mother, la Sainte Eglise, and to believe
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what she commands us to believe, however ill at ease our poor murmuring reason may find herself in the chains of implicit faith and passive obedience. For to what doctor, or to what doctors of theology, of our own persuasion, shall we grant the right of prescribing to us what and how we should believe? to chalk out the line over which we must not trespass in inquiring after truth, in striving after light, in endeavouring to clear our minds from perplexed, material, unsuitable, modes of representation in matters of religion, and which are incompatible with the first principles of reason? Who dare be so bold as to make his understanding, his sagacity, not only the standard, but even the rule and the law of all others? If it was allowed, two or three hundred years ago, to rise up against authority and decrees, against popes, church-doctors, and councils: since when has it been disallowed to act in like manner against the authority and decrees of never so great a number of protestant church-doctors, who, as far as my knowledge reaches, have no more authentic credentials to shew for their infallibility, than the right holy synod of Trent? Might our forefathers try all things, and hold fast to that which was best (i. e. what was best, according to their then perceptions and inward convictions): why not also we? Why should we not dare to prosecute what they only began but could not finish? what, in the very nature of the case, can never be finished? Who gave them a right to shackle the understandings of their posterity; to compress their belief into formularies; to force upon them modes of representation that are incompatible with the perceptions and knowledge which the farther growth of all the sci-

ences has enabled them to obtain? in a word, to lord it over their minds, and to tyrannise over their consciences?

“ This is not what we wish to do,” say the defenders of formularies and antiquated ordinances of faith: “ You are at liberty to believe what you can: only get out from among us; lay down your offices, give up your incomes, quit your house, abandon the court, and forsake the country; renounce your whole civil existence: go and look out for a place in the sandy wilds of Africa, or in the uninhabited isles of the Southern ocean, where you may philosophize without an antagonist, where you may believe and be hungry as much as you please; only do not require that we should acknowledge you for brethren and fellow-christians, and share with you the civil advantages to which our terminologies and formularies give us a right, while you yourselves confess, that, as dissenters, you have no right thereto.” To protestants who so speak, or are ready to act as if they so thought, I have no answer to give. But I ask every liberal and honest man, whether such a mode of proceeding with them who think otherwise, on obscure and mysterious points of faith, than certain doctors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, or than the nicene, or any other ecclesiastical assembly, be consistent with the spirit of protestantism?

Our forefathers, at the time when they shook off the bonds of a blind belief and obedience, might have been compelled, from the political relations and exigencies of the times, to give a public account of their faith: but neither they nor any other human authority can have a right to make such a confession the absolute rule of belief for their unborn descendants. The right
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of thinking for themselves, of examining for themselves, of following their own conviction, which they made use of, because they had it, is possessed by their children also. I still farther aver: that, neither the primitive christian community [ecclesia], nor any succeeding one, had a right, could have a right, to determine by a majority, how their fellow-christians were to understand the passages in the discourses of Christ and the writings of his apostles which are obscure and capable of various interpretations; or to establish forms how they were to express themselves properly on any article that is not perspicuous and clear. Christ himself appointed no formulary of belief; even the symbol that goes under the name of the apostles, notwithstanding its very respectable age, is well known to be none of their work. And, if the ever increasing numbers of those who professed the christian faith, made it necessary to reduce the essential points wherein they all agreed into a brief and compacted summary of doctrine, which, at the same time, might serve in the instruction of youth: yet, at least, the mode of expounding each particular article, which, in its very nature, admits of divers modes of exposition, should be left free; or we must maintain, against all reason, and against all that is generally intelligible in the doctrine of Christ, that the christian religion cannot subsist without a force upon the consciences and an arbitrary domination over the minds of men: a shocking assertion; which no one can be capable of making, in whose soul but the least sentiment of what the spirit and mind of Jesus was, has ever entered. The community therefore never had a right to decide on the
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mode of expounding what is indeterminate and problematical in the sacred writings, nor in controverted cases to give an exclusive sanction to any one of the various meanings: as the teachers never were authorised to deliver their private opinions and modes of exposition as the only true ones, and to make them into articles of faith. It is folly to resolve to explain inexplicable matters, and to demonstrate things incapable of demonstration: but it is both folly and arrogance, in such cases, to force one's explication, one's demonstration, on others, as truth. The presidents of communities, or rather the magistrate, came in time to reward such outrages in a suitable manner: but never were, nor never will they be authorised, nor ever can they be authorised, to make any opinion which does not manifestly contradict the fundamental laws of reason and the two chief and fundamental articles of true religion, (i. e. that which was the religion of Christ himself) under odious epithets, into a crime, and, as such, to punish it. That there was once a time when these so manifest truths were misunderstood — that people of such heads and hearts, as Alexander, bishop of Alexandria, with Athanasius, his trusty squire, and their followers, proceeded upon other principles, — that the Arians, who were not a jot better than their adversaries, but, as soon as it was their turn to play the master, acted just as injuriously, inhumanly and unchristianly by the orthodox, who were now become heterodox, as the alexandrians and athanasians, had dealt by them, when the plurality of voices and the protection of the temporal arm were in their favour, or their intrigues and violences had made them the orthodox

thodox — that Constantine, to the disgrace of the Christian name, called the Great, knew so little of his duties and his rights, as, instead of stifling these baneful enormities in the birth, supported them by the methods he took, and even blew up the flames — all these scandalous dissensions, with the abominations which arose out of them, and the senseless behaviour of the magistrate in them — what are they to us protestants in the eighteenth century? — And what malicious dæmon incites at present — in circumstances so infinitely altered — at a time which, in illumination and even in morality, is so far superior to the times of the Constantines and the Theodosiuses, such numbers of blind zealots, to endeavour at renewing these horrors, and even, as far as possible, to draw the great ones of the earth to their party, and to make them the instruments of persecution and oppression?

The magistrate is pitiable, whose eyes are not clear enough to see what he may enjoin and what he may not! who knows not, that he cannot decide upon the most indifferent phrase of language, not even upon a little disputed question in syntax, to say nothing of matters of faith, and affairs of conscience — knows not, that he is appointed to govern men and not machines; that religion, faith, conviction, in their very nature, endure no violence; that illumination by means of science and reason, can never be hurtful; that indulgence is due from him to the poor in spirit, to the minds whose knowledge and reason are clouded with darkness, nay even to all kinds of dreamers, enthusiasts, and fanatics — so long as they do not disturb the public order and peace; but that it is, not only

praiseworthy in a magistrate, but even one of his most inherent duties, to protect and encourage all such as by proper methods labour to stop the progress of superstitious and fanaticism, as diseases of the soul that are always hurtful and often alarming — especially when it is sufficiently obvious that they are beginning to grow epidemical.

On the other hand, happy the country, where illumination and liberty of belief go hand in hand with equal pace, and where, if not all, yet at least those who are placed as teachers and governors to the rest, are thoroughly convinced, that religion, or belief in God, is an affair of the heart, and not of the head; — that it does not consist in diving into the divine nature and disputing about the deity, but in endeavouring to do the will of God: — that, according to the plain declaration of Christ, and his favourite disciple, pure and active love towards mankind, whom we see, is the most infallible characteristic of our love to God, whom we do not see; and that we are commanded to shew our faith, not by confessions and formularies, but by our works: — that God, no where in the holy scriptures testifies his good pleasure in our silly jargon about what he is and what he is not, in our childish babble about his essence, his attributes, his operations, his œconomy, his views, and what he wills or does not will, what he can do and what he cannot; but, on the contrary, has declared, in all possible ways, that, “he who feareth him, and worketh righteousness is accepted of him;” and that, in one word, not agreement in religious opinions and formularies — but active faith in God, and in Christ whom he sent into the world for
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the most beneficent purposes, active love towards mankind and a lively hope of a better state for those who have made themselves capable of it in the present, — must be the true point of union among christians, and to excite those sentiments in them must be the aim of those who would be worthy of the honourable title of a teacher of the unadulterated religion of Christ.

How much soever all these truths may have lost by my manner of delivering them, they are, nevertheless, in themselves too luminous, not to enlighten every one who has eyes to see. I know very well the sophistry and false conclusions that are employed partly to weaken them, and partly to represent them as dangerous to the government: they have been often enough irrefutably answered; and it is a real disgrace to the human understanding, that it should be still necessary to be perpetually contending for principles which are the palladium of humanity, and are at the same time so evident, that to deny them is just as absurd as to deny the reality of motion or the existence of the things about us.

As it is very easy to make the application of what I have been hitherto saying, to the present times, I leave it entirely to my reader's own reflections; and shall only add what follows for preventing all possible misunderstanding. It is by no means my intention to advise any protestant prince to invite into his dominions, by a public proclamation, all kinds and subdivisions of Arians, half and whole Pelagians, Eutychians, Nestorians, Manichees, Gnostics, with all other anathemas, ices, and ists, which have ever appeared in dear christendom, from anno dom. 34. to the present year
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of our lord 1795, to build them churches, and pay their teachers, and to make it his earnest business to excite every possible difference in religious opinions, and carefully to cherish them. My advice, under correction, — if I had any to give — would be simply this:

I. To allow unlimited liberty to learned and clear-headed men, especially among those who are publicly called to the office of instructing the people, of delivering the doctrines of religion according to their perceptions and convictions; a liberty uncircumscribed by laws, arbitrary, antiquated, and no longer suitable;

II. Publicly to prohibit, under severe penalties, the application of all and every heresy-name or names, already invented, to any persons now alive, and the invention of new heresy-names;

III. Not to permit that any heretic, as they are called, of former times, should, on account of his departure from what was established in ecclesiastical councils as the true doctrine concerning the mysterious and inexplicable articles of the christian faith, be treated in pulpits or in writings, as a foe to God and Jesus Christ, or be stigmatized with any other opprobrious epithets which might raise in the minds of christians the notion that it is a sin and a crime to err in matters of religion, or to think differently from us.

IV. To enact, that none shall discourse on the said articles of faith which are mysterious and infinitely transcend all human reason, any otherwise than in the words of scripture; that they refrain from all explanation, and subtle speculations on these subjects, and
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in general that they only deliver them in so far as they may conduce to promote the moral aims of religion.

V. Not to interfere in the learned controversies that may arise touching speculative propositions, the exposition of some passage of scripture or other, &c. to take no public part therein, and only to see, that the gentlemen disputants do not suffer themselves to be transported beyond the bounds of christian love, and — the common rules of good-manners, and that their modest debate does not end in a bull-fight.

VI. To provide that the public religious instruction, in schools and churches, be purged from all the relics of ancient barbarism; and, that, in all of them, the great end, the inward moral improvement of mankind (which was manifestly the aim and design of Jesus) shall be constantly pursued.

I would, moreover, take the liberty to convince them, that, those, among the teachers, who pretend to a great zeal for the cause of God, and an extraordinary piety, who affect a peculiar compound language on whatever is most unintelligible in the bible, who are always fretting and murmuring against improvements and improvers in knowledge, whining about the dangers of the christian Zion, and imploring the temporal arm against the pretended wolves, that threaten to ravage the sheepfold of Christ — are either ill-organized heads, or poor distempered persons, who ought to represent their case to their physician; or that they belong to a set of people, whom another, not quite so polite and well-bred as myself, would term hypocrites, pharisees, priests of Baal and tartuffs; who, if they had had the honour of sitting in the most reverend sanhedrim

sanhedrim at Jerufalem 1763 years ago, would have cried out, from a real or affected zeal for the caufe of God, Crucify him ! Crucify him ! probably as loud as Caiaphas and Philo, againft the moft innocent and the beft of men, but the moft enlightened oppofer of all bigotry and fuperftition. Of this kind of men I would caution governments to beware ; and am moreover affured, that, in the long run, more unity of faith would arife from the advifed methods, than from thofe which fome zealots would willingly adopt.

And now — only a couple of well-meant words to the philofophers, for whofe liberty I have hitherto implicitè and explicitè been fo loudly pleading. Inftead of defining philofophy, with Cicero, as the fcience of divine and human things, I would rather chufe to term it, the fcience of all the conceptions men are able to form of divine and natural things, and the critique of all the ideas they have ever actually made of them. It is impoffible I fhould offend againft God or Chrift, or againft the immortality of the foul, againft heaven and hell, againft good and bad fpirits, againft the fun and moon, nor yet againft the man in the moon (if there be one), by bringing the representations, the fancies and idle conceits which this or the other child of man has formed of them, to the bar of philofophy, and examining by the laws of rational reflection, what parts thereof be true or falfe, what may be wafted away in the air, or float at top like froth and fcum, or fink to the bottom as a caput mortuum. It remains eternally true, that : nothing in the world is fo holy that it fhould elude the tribunal of reafon, that it fhould dread the investigation and not furrender itfelf to the

test of philosophy: for it is not the matter itself, but the ideas and opinions men frame of the matter, which we take into discussion. But, dear gentlemen and friends, though, in certain senses, all things are lawful for us, yet all things are not expedient.

*Eft modus in rebus, funt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit confiftere rectum,*

says our Horace. A wise man does not indulge himself in any speculations, which tend to no good, and may eventually produce much harm. In a christian country to throw out the question, Whether there be a God? or, which amounts to the same thing, to speak of the being of God as a philosophical problem, since the demonstration of it is neither to be shewn mathematically nor apodictically, is in no wise better, than if at Rome one should start the question, What is the pope? or dispute openly at Frankfort on the Mayn, Whether it would not be well to let the imperial dignity expire? or at London, Whether the government would be dissolved, if a dissenter from the religion established by act of parliament were made an excise-man? — The belief in God, not only as the prime efficient cause of all things, but also as the unlimited and sovereign lawgiver, ruler, and judge of mankind, together with the belief in a future state after death, compose the first fundamental article of religion. To strengthen and support this belief by all possible means, is one of the worthiest and most beneficial employments of philosophy; it is, in regard to the indispensability of it, even a primary duty. To attack it, and by raising all manner of doubts and sophisms about it, to

make it totter, or even to overthrow it, in the minds of men, cannot possibly do any good; but it is moreover, in fact, no better than making an open attack upon the original constitution of the government, whereof religion constitutes an essential part, and on the public repose and safety of which it is a grand support.

I make no hesitation, then, in adding yet this one article to my humble advice to the kings or princes, who (against all probability) may ask me for it about fifty years hence: that the absurd and scandalous disputation against the being of a God, or against the received demonstrations of it, if a man has no better to give, and in like manner the public contestations of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, be declared an attack upon mankind, and a conspiracy against civil society; and that it be forbidden by a penal law expressly to that purpose. Philosophy has more useful concerns to manage, than to be trying the keenness of her weapons on the main columns of the moral order, and on what has been in all times the comfort and the hope of the best of men; and that philosopher scarcely deserves the name, who does not consider, that, for one man who can dispense with religion, without hurting his morality and his peace of mind, there are ten thousand, who, though they were deficient in the noblest purpose of it, yet, without that restraint which it lays upon them, would be much worse, and without the hope which it affords them, would be much more wretched than they are.

CONTINUATION OF LETTERS FROM

A TRAVELLER AT BERLIN.

LETTER III.

Berlin, January 25, 1786.

YESTERDAY I was at a festivity which actually filled me with such lively emotions, that it can scarcely be expected I should be able to give you an exact account of it. I have frequently been witness to the rejoicings given on the birth-days of kings and princes; have seen the spectacles, illuminations, and in short whatever on such occasions are usually termed demonstrations of joy. But these things have always appeared to me under the idea of etiquette; and I cannot recollect that they ever once presented themselves to my mind so real and substantial, so plainly remote from all hypocrisy, as that which I saw on the anniversary of the birth of the great Frederic, at Berlin.

At the very commencement of his reign he excited the admiration of all his subjects by the sudden and bold resolution he formed of aggrandising his territories; and by the excellent institutions he made in them during the years of peace from 1746 to 1756 he gained their love. Both these sentiments were raised to their highest pitch in the seven years war, as the glorious achievements of the king spread his fame over all the world, and the repeated dangers to which his person was exposed throughout the whole of it, were sufficient to convince his people that they were dearer to him

than his life. From that period, the solemnity I speak of is dated; a solemnity which indeed is nothing in itself; but, to the king, to whose honour it is instituted, must be more flattering than all the panegyrics, which are delivered on the 24th of January before the learned assemblies in various parts of his dominions. This solemnity is kept by a number of different companies here in Berlin, who meet on this day alone throughout the year, to rejoice at the preservation of their monarch. These companies consist some of a larger and some of a smaller number of persons; that to which I was invited was composed of about a hundred members, without including the ladies and strangers each member is allowed to bring with him, and whose number is unlimited. The company came together at about five o'clock, and when they found themselves sufficiently numerous, they proceeded into a spacious hall, at the upper end of which on an ascent of steps was an ornamental table placed exactly under a portrait of the king as large as life, which hung against the wall, and which represented a kind of altar, on which two hearts were placed upright, topped by a lambent flame. About this splendid apparatus the ladies seated themselves in a large circle; behind them the gentlemen took their stations. This done, they all burst forth in one general chorus accompanied by a noble band of music, to the melody of the morning song in the death of Abel; the words whereof were printed solely for this occasion, and had been previously distributed to all present. After the conclusion of the chorus one of the company stepped forward, went up to the altar, and pronounced a short oration of his own composing. This first act

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was now terminated by a second chorus, at the end of which the whole company stood up to dance. On this day, it is an express law to begin by minuets, which continue a considerable while; to the end that all the elderly ladies, of whom a great number have been members of this society from its first institution, may have an opportunity likewise of celebrating the festivity by dancing. About nine o'clock we all sat down to table; which was better provided than usual at Berlin on similar occasions. Here we were likewise entertained by vocal and instrumental music. We then renewed the dances, and the whole entertainment was closed about midnight by a grand and solemn procession.— Thus have I briefly described to you what passed; but the vivacity, the heartfelt joy, that prevailed among this friendly society, the emotion that was apparent from the countenances of numbers of them, the avidity that every one shewed to testify, that he felt, no less than the rest, the general happiness, and took no less participation in it; that desire which every one manifested to inspire all with the same patriotic ardour he felt himself, and which kindled a sort of generous jealousy in the breast of every one present—is what I cannot describe to you; you must strive to conceive it yourself; and to this end collect into your mind at once, whatever you have seen of cheerfulness and satisfaction, in those large societies where they are so seldom found. Think then how strong my feelings also must have been, how much my heart expanded, what an intimate concern I took in the felicity that did not personally relate to me. All sentiments seemed this evening to combine and unite in making the object of the festivity

the only object of entertainment. Nothing scarcely was spoke of but the king, of his great and surprising qualities, of the fresh instances of justice he had shewn, of his paternal sollicitude for his subjects: and amidst the universal joy, the poor were not forgotten.

Such an enthusiasm can only be awakened by a king, who has stood the test in so many particulars, who is in so many respects as great as Frederic. A sovereign, who, with such slender means, in comparison of other princes, has executed the greatest plans; humbled the foes that were far more mighty than himself, by one time compelling them to enlarge his dominions at their expence, and at another to leave him in the quiet possession of them; who, without having been at any other courts, yet exactly knows the modes of acting adopted by all those courts, and understands the motives of their conduct; transpierces with acute sagacity their most secret aims; with refined discernment surveys their politics, and thus holds and directs the balance of Europe; who, in the midst of all these extensive affairs and sollicitudes, not only does not forget his people, leaves nothing of the administration to his ministers, but guides and conducts all the parts of it himself, is constantly watchful for the prosperity of his subjects, forms the wisest establishments, allows all men access to him without delay, administers the strictest justice without respect of persons, teaches the nobles to be humane, by testifying his contempt for their accidental distinctions, and supporting the wretched by the most active assistance, and even by large pecuniary donations — such a sovereign must necessarily obtain the love of his subjects: and even, on occa-

sions where the public welfare demands some little sacrifices, must put self-interest to silence. In general too we must do the Berliners the justice to confess, that they have at times some reason to complain of the restraints and limitations that are set to their liberty. The king is manifestly addicted to the physiocratic system, and places the wealth of a country, not without foundation, in a good cultivation of the soil, and the well-being of its peasantry. The former he does all in his power to promote, while he encourages the latter by immunities and pecuniary assistances; and never have they been so much at their ease as during his reign. He has erected fabrics, that his subjects might no longer be dependent on foreigners, not as the means of promoting commerce: for it was never his intention that the foreigner should draw the same commodities from his country. He granted monopolies, not for the sake of enriching the individuals that had them; but that his subjects might not be deficient in those foreign products, which are now become but too much general wants, and to supply them with them at a cheaper rate, by allowing advantages to monopolists in a country where no freedom of commerce should exist, advantages which it was impossible to allow to particular shops without manifest detriment to the whole. You know, my friend, what a hearty aversion I bear in general to all monopolies: but I do not therefore forget that there may be cases where it is advisable to grant them, and even prudent, at least for a time. Countries whose products are but few, and have not much of their own to barter with the foreigner, are subject to different laws from those in a contrary situation, or which can

pursue an unlimited commerce by sea. It has already been observed by other writers, how simple, but at the same time how ingenious the system of the king of Prussia is, and how absolutely necessary every minuter part of it is to the support of the whole. His successor will find the kingdom in a very different condition from that in which the present sovereign found it when he received the reins of government; and probably it may then be prudent here and there to alter an establishment which the predecessor must have made if he would not act unwisely. Permit me to give you but one instance from the constitution of this country, how much circumstances may render a certain regulation needful, which would be utterly blameable if it were ordained to continue longer than a stated period.

In all the accounts of Berlin that are published by travellers, so much stress is laid upon the dearth of fire-wood in this city, and all foreigners that come hither complain so loudly on this head, that one would imagine it must be dearer here than in any other place in the world. In general, this cry principally proceeds from the tavern-keepers, as it is with these people the generality of foreigners converse most on such subjects, and who indeed find their account in thus keeping up the opinion; as it thereby becomes less striking if they charge the traveller a high price for firing, which they actually do to an unpardonable degree. But the inhabitants themselves complain of it; they say, we might certainly expect to have fire-wood at a reasonable rate, as we are surrounded by forests: and so far they are in the right. But they ought not on this account to exclaim against a regulation which prudence required; as

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they are always far better off than the inhabitants of the other cities of Germany. For a stack of wood, which, according to the admeasurement here in use, amounts to about as much as five saxon fathoms, costs much less; as the price of one such stack is, since this regulation took place, even in the depth of winter, never above eighteen, or at most twenty dollars, and at present even no more than sixteen dollars and eight grosches. The whole matter stands thus. Formerly the wood trade was entirely free at all seasons of the year; every peasant might cut wood where, when, and in what quantity, he chose, bring it to town, and there dispose of it. Rich people, who could afford to pay for a whole stack at once, found their advantage in this method; they bought it of the boors themselves, and always got it very cheap. So much the worse however fared the poor; for, as the peasants were obliged soon to return back from the city, and could not wait to dispose of the smaller parcels: people were not wanting who took what remained off their hands, and sold it only to the poor, at very exorbitant prices, who thus were forced to pay for their wood three or four times as much as the rich. In the seven years war this abuse had reached its height; so that a number of unfeeling wretches got their livelihood by pursuing this infamous trade. On the king's return to Berlin, and being informed of the disorder, he bethought himself of the means for remedying it. What appeared to him the best, he instantly adopted. He transferred the whole trade in fire-wood to a company, who bound themselves to procure the necessary quantity, and to sell it, in large and small parcels, at one equal price. Hence, doubtless, a monopoly

nopoly arose, and the man of condition must pay somewhat dearer for his wood; but at the same time the poor have it much cheaper than formerly. Every one perceives the necessity of the regulation, and every one applauds the sovereign for making it. It is true, he promised at that time, that it should be of no longer continuance than for a few years, till things were reduced to their pristine order; and that then several changes might be expected, and still other alleviations: this however remains as it was; and the monopolists have indeed turned it greatly to their profit, by constantly raising the price by insensible degrees. It is likewise a general complaint, that many other abuses have slipped in, by which the forests even greatly suffer, as the company keep up a good understanding with the foresters, who therefore pay no regard in what parts the wood is felled, but allow it to be carried away from places where the transport is the shortest; and it is already talked of as if the grant would be entirely abolished, and that the king would take the trade into his own hands.

LETTER IV.

Berlin, January — 1786.

ONE of the most useful foundations of the present king is incontestably the cadet-house. The best institutions for military education, were to be expected from a great general as he undoubtedly is; and here we find it accordingly. It is here provided that young persons shall be instructed in all that is necessary for a soldier to know; and tutors are appointed for the lower branches of mathematics, as well as for the higher.

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As the youths are of various ages and of various capacities, they are distributed into classes, where each receives the information adapted to his talents. For each science a particular hall is allotted: in that where fortification is taught, there is a complete and very ingeniously contrived model of a fortress upon the plan of Vauban, which cost four hundred dollars. — No pupil is admitted under thirteen years of age; if parents are desirous of sending their children from home before this period, they are shewn inferior military schools, of which there are several in different parts of the country. All persons of from seventeen or eighteen years, are refused admission; they must then, by private instruction, be fitted for receiving what is taught in the upper classes. Such, however, as are once entered, are entirely maintained, free of all expences; and remain on the establishment so long as till they can be placed in the army. A list is sent monthly to the king of the behaviour and capacities of the young persons; and as one or other of them appears to him by this list to be qualified for it, he puts him into some regiment. When parents are inclined to keep the disposal of their children in their own hands, they pay a trifling pension of 120 dollars, for lodging, cloathing, and board; and then they are at liberty to take their sons from the institution whensoever they please; for the young persons who are there at free cost, remain at the king's disposal. However, the former are no better attended or served than these; they must all comply with the rules of the house; and the son of the wealthiest man in the country, is in no wise distinguished from the son of the poorest nobleman. Entrance is allowed

lowed to none but such as are of noble birth; and even the illegitimate children of the nobility are not admitted. Neither is the institution open to any but natives; foreigners are indeed oftentimes received: this however cannot happen but by a particular order from the king. The building does not indeed display so much magnificence as the Ecole Militaire at Paris: but it is perfectly adapted to its design; and the apartments allotted to the teachers are far more commodious than they commonly are in such edifices. In general the scite is very spacious, and we are therefore surpris'd at finding no less than four or five persons always sleeping together in the same chamber; and that so little attention is paid to cleanliness throughout the whole. The present number of scholars is 236. It is very remarkable, that the king absolutely will not have it known what salaries are paid to the tutors: it is forbid them in the severest terms to mention it to any one even in confidence.

Whenever the arsenal is spoken of, it is commonly said to be not worthy of much notice, and it is as well not to see it, as it does not repay the trouble and the drink-money to the man that shews it, since it contains nothing but a great store of arms. I, however, reckon it highly interesting to see the principal military magazine of a king whose army is on the best footing of all the troops in the world; and then one gains at the same time this advantage from it, that we are able to pass a judgement on the accuracy of the accounts of those in other countries. When we here see what a large space only small-arms for 150,000 men take up, we begin to doubt whether the quantities we hear mentioned

tioned in the arsenals of other potentates are justly stated; at least the case is so with me. The whole upper story of this monstrous structure consists of four large compartments, in which are kept arms for the forementioned number of soldiers, all in the best order; and by an arrangement which saves much room. Here are seen no artificial displays of heraldry, gorgons-heads, blazing stars, or old fashioned armour of no use, no curious ornaments against the walls, as in so many other places; numbers of which fantastical devices were formerly here, but the present king had them all taken away. Besides the arms fit for actual service there is nothing except a few colours taken from the imperialists in the last short war of 1778. As these compartments are very broad as well as of a great length, the cieling is supported by massy columns; and it must necessarily be conceived that the whole affords a most majestic appearance. The space under the stands for the musquets, is entirely filled with cartridges as close as they can lie together. The common artillerists are obliged, during their leisure hours, to prepare the paper for this purpose, and to put in the balls; but the powder is not added, and the cartridges are therefore left open. When it is necessary to fill them, it is done in a very quick and easy manner. They take a large chest, in which a great number of these open cartridges stand upright close together, and then shake the powder over them till all are full. The under-officer who conducted me about the place assured me, that upwards of four millions of such open cartridges stood ready there; and I thought it not at all incredible. What most surprised me, was, that

that the king's extreme parsimony shews itself even here. There are so few people appointed to look after the arsenal, that the arms are all covered with dust; they only take care that they shall not get rusty, but the dust is suffered to lie on them; so that here our astonishment is not excited, as it is in other arsenals, at the great neatness that every where prevails. Ought we to conclude from thence that other potentates keep their armouries merely as matters of show? — The ground-floor is of exactly the same amplitude with the first story just described, and is entirely filled with cannons; which stand accurately arranged along the four sides of the wall, so close as merely to admit of a gangway between them. Among them we see some that have been taken from the enemy, which do not however stand there barely for empty pomp, but are used in common with the rest. The greatest part of this train has been cast by the present king, and bear the short but suitable motto: *Ultima ratio regis*. In one place we behold standing by itself a statue of the first king of Prussia. This monument was formerly set up somewhere in the city, but was afterwards removed, I know not on what account, probably to make way for some building to be erected, and was brought hither till some more convenient situation should be assigned it. Near it are four statues belonging to the four corners of the pedestal, but at present leaning against the wall. Some few years ago, when the king came to visit the arsenal, as he passed by this image he pulled off his hat, but without stopping. — It will readily be imagined, that the stores in this arsenal are not the whole of what the king possesses; there are no less than

than three others to the full as extensive as this, in different parts of his dominions. Just behind the arsenal stands the foundery, into which, however, no foreigner can gain admittance; even the Prussian officers themselves are not allowed to see it without a particular permission from the king.

Of the outward appearance of the royal palace I have already told you my sentiments in a former letter; you shall now have a word or two on the inside, at least on that part of it that is shewn. This includes the apartments that are inhabited by the king, the picture-gallery, and several great saloons. Besides these, we are shewn a cabinet of all kinds of rarities, collected chiefly by Baron Stosch: if however you should ever come to Berlin, you may spare the Baron the trouble of shewing it you, and save yourself a few ducats, for there is nothing in it that deserves any particular attention, or you must never have seen any amber, which is here found in great abundance, and in all possible forms and shapes. The queen and the hereditary prince live likewise in this palace, but their apartments are not to be seen. Those of the king look towards the Spree, and the great square which leads to the long bridge. From the balcony in the angle you have an excellent prospect of this bridge, and of the beautiful statue of the great Duke Frederic William, on horseback, which stands upon it, and is the greatest masterpiece of the kind in all Berlin. The chambers have nothing besides their magnitude to fit them for a palace, and immediately give you to understand that the king never inhabits them long together. The hangings are old and dirty, indeed every thing looks black and
decayed,

decayed, and even in the very audience chamber, the coverings of the chairs and sofas are all ragged and torn. In some of these rooms one sees enormous tables, frames of looking-glasses, and girandoles all of massy silver, and what is called the knight's hall, is entirely filled with them. In this hall stands a sofa of silver, and a very large cupboard such as is in fashion with the old german drinkers, in which all the vessels are of silver gilt. The workmanship of all these articles is in general very coarse and not at all to be admired, though we cannot behold without some degree of pleasure the artificial arrangement of the plate in the cupboard. The lustres and girandoles of silver which abound in all parts of this palace I shall take no farther notice of. These treasures were somewhat diminished by the Russians, when they found themselves masters of Berlin; however, by good fortune they had taken the precaution, at the breaking out of the war, to send the most material to Magdeburg. The picture-gallery contains pieces of very different value; among the most beautiful we likewise discern some of inferior excellence, and the best would probably not be there, if the king had not a peculiar taste in paintings. For example, he cannot endure fruit pieces, nor battles, martyrdoms, and other pictures which represent shocking and inhuman transactions; accordingly, he has filled his gallery at Potsdam with none but agreeable objects, and the best pieces of that sort are taken from hence, while those that come under the former description are left behind; so that in this collection there are still a great number of very excellent pieces, among which are several of Van Dyck's. But we cannot help lamenting

menting the total want of order and neatness here; for many years the windows have not been cleaned, and in several places the panes of glass are broken, and in others entirely gone. The present wet winter has spread a damp all over it; and the pictures are perishing very fast. From the door and window-curtains the water actually falls in drops, dripping on the floor beneath as from the ridge of a pent-house. The magnificent large mirrors are already void of all reflection, and several of the paintings are entirely spoilt: by passing one's handkerchief over them, it becomes as full of water as if it had been dipt in a puddle. It is a down-right shame, that merely from want of a little care, so many beautiful works should be irrecoverably lost.—In that corner of the palace which looks towards the great square, commonly called the palace-liberty, and stands facing the mill-dam, lies the royal treasure, in large vaults under the earth; and in this place the sentinels stand double.

The library, which, in my first letter to you from Berlin, I pronounced to be a building in no good taste, has a better effect from within, and reconciles one to the simplicity it exhibits without. It possesses a very respectable stock of books; and among them several works of great value. They are constantly increasing; though merely by the liberality of the king, as there is no proper fund assigned for its support. He every year makes it a present, of late amounting generally to 15,000, dollars; the greatest part of which is laid out in books. The institution is on a good plan; and it stands open to the free use of the public certain hours in every day. Dr. Bieffer, who has lately rendered

himself famous by his bold attacks on the prevailing follies of mankind, is librarian.

LETTER VI.

Berlin, January, 1786.

SOME few days ago I visited a certain Genelli, who is much celebrated for his engravings. This man is by birth an Italian. He employed himself at first in painting, and after he had already made good progress in that art, I know not by what accident, applied to engraving the knowledge he had acquired in painting, and thus has attained to an uncommon degree of perfection. I saw fire-screens of his performance, that represented flower-pieces, in which it was difficult to say whether the art or the tediousness of the work was most to be admired. Their beauty was still much enhanced by the gloss of the silk which imitated that of the flowers, and carried the deception to the highest pitch. The largest of these screens had cost him the labour of nine months, without turning his hand to any thing else; and yet he offered it for the moderate price of a hundred ducats. The king called him hither from Vienna, and allows him a pension of five hundred dollars; but never would buy any of his works. It appears as if it were the king's intention, that something of every kind of industry should be seen in his capital. He has drawn hither every manufacture as it were by force, by granting privileges to individuals, as a means of enabling them to set up these fabrics, in spite of all opposing circumstances. By so doing, however, he has
procured

procured no considerable benefit to his country; for, though his view in it might be to render himself more independent on other countries: yet the other establishments are well enough known, which hinder this, and are in general detrimental to commerce. Capitals, moreover, are very unfuitable to the erection of fabrics, and the miserable condition to which the fabricants of this are reduced, is a sufficient proof of it. However, we may at least find here almost every thing we can want; and, in regard to the multitude of workshops of all kinds, Berlin has a greater similarity than many other places to London or Paris. Some of its artificers have already acquired a well-earned reputation in foreign parts; and receive large orders from abroad. Among these I particularly mention Messrs. Elferdt and Kleemeyer, who make excellent musical clocks. These clocks play entire concertos of three different chords, which may be varied every day without trouble, by only changing the barrels, and are sold at a very reasonable price.

The king formerly bestowed great attention on the porcelaine manufactory; but at present we may venture to affirm that it is somewhat on the decline. The painting which has heretofore been so much celebrated can no longer boast of its superlative excellence. The good workmen by degrees fall off, and those whom the king procured from Saxony, are now grown old, and do but little. In flower-painting they here excell; and if I wanted a service with garlands of roses, I would bespeak it no where else. The dark blue of the Berlin porcelaine is also thought to be of inimitable beauty. The magazine of ready-made articles well deserves to be seen;

at the same time I must confess to you, that I think I met with a still greater variety at Dresden and in the French fabric at Seve. The figures I perceive here, seem to me by no means very admirable in regard to their drawing: on the other hand I was much pleased with some services, with small neat borders, curiously wrought by particular order. — It will appear to you very surprising, but not altogether so impolitic, when I tell you, that there is a law, which obliges every jew, at the time of his marriage, to take a parcel of porcelaine, and this with the express condition, that he shall sell it out of the country. Not a piece of it may be disposed of within the Prussian territory; and it is attended with heavy penalties whenever a discovery is made that this happened. However it proves a good way of keeping porcelaine cheap for the Berliners, as the jews of this place know very well how to do themselves justice. The meanest and poorest among them must take for three hundred dollars, the rich are allowed to provide themselves with as great a quantity as they please; and this regulation is so much the more oppressive, as they are not given what they would be disposed to chuse, but only the refuse, and what the fabric would never be able to find purchasers for*.

Berlin possesses two painters of whom it has reason to be proud, Bernhard Rode and Frisch, of whom however the former is to be preferred. He has adopted the manner of the Venetian school, and with success: his drawing and colouring are excellent; in composition he

* If I am not mistaken, this regulation has been abolished by the present king.

is masterly, and the allegories introduced into his historical pieces, discover a lively imagination, as the other parts of the composition shew an accurate and scientific knowledge of history. It is now four years ago that he executed a suite of paintings, nearly equal in size, representing the most memorable occurrences of the Brandenburg history; a work performed with great judgement, and deserving of more attention than to be left hanging so long in the apartments of the artist. He has had frequent opportunities of selling single parts of it at very good prices; but he prefers to keep them, in hopes, one day or other, of being able to dispose of the entire collection. In Berlin there are likewise various public works of this artist. In the garrison-church there are four pieces by him, which were executed by the king's order, for perpetuating the like number of his generals; but I must confess that I do not rank these amongst his most capital performances. In the church of St. Mary we are shewn a large altar-piece by him, and two other paintings, one over each of the doors adjoining to the altar; all three evince the hand of a master. If they should adopt in Berlin the excellent Italian taste of ornamenting the ceilings of ante-chambers and halls with paintings, the art would be a great gainer by it, and Rode would have an opportunity of still farther perpetuating his fame. In the new palace at Potsdam there are already some plafonds embellished by his pencil, and some by that of Frisch.

Here is at present a Courlander, of the name of Darbes, who is a very good hand at portrait-painting; it is hoped that he may find inducements to remain here, as Berlin has great cause to be satisfied with him.

The king, neither while he was heir-apparent, nor since he has come to the crown has ever once sat a moment to any painter, and yet there are a multitude of portraits of him, which, for the most part, have a striking resemblance. The renown he so early acquired, excited in every one the desire of possessing his likeness; the painters therefore took every opportunity of getting a view of him, and his characteristic features are very easily caught. What particularly struck me was, that I met with a portrait of him in the same attitude and of the same proportions in a great number of private houses, and in almost all the public buildings. In all these pieces he is drawn as large as life, and as low as to the knees; he stands erect, has his head a little inclined, and holds his hat, indeed off, but yet quite close to his head. The artist who executed it, and is since dead, was called Frank: he was so happy in hitting off the likeness, that every man would have one; and this it is that causes them so frequently to be met with.

Chodowiezhki and Meil, as every one knows, are artists of very great reputation. Besides the pleasure of becoming acquainted with persons of their eminence, and seeing their own performances, there is still another inducement to visit them, namely, to view their beautiful collections of pictures. To be sure, the number contained in the cabinet of each is not very considerable; but they therefore consist entirely of the choicest morsels. Of other collections, which, to the honour of the art, are here met with in private houses, I shall say nothing; they are particularly mentioned in Nicolai's description of Berlin. I must however take notice
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of one, which perhaps you might not think highly remarkable. A certain captain Gohl, who is in the private service of Frederic duke of Brunswic, and even resides in his palace, is, by his marriage with a daughter of the celebrated Terbusch, born Cicieffski, come into possession of several of the choicest pieces of that truly great female artist. He has her family pictures, in which herself, her husband, and their children, are represented; exceedingly large, in something of the dark manner, yet the figures are not above the natural size. Jupiter, appearing to a nymph in the form of a satyr; nymphs bathing; both somewhat too red. But her master-pieces are two portraits of herself, one of them as large as life, wherein she is drawn sitting, in a white robe, and with a glass before the right eye; the other somewhat less than life, a three-quarter length, which she painted while she was young: she sits before a table, whereon she leans in a negligent posture. These two pieces are of that class which one cannot contemplate without admiration, and which the longer we dwell upon the more we admire. Perhaps it is not possible to carry the study of carnation to a higher pitch, and all we can require is here performed. This lady was possessed of a particular knowledge in the mixture of colours, and even her earliest performances have not suffered in the smallest degree.

The art in general has not yet taken any firm footing in Berlin; it is not the place where good artists are to be expected in a constant succession, as no proper academy is yet instituted. Hitherto there have been no really excellent models, and works are executed without any fixed plan. The academy of arts might indeed do a great deal, but a defect seems to lie somewhere, that

it has done nothing yet, and we must comfort ourselves with our hopes in futurity. Moreover, it is impossible for a place, where artists in all the departments have no stated opportunities for disposing of their works, to produce great men in all the departments. Hitherto only such as have been employed about the public erections have enjoyed this advantage; the encouragement for others has always been too accidental. The king, for a long time past, has bestowed no attention on it; and the nobility are not rich enough to do any thing effectually in its favour. If artists are always obliged to send their performances abroad for sale, indeed great men may occasionally arise, but they will not make any long stay in that place, unless at those times which may be called peculiarly favourable; and those times do not often arrive.

I have hitherto spoke only of artists: it is but reasonable that I should say a word or two now of the learned in this place. Do not, however, be afraid that I shall take up much of your time on this head; as you yourself are well acquainted with their works, and are far better able to judge of them than I. I do it more for my own justification, that I may be able to assure you, that I have visited all the most famous of these persons, lest otherwise you might be induced to surmise, that I had not concerned myself at all about them. With literature, indeed, the case is very different from that of the art, though it is not to be denied, that, had it not been for the present king, so many clever heads would not have been found together at once. When Engel was called to the gymnasium of the valley of Jehoiakim, all the other professors, who, according to the rules of the foundation, are of the reformed religion, opposed

opposed the reception of a Lutheran professor; but the king disregarded their objections, and obliged them to admit him. We may justly affirm, that with the reign of this great monarch, the most brilliant period of Berlin, in regard to learning, took its rise: he attracted the best writers from abroad to this capital; and though he was not able then properly to estimate the value of the learned of his own country, nor seemed desirous of learning how to prize them; yet he encouraged them in all manner of ways, most probably in the design of rendering them what he ardently wished them to be. — I must here take occasion to observe, that he began in the latter years of his life, to do more justice to the german literati. The marquis Lucchesini, who is so estimable in such a variety of respects, adds this to his other merits, that he studied the german language and literature with indefatigable industry; and by imperceptible degrees found means to insinuate a taste for them into the mind of his royal patron. I know for certain, that at present he keeps up an acquaintance with some of the greatest writers, and prizes them as they deserve; it is but lately that Gleim had a very striking proof of it, at a visit he paid him. — But, to return to the literary men of Berlin: perhaps in all Germany there is no other city, the universities excepted, where men like Sultzer, Spalding, Teller, Mendelssohn, Nicolai, Ramler, Dohm, Engel, Gedike, Bießer, Hertz, and others, have shone in such numbers at one time. The multitude of persons addicted to letters, excites genius; their studies, their productions, and their conversation, encourage it, and impell young people to strive at resembling them. Hence, as they

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die off, we are constantly hearing of new ones; and, if some of those whom I have just been naming are dead, and perhaps irreparable for the present; yet there is always room to hope that we shall not too deeply feel their loss.

The academy of sciences I have visited twice, once at an ordinary meeting, and afterwards at a public one which was held for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the birth of the king. As the several political and literary publications will already have informed you of what passed in the latter of these meetings, I forbear to dwell upon it here. It was enough for me that I saw and made myself acquainted with such of the members of the academy, as I had not an opportunity of visiting separately. It has always been made a matter of reproach to the king, that, in the distribution of places in his academy, he has shewn too great a partiality to foreigners; and this reproach is not without foundation, as there are actually at present very worthy persons, and great geniuses in Berlin, who are not academicians*. However, this conduct of the king's will admit of some excuse, if we consider, that his choice has constantly fallen on men of singular eminence, who by being transplanted into Germany, have been enabled to profit that country by the light of their knowledge, while the natives are maintained and attached to it by other posts. However, a dearth of foreigners seems now to be creeping up; there are but few of any great consequence remaining: and we may

* That the present king has applied a remedy to this complaint is well-known.

probably live to see the time, when this academy will be wholly composed of Germans.

I must account it one of the most unpleasant accidents of my journey, that I have not improved my acquaintance with Mendelssohn, and the worst part of it is, that I am not altogether free from self-reproach on this subject. At the beginning of my stay here, I had an opportunity of seeing this worthy person; who, though indebted for his instruction to no one but himself, and was obliged to work his way through innumerable prejudices, yet carried his genius, though oppressed by numerous and burdensome affairs, to such a pitch of elevation, that all Germany reveres him, and the men of most solid learning are his firmest friends — but at that time I postponed my visit: as it is always my custom, in every city I come to, to begin with its outward objects; and soon afterwards he was attacked by that malady, which terminated but too quickly in his death. Nothing then was left for me but to witness the pain all good men felt on this occasion, and the lamentations that burst from his familiar friends. His best praise is certainly this; that every man in Berlin esteemed him, and that his loss was universally deplored. Wherever he is spoken of it is always with respect, and such as do not dwell upon his literary merits, yet speak highly of his domestic virtues.

LETTER VI.

Berlin, January, 1787.

I HAD a great desire to write to you from Potsdam, from whence I returned hither yesterday, and to give
you

you my frank and undiffembled opinion, on all I saw there; but, to my great surprize, I found, that, in the two days I had devoted to this tour, I had not only no time for that purpose, but I must even put it off for one whole day more. I confess indeed that one might be ready in a shorter space: but one reason is, that I never content myself with a cursory view; and another, that the days, at this season of the year, should only be reckoned for half-days.

The road from Berlin to Potsdam is about five and twenty english miles; but, being a royal post, we are obliged to pay for thirty. It is so horridly bad, that one cannot sufficiently wonder, how a road that is the most frequented of any in all the Prussian territories, which leads from the royal residence to the capital, and which the king himself so frequently travels, should not be kept in tolerable repair, and be somewhat better regulated. One is dragged all the way through a vile sand; and the prospect over the barren flat on both sides, is interrupted by no one agreeable object, till the gates of the city appear. It has often been said, that Brandenburg, the natural capital of the electorate, might be made, on account of its situation, a far better capital of the kingdom, than Berlin; but surely Potsdam would make one equally good. The Havel is here much broader and more majestic than the Spree; commerce would be infinitely advantaged by it; and the country round Potsdam, is, beyond all comparison, more delightful than that about Berlin. The Havel, which forms a little lake close to the town, and the sand, which is thrown up into hills as far as the eye can reach, and covered with trees, fields, and cottages, pro-

produce a variety, which one should never expect in so adust a region.

What I have observed of the architecture of Berlin for the most part holds equally good of Potsdam; the style is not sufficiently grand and noble; it is overloaded with ornament; the piers between the windows are too narrow; the materials are good for nothing; the plaister facings and the decorations in stucco fall presently down, and immediately convince the beholder, that these houses are not built to last for ever. Otherwise there is far more of an entire whole to be seen at Potsdam than at Berlin. There are not so many chasms between the handsome buildings; the town is but small; therefore it is almost filled already with new houses; they are indeed still too much scattered, but the interstices occupied by the old houses are not so great. We see here several whole streets entirely finished, with edifices that are really elegant, and more like palaces than even those in great Berlin. The market-place, where stands the catholic church in the italian taste, and which has an obelisk in the centre, has a very respectable appearance, though it is quite irregular. Here stands too the town-house; the handsomest and noblest structure in all Potsdam. The post-office is likewise remarkable for being built in a correct style. Potsdam would have a much better look, if it had not the same impropriety as that I have already taken notice of at Berlin; namely, that a great variety of tastes is too conspicuous. In a street over against the orphan-house stands a building that looks like a castle; but, being covered with a plaister coloured in tawdry blotches of white and red, and being moreover furcharged

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with paltry decorations, it monstrously offends the eye. In another part of the town one meets at the same time with houses like those of old Holland and of new Holland; and the like incongruity is found in several other places, which strikes the spectator with redoubled force, as, by reason of the small circumference of the city, it glares upon him at every moment.

When it is said of Berlin, that one sees only soldiers in the streets, it is an exaggeration: but of Potsdam it might be advanced with great reason. We not only meet with hardly any other class of men than soldiers in all the streets; but cast your eyes where you will against the houses, and you are sure to see, popping out between the chubby cherubims, which are here every where used as ornaments, a head of some son of Mars with his plaistered locks and grim whiskers. In one place every article of linen is hanging out to dry at these magnificent windows; in another stockings and waistcoats; here an under-officer shaving himself before a bit of looking-glass stuck against one of the panes, and there another making his toilet in the sight of all the passers-by. In other places, where the soldiers do not pique themselves on their appearance, are seen hanging against the superbest structure, the insignia of a beer-house, or of petty shops, or of the lowest handicrafts; and the persons going in and out plainly evince, to the most careless beholder, that these palaces are not inhabited by princes, ministers of state, bishops or court-parasites. A very moderate house must harbour four soldiers, who dwell and eat together. They keep their money in common, and each by turns is cash-keeper for a week, who defrays the daily expences. However,

ever, they commit shocking enormities; and the common soldiers of the Potsdam garrison are, for certain, not the worthiest part of the Prussian army. The commander of every regiment is obliged to send hither his tallest men; this leads him to pick out not only the greatest men, but the greatest rascals, whom they themselves are glad to get rid of. Sometimes they find among such as are thus sent them even too great villains to be received; and then they turn them back upon the regiment from which they had them. It is impossible to paint this subject in colours sufficiently striking; the whole place is full of it. And as in Potsdam there is not much to steal, these fellows find other courses for giving vent to the baseness of their dispositions, so that here are enormities of a peculiar invention, the like of which can rarely happen in other places. On these accounts the discipline is more severe than any where else. Potsdam is called the university for common soldiers; and many a father, who has a dissolute son, begs it as a favour that he may be admitted into this garrison: where he usually becomes more profligate than he was before.

The day after my arrival, early in the morning, I took a drive to what is called the new palace, from its being lately built by the king: and was not a little surprised to find it executed in no better a taste than the other erections of a much older date. It is as gaudy without as can be imagined. The lower part of the walls being smeared with red, on which stand yellow columns with decorations of the same colour. The covering is green, with a variety of gilded ornaments. The piers likewise here again are narrower than the windows,

windows, and below each of them stands a statue, which gives to the whole an appearance much too rich and overloaded. When the palace was building, the king paid a hundred dollars apiece for the statues; and the sculptor got rich by the bargain. Over against the main building stand the kitchens, and dwellings for the people belonging to them, in two detached and lofty buildings, ornamented just in the same manner; and appear ugly to the highest degree. Each of them has, on the smallest side, nearest the palace, a double flight of stairs to the entrance; which, by being too narrow, make the whole look still more aukward. In short, the outside is indeed fine, but does not speak much in favour of the taste that prevails within. So much the better pleased are we, on finding the expectation agreeably disappointed. I have often heard censures past on the richness and ornaments of the furniture, as offensive to the eye; but this censure is unjust. There is much gilding, it is true, in many of the apartments; but they are finished in a good taste, and are well arranged; and, besides, have so pleasant and chearful a look as to suppress every idea of magnificence. It is remarkable, that all the porcelaine seen in these rooms, is Meissner's; and throughout the whole palace there is not a single piece from the manufactory of Berlin.

On entering the palace you are first shewn into an antechamber, fitted up with grey Silesian marble, and the cieling is supported by free-standing Ionic columns of the same marble. These columns have a very beautiful effect; and the whole arrangement of the room is grand and noble, the colour of the marble is plain, and excellently harmonizes with the simplicity of the whole:

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here are likewise four antique statues which have been restored by Cavaceppi; and, in short, the whole room inspires one with sentiments of elegance and grandeur, might appear with credit in any part of Italy, and appeased my choler, that had arisen at the sight of the exterior. It is no wonder, thought I, if the wisest people sometimes act as though they were void of all reflection, so that one can by no means reconcile their ways with their principles, since this architect, who was capable of designing such a beautiful and noble vestibule, could yet give the building such a tawdry façade.

— From this antechamber we proceed to the grotto-hall, which is finished in a different style of beauty. The cieling is low and vaulted; on two of the sides is a separate entrance, between large four-cornered pillars. These and the several fountains that are introduced, which however are only make-believe fountains, as they have not a drop of water belonging to them, give it something of the resemblance of a grotto: but its regular disposition excludes all idea of nature, and therefore its appellation, the grotto-hall, is the most suitable that could have been found for it. On the pillars, the walls, and the cieling, are various compartments, artificially adorned with different devices in shells. The beauty and variety of the designs, the multitudes of the several sorts of shells, which together form a very considerable cabinet; and the ingenious arrangement of a large assortment of shells of one class, excite an agreeable astonishment. You know how much I admired the beautiful grotto in the gardens of Madame von Cyderfeldt, near Utrecht, which was constructed by a certain Herr von Moll, who had the

estate before her ; but that, in comparison of this hall, is indeed the work of a private man in comparison with that of a king : accordingly, while the former cost only 100,000 guildens, the value of this hall is not to be estimated. I have never any where seen a thing of the kind carried to an equal extent ; and I believe this hall to be an unique in the world. The pavement is in the italian manner, finely executed in marble. When the king gives an entertainment to foreign visitors, this is made the dancing-room. On these occasions it is lighted up with four hundred wax-tapers ; and, from the brilliant reflection of the shells, it has a very fine effect. — Just over this is another, in which are hung four extravagantly large paintings, the performances of four of the most capital french masters under Lewis XV. The best of the four, and which is far superior to the others, is the sacrifice of Iphigenia by Carlo Vanloo ; in drawing, composition, and colouring, a real masterpiece. There is a singular anecdote in relation to this picture. While the palace was finishing, the king ordered all four to be executed at Paris ; and, as this piece was destined to fill up a whole wall by itself, it was necessary to write over to the artist the exact dimensions it was to have. The person who had this commission forgot expressly to mention that the measure of the wall was taken in Rhine-land feet ; and Vanloo, who had no other feet in his head than the pied du roi, directed himself by that scale. After giving the last touches to the picture it was sent off to Potsdam : where, on its arrival, it was found too large, and would by no means suit the wall. This was a fault that admitted of no remedy but by cutting off a piece of

of the canvas at each end. This was immediately put in practice; by which two of the figures were lost to the piece: but they performed the amputation with so much care, that the figures are at least preserved, though in another place. The anecdote, beside its particular relation to the painting, shews in general how little the French are accustomed to pay any attention to whatever is not in use among them; having no idea that their modes may not be the only rules of practice in other places. — In several other of the apartments too we meet with excellent paintings; among which I noticed the following, with distinguished pleasure: Alexander in the tent of Syfigambis, a beautiful morsel by Battoni; two excellent copies of the famous night-piece and the Magdalene by Correggio, from the Dresden gallery, by Dietrich; a superb painting by Gerhard Lajneffe; one no less superb, by Celesti, of Sultan Bajazet in the iron cage, before Tamerlane. Seldom shall one see in so large a piece so beautiful an arrangement, with so much strength of expression in each particular. Bajazet raises himself a little, thrusts his arm through the grating of his cage, and threatens Tamerlane with his clenched fist; his air and countenance speak rage and vengeance. He is placed in the middle of the picture, and forms the principal figure; Tamerlane, seated on a gorgeous throne, takes up one side; he is receiving the felicitations of his courtiers, and shews all the perfect unconcernedness and composure a man may have at the menaces of an emperor in a cage. The Hagar is perhaps the greatest work the palace has to boast of. It is by Rembrandt, who seems, in this piece, to have almost excelled himself, and would have rendered him-

self immortal by it alone, if not another specimen were to be seen of his genius.

At the extremity of a wing the king has his study, and adjoining to it a very small cabinet, into which no person is admitted; through its glass-door, however, one can discern a chair, on which the portraits of the present emperor, and the deceased electors of Saxony, mother to the reigning elector, are standing beside one another. This chair has stood just where it does for a great number of years, and nobody dares even to brush it. Into the library, which is not very spacious, as containing no books merely for show, but only for use, no stranger is permitted to enter, and is indulged with a sight of it no otherwise than through the door. In the recesses of the windows tables are introduced, upon which the king had laid his papers and plans.

In front of the new palace, in the garden, stands the temple of antiquities, shaded by a thick grove of trees. It is of a circular form, finished within entirely of grey Silesian marble, and receives its light solely through the lantern at the top of the cupola. Its architecture is in the correctest taste. Here stand in a circle round it, the excellent statues brought from the collection of the cardinal Polignac. They represent that part of the story of Ulysses, when he discovered Achilles among the women. Ulysses is seen under the guise of a pedlar; but has at the same time the scrutinizing mien of a man that wants to make a discovery of some important matter. Achilles stands facing him, in an actual extasy at the beauty of the weapons. All the other statues represent ladies: they are diversly occupied in examining the wares that Ulysses has brought; and
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Some of them are pieces of workmanship extraordinarily fine. — About the walls are various antique busts of consuls, and on a table below them lies a collection of deities in bronze, antient utensils, instruments, lamps, &c. Over against the entrance, in the temple, is a door, through which one passes into an adjoining chamber, against the walls whereof are placed, in like manner, antique busts, basso-relievos, and inscriptions. But the greatest treasure of all this cabinet is contained in four large walnut-tree-cases; in one of which is a collection of antient gold coins, in another of silver, in the third of bronze, and in the fourth of antient and modern gems. This latter is the most considerable, and consists of nearly 11,000 pieces, wherein is comprised the entire collection of baron Stosch, of which Winkelman has wrote the description. In this cabinet tables are set, on which visitors may place the article they wish to examine more at leisure, which the inspector is obligingly disposed to encourage them to do, as often as he perceives them to be persons that have a relish for these objects. The king often came here himself during the summer, and examined the curiosities at his ease. For greater conveniency in handling these cameos and intaglias, they are set in rings, excepting the largest ones of all.

You will readily imagine that I employed the whole day in viewing these curiosities, and that it was only sufficient to a cursory survey. I fear lest I may have already tired you with my description; therefore, to give you a little respite, I shall conclude this letter, and relate what I have farther to say in my next.

LETTER VII.

Berlin, January, 1786.

I WENT the next morning, as early as the day before, to the same place again. From the new palace there runs a long strait walk quite through the whole gardens, which are not extremely spacious; of the beauty of them, now in the winter season, I can indeed form no judgment, however they strike me with nothing peculiarly remarkable. There are a great number of statues dispersed about them, and you know that among them there are some which are the work of very eminent masters. The gardens begin as soon as ever you are out of the gate of Potsdam. On the right-hand of the chief entrance from thence runs a row of hills, which incloses the whole garden on that side, and reaches quite to the new palace, which likewise stands upon an eminence. The gardens therefore lie entirely in the glen, and are very well defended by the hills against the northwest winds. One of these hills is somewhat more prominent than the rest, and is round; upon this is built the palace of Sans Souci. The king had it divided into seven large terrasses, and on the declivity of each of these terrasses he has his hot-houses; the glass-windows to which stand consequently all towards the garden, and in winter form exactly the singular appearance of a mountain of glass. In summer, these terrasses are all beset with the trees of the orangerie, when, the glass windows being concealed behind them, you imagine you behold a mountain of greenhouse-

house-trees and shrubs; and just over the summit of the uppermost trees ascends the white and yellow palace. An extremely happy thought; as it awakens the idea of a fairy's abode in this region of sand. The king is in possession of an excellent orangerie, and a multitude of rare exotic fruits in his hot-houses; from whence his table can be supplied the whole winter through.

Sans Souci was the palace first built by the king. He wished to have a place where he might retire, and at times converse at ease with nature, and live apart from the noise of a court and the tumults of ambition; and for this purpose he could not, in all the parts adjacent, have found a better place. The building consists but of one floor, laid out in an elegant simplicity, and the roof is supported by pillars of the caryatic order. Over the main door, in the middle, are the words SANS SOUCI, in large golden letters. Baron von Knobelsdorf drew the plan for it; and, from the very beginning of it, it was destined solely to be the habitation of the king. Therefore, what are called the new chambers, on the right-hand of the palace, which were formerly orangerie-houses, were turned into dwellings for the lords who must necessarily be about the king, or for the principal generals at the time of the Potsdam review. They are furnished with elegance and taste. The same character likewise prevails in the palace itself; one sees indeed that it is the abode of a great sovereign, but all magnificence is banished from it; and the whole is constituted in conformity with that repose for which the king designed it. We every where perceive traces of a soft, effeminate taste, which commonly passes unnoticed in him, and which yet, according to the testi-

mony of all who have conversed with him on an amicable footing, he is said to possess. Here is a very small gallery of paintings, consisting merely of pieces by Watteau; and this is perhaps the greatest and choicest collection of the works of this master that any where exists. The bedchamber of the king serves equally the purpose of his sitting-room, and withal is the worst furnished of any in the whole palace. His most faithful company in this room are four dogs, of which he is exceedingly fond, and when they shall die he has assigned them a burial place in the garden, not far from the palace. Some already lie inurned in this singular cœmety, and the name of each is carved upon a stone: a curious sort of man conducted me thither, who gloried much in being grave-digger to the royal dogs.

For making a counterpart to the new apartments, which I said are on the right hand of the palace, the king has caused to be built, on the left hand, a picture gallery, which for its general elegance and handsome architecture deserves the greatest encomiums. It pleased me the best of any thing I have here seen, excepting the marble vestibule in the new palace; and is incontestibly the most beautiful building for a collection of paintings of any in the world. The walls are of a pale green; the ground of the cieling is white, and the angles, decorated with roses and other ornaments, are done over with gold. The paintings hang only against one wall, which faces the windows; between which are placed statues and busts in marble. The gallery consists of two long wings; in the middle is a tribune with a cupola, through which the daylight enters. In the wings, in the entrance, and in the tribune, hang pictures

tures of none but Flemish masters, among which are chiefly admired a great quantity by Rubens and Vandyke; the most superb pieces by these two masters are seen in the tribune itself. Here again we meet with some beautiful Rembrandts, in which number one particularly struck me, representing a prince of Ghent, who, in prison, holds up his hand in a threatening posture to his father, who is looking in through the window, a piece which I had already seen, exactly as it is here, in the collection of Mr. Hoare at Stourhead in England. — The other wing is devoted to the Italian school; the performances of it, however, do not abound here, any more than in almost all the galleries of Germany, that of Dresden excepted. We find among them some, though not very excellent, Raphaels, several pieces of Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and the *Iö* of Correggio, exactly as it is seen at Cassel. In the gallery itself are none but large pieces: but there is still another small chamber added to the left wing, destined to small pictures, which, on account of their judicious selection, I am tempted to prefer to the large ones in the gallery. Here are several by Correggio, Teniers, Gerhard Dow, and a number of excellent van der Werfs. In both collections, it is particularly remarkable, that you not only meet with no flower and cattle pieces, but likewise no battles nor martyrologies; in short, not one melancholy subject. I leave it to you, whether you do not seem to find herein a confirmation of what I hazarded above concerning the taste of the king in the choice of his pleasures.

The palace in town, in which the king resides during winter, and bears the name of the old palace, is
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not inelegantly constructed. Only the little colonades which stand towards the garden and on one side towards the street that leads to the garrison church, have no good effect; they appear as if broken off; and, as they have absolutely nothing at all to bear, are entirely destitute of aim. The main façade looks towards the garden, and the backfront towards the market-place, having the obelisk for its point of view which I have already mentioned, and behind that, stands the catholic church. This would look far better, if it had not such a heavy appearance, and so many jagged timbers. On the left hand of the palace runs a long bridge across the Havel, which forms a lively object, partly as it is the passage to Saxony, and partly, because under it there are a multitude of very small barks in which fish are to be sold. The middle part of these barks is so contrived as to admit the water on both sides, that the fish may be kept alive. It is a pleasure to see the little throng about these barks — the only one in Potsdam — constantly coming and going; and the fishwives of this place, as well as at Berlin, distinguish themselves from all other fishwives in the world, by going always clean and tidy, and by speaking as other beings of the human species speak. The proverbs by which the vulgar in other places stigmatize the fish-markets, are entirely pointless in regard to Potsdam and Berlin.

The king's apartment looks right upon this bridge, and his own room is exactly in the corner, so that he can see all that passes upon it: it is likewise, in return, well situated for giving a full view of the king from it; for, whenever the weather is any thing tolerable, he frequently stands at the window towards noon.

The garrison-church is not eminently conspicuous for its architecture either within or without. The pulpit is entirely of marble, and has over it a large heavy-looking cover by way of what we call a sounding board. Underneath is the vault wherein is deposited the coffin of the deceased king, Frederic William I. likewise of marble. One descends by a few steps into this narrow house; where at most there is only room for one corpse more. On the two sides of the entrance stand huge marble statues of Mars and Bellona; and, actually, do all I could, it was impossible for me to refrain from laughing at the idea of the two heathen divinities, standing like centinels, at the door of a christian temple. — The steeple of this church is the highest in Potsdam; I went up it, and was not sorry for having taken that trouble, as I was thus enabled at one view to overlook the whole country round, which is actually pleasing, even in winter, and much diversified. Berlin is covered by the hills, but Spandau is very plainly to be seen, even with the naked eye. The Havel flows between its widening banks with grace and dignity; and I could descry several of the lakes of which there are so many in the margraviate. I observed likewise from hence, on the other side the Havel, but not close upon it, and directly opposite to the city, a village, that has a delightful situation, and wherein a number of the houses seemed to me to be newly built. I inquired about it, and was told, that it was laid out and constructed by the present king, for a settlement of the Moravian brethren; in consequence of a petition from them to that purpose. They still compose the greatest part of its inhabitants, though at present it is free

free to foreigners of all denominations who are inclined to settle there. They are exempted from all imposts, and enjoy a multitude of other immunities and privileges. The king gives them a house with a certain extent of arable land, gratis ; but upon condition that they lay it down in cultivation. They maintain themselves by the produce, and by making of linen and stuffs. No native can fix himself here. The Moravians have given this place the name of Nova Zesta. Their worship is performed in the Bohemian and German languages, but only after the Lutheran form. The king founded it on his return from the first Silesian war ; and now that it is grown into so much consequence, he intends to connect it with the city, by building a new bridge across the Havel.

On account of the variety of striking objects that are to be seen in this place, a man may employ himself very well for a few days ; but, for any longer period, Potsdam is a dismal abode. Not only there are no public amusements of any kind ; as the court, and all its dependants live extremely still and retired ; but every inhabitant is closely watched, and can do nothing without its being immediately known. It is not enough, that on entering the gate, and on leaving the place, you are asked your name ; but as soon as you go into an inn, as at Berlin, a paper is brought you, ruled in separate columns, on which you must write, how you are called, of what condition or rank you are, what is your business here, and how long you intend to stay. During this time, as often as you pass through the gate, at your going out and at your coming in, you are inter-

interrogated afresh; and, besides this, again at every time that you appear in public in any of the parts about the parade. It must be confessed, that one can scarcely conceive any thing more troublesome than this method of proceeding; and a man who has but the least sentiment of freedom, and is not obliged to remain here on account of his affairs, cannot possibly be long at his ease in Potsdam.

ORIGIN OF MONACHISM.

BY DR. ZIMMERMANN.

UNDER the burning sky, and in the frightful wastes of Africa and Asia we perceive mankind to be born either with a stronger impulse to solitude, from melancholy, or with a greater propensity to rest, from indolence, than in countries where the head is less heated, and the body not rendered so somnolent by the fervour of the sun.

Yet, how rapidly soever such multitudes of monasteries sprung up in the East during the gloomy night of universal barbarism; though northern bodies may be so much better built for the austerities of the monastic life: yet it will not amount to a proof that climate has any influence on the propensity to solitude. What in Africa and Asia climate alone may be able to effect in favour of monachism, the pleasing prospect of pampering a sacred paunch in the plentiful houses of God, at the expence of old superstitious matrons and sinners of quality, may produce under a northern sky.

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The irresistible impulse to solitude in Africa and Asia, must however first be proved, before we enter on the investigation of its proximate causes. The manifold and complicated occasions to it, must be classed according to their first rise and their inward effects; it must be shewn, that swarms of monks and hermits originated in the deserts of Ægypt, as insects from the impregnated mud of the Nile. Jews and christians, heathens and mohammedans, possess in those countries so many qualities in common, that the extasies of divine inspiration are not easily discernible from human enthusiasm and the transports of fanatical frenzy.

Little republics of solitaries sprung up in early times among the jews, after the venerable examples of Elisha and Elijah, and the sons of the prophets; who built themselves huts on the banks of Jordan, forsook the noise and tumult of towns, and lived upon herbs: and that of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, and his children, who all dwelt in the wilderness.

Fable or conjecture nearly fills the first chapters of every history. It is thought, that, upon the first destruction of the temple, some scattered jews took their flight to waste and solitary places; and there, on account of their privation of public worship, passed their lives in contemplation, according to the much more antient practice of the Ægyptians, with which they must necessarily have been well acquainted. Probably, in process of time, these jews might come to believe, agreeably to a maxim of long standing in Ægypt, that, without temples and altars, in serenity of mind and composure of heart, mankind might bring a pure and acceptable offering to Jehovah their God. Probably
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this belief, at first confined to a few, might afterwards become a general doctrine; as we readily recommend to others what we practise ourselves. Probably, this mode of life, once adopted and admired, might be agreeable to the jews even in better times; and thence grow up into that sect which blended the maxims of Pythagoras with the law of Moses. Certain it is, that the Essenes were a sect of jews who devoted themselves to solitude and contemplation, who borrowed much from the heathens and mostly from the pythagoreans, and were perpetually extending themselves over Syria, Palestine, and Ægypt.

The dogmas and opinions of the Essenes were not every where alike. But they all agreed in this, that rational worship consists in silence and contemplation: that, by a strict adherence to virtue, man renders himself agreeable to the deity; but to this virtue he must adapt himself by a severity of regimen, and other preparatives. One class of the Essenes were called Theoretics; these passed their days in retirement, and continual meditation. Another set of them were termed Practics; and lived in society among themselves. Some of the latter were even not averse to marriage. But they first put their wives for three years to the trial; and then indulged themselves in their embraces no more than was necessary for the procreation of children. The marriage bed was therefore chaste and undefiled. The generality however remained in a single state, as dreading the infidelity of their wives from such a behaviour; and the domestic broils that would naturally ensue upon the breach of their vow. The most austere, though not the most numerous part of the Essenes,
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pined out their days in ægyptian deserts, there leading a silent and painful life, for serving the deity in fuller composure of spirit. Those, on the other hand, who dwelt in Judea and Palestine, and whose number amounted to four thousand persons, bore implicitly the yoke of the jewish ceremonial.

The Essenes in general had no influence whatever on the predominant religion and constitution of the jews. Probably this may be the reason that they are never once mentioned by Jesus, though by their sanctimonious ritual, which was partly of their own invention and partly copied from the heathen philosophers, they misled the imagination of feeble-minded men to take a way to heaven which led directly from it.

The Therapeutes, formed, like the Essenes, a jewish sect, that had its rise in Ægypt. They, like them, after their return under Ptolemy Philadelphus, served the God of their fathers in the plains of Judea. They afterwards spread themselves far more numerously in other countries, principally in Ægypt, and especially in the city of Alexandria. Their doctrine and their lives had a loftier and far more fanatical aim, and consequently were far better calculated for this sultry meridian; for they departed much farther both from the law of Moses and the dictates of sound reason. Replete with unnatural inspirations and superstitious dreams, they abandoned their wives, their children and possessions, and formed a society distinct from the rest of mankind, living mostly on the celebrated mountains of Nitria, the abode, in after times, of so many christian fanatics. Here, while they practised the most rigid exercises of an imaginary piety, they studied metaphysics,

physics, astronomy, and poetry, after the principles laid down by Pythagoras.

The christian religion was brought into Ægypt by the evangelist Mark. He sowed the seed of his gospel in Alexandria, where it yielded ægyptian fruit. That mankind should live usefully to each other in society was the grand purpose of Jesus in his divine religion; the way to the summit of moral perfection lay according to his doctrine, in a faithful perseverance in social virtue. But this seemed insufficient to the christians of Ægypt. Determined in all things to go farther than Christ, they looked down with disdain on his sovereign ideal of moral perfection, and resolved to surpass it. They are even accused by an eminent historian of the church, with glorying in nothing so much, as in having found out the art of enriching a religion, which they even held for divine, with inventions of their own, and in rising superior to the precepts it enjoined; that accordingly they struck into a path, which by new and rugged turnings, carried them far from the high-road of vice, and therefore led them more surely to their aim than the path pointed out by that delegate of God. They forgot all the duties towards human society; the institutions of the Creator were overthrown, and the bounties of heaven ungratefully despised. From the whole spirit of those times, from the prevalent way of thinking, and from all the contemporary historians, it is plainly apparent that the ægyptian christians thought themselves wiser than the godlike founder of the religion they professed.

So much the more approbation did they find among the mass of this indolent and atrabilious race, who had

already a natural aversion to all the accommodations of life. These splenetic phantasiasts were ever striving to become something more than a follower of Christ was taught to be; for only he was called a perfect christian, who by the rigorous exercises of self-denial, renounced the obligations of humanity. These over-righteous Ægyptians were named ascetics; that is, persons who endeavoured and who made it the grand business of their lives, by such methods to become more virtuous in conduct and more perfect in temper than the rest of mankind.

The primitive christians were incontestably so far ascetics, as they attended to the honourable and fruitful exercises of devotion. But the above-mentioned ecclesiastical historian, excellently observes in another place, that no condition in human society, no kind of meats or drinks, were regarded by the apostles as impediments to piety; for the great art of the christian was to be, the use of the world without its abuse.

The ægyptian ascetics, on the contrary, were wild enthusiasts, who were constantly introducing additional innovations, in good intentions but with little prudence. Some wore the philosophic mantle. Numbers accounted it highly meritorious to cohabit with their wives in spirit alone. All of them exercised themselves in whatever is painful to human nature, that the charms of sensuality might find less access to their hearts. They prayed indeed, as it was but fitting they should; but therewith they did nothing but fast, and watch and howl. They mortified their body, and exercised themselves in the bondage of superstition and fanaticism, till they had totally perverted the religion
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of Jesus. It was ever the custom with the ægyptian ascetics to believe they were perpetually sinning; that penance was therefore always necessary, without being enjoined by the church, and though the neglect of this work of piety did not exclude them from participating in the sacraments. In this then they acted like those, who fondly imagined, by disfiguring their faces, by sitting in ragged garments, by rolling themselves in the dust; and by smearing their bodies with dirt, to obtain the forgiveness of their sins. The ascetic virgins were ashamed of their sex; the youths emasculated themselves in sacred fury, from the misconstrued injunction, if a member offend thee, cut it off*.

Before the birth of ægyptian philosophy, that famous medley which sprung up in Alexandria, from the doctrines of Pythagoras and Plato, had mingled with ægyptian christianity; and solitude and monkery were, in the eyes of numberless inhuman ægyptians and orientals, the peculiar destination of man, and the proper end of life; there already were people who abandoned their relations; and retired from all intercourse with the world. Many of them, however, did

* From this false exegetic, there arose, about the year of Christ 240. a class of ascetics far more dangerous still. They were called *Valefians*. C'étoient des hérétiques fort dangereux, says a french historian, car croyant que la concupiscence ôtoit la liberté, ils soutenoient, qu'il falloit en supprimer la source, en se faisant eunuques : et ils pouffoient leur charité et leur zele jusqu'à faire eunuques de tous ceux qu'ils pouvoient attraper C'étoit la leur bonne œuvre principale.

not proceed so far, but contented themselves with abjuring only what flattered the senses, with abstaining from marriage, from flesh and wine and all nutritious food, from whatever related to the body alone. But all of them adopted the resolution of purifying their souls, and freeing them from the empire of appetite and passion.

No sooner were the superstitions of the new platonic philosophy blended with the system of christianity, than the simplicity of the ascetic life received a greater commixture of ægyptian fooleries. Plato had already taught, with sufficient plausibility, that the life of man should be a constant endeavour to die, or to free the immortal mind from the incumbrances of matter. That the only path that led up to the deity, or the only means that could give new pinions to the aspiring soul, which had been much impaired, was by the mortification of the senses and the passions, and unremitting prosecution and contemplation of eternal truth. That the genuine sage never once bestowed a thought, from his earliest infancy, on the way that conducted to senates or tribunals, or other places of public resort. He heard and saw nothing of written or unwritten laws or national decrees; and contests or rivalry about public offices and posts of honour, never entered his head, any more than great banquets and convivial assemblies. He knew nothing of the history of his country, either antient or modern; and had never once observed, that he knew nothing of it. He renounced all this, not out of vanity, not with a view to boast of his ignorance, but from the full persuasion that they were all emptiness and vanity, undeserving of a moment's attention.

attention. The wise man abides and converses with his fellow-citizens, according to the body alone, his mind is always hovering around, neither descending below the earth, nor soaring aloft to the skies, for prying into the nature of each particular being. But, is he summoned to answer at the bar of justice, or to discourse to the people, it casts him into the greatest perplexity, and he is just like Thales, who, on falling into the ditch, became an object of derision to the lowest of the populace; as he absolutely knows nothing of what belongs to common life, or lies before the feet of ordinary men. He contemns elevation of rank, immense possessions extending through various countries, nobility and antiquity of descent, enormous treasures accumulated from remote ancestors, as the toys of children, of which no heaven-born spirit can ever be proud. Lastly, he ridicules all arts and sciences as idle tales, excepting such as instruct him, how he may escape as quickly as possible out of this transitory earthly impure abode into a better world where there is no change, no ascent, and consequently no declension.

Charmed by this enthusiastic pomp of words, the ægyptian ascetics were not satisfied with resembling the primitive christians of Jerusalem, the most faithful imitators of the man of Nazareth. Such christianity was too low for them. The platonists who lived at the end of the second, and much more those of the third century, delivered those principles of Plato, and were thus not only useless members of civil society, but even traitors to it, inasmuch as they robbed it of young and hopeful persons. They made choice of a doctrine, whereby they who might have been the teachers,

teachers, the enlighteners and improvers of their times, became nothing better than uselefs philosophical monks.

All these gloomy and idle fanatics, without exception, taught that man was only happy by ascending to God; and to this supreme felicity, to this reunion with the deity, he could never attain, till all the bands were loosed that attached the soul to matter. They maintained, that the tranquil lover of wisdom, who sought after it in silence, needed neither permanent health nor athletic strength, for being partaker of the sovereign felicity; for that this could no otherwise be attained than by gradually stifling the passions, and by neither craving nor fearing, neither sorrowing nor rejoicing at any thing that is not in our power to obtain or to avoid. The notions entertained by the new platonics of the perfection of human nature, were therefore altogether surprizing, since they prized the virtues, not according to the relations of purposed advantages, which are founded on certain aptitudes and actions, but according to the degree of distance to which they carried us from matter, and brought us nearer to the deity.

Such idle conceits and fantastical follies as these, were now so much interwoven with the christian religion in Ægypt, that it was disfigured to that degree as not to be known. Philosophizing christians who pretended to lead a life of extraordinary sanctity on the sublime principles of the new platonic system, made it all their study to detach their soul from the fetters of the body, by contemplation, abstinence, solitude, and bodily torments, that even in this life they might unite themselves nearer with God. Removed above every
thing

thing earthly, purified from all remaining attachment to the world, they hoped to soar into heaven, and lose themselves in the fountain of being. Hence arose in Ægypt a two-fold piety and a two-fold virtue. A man might be ordinarily pious and sublimely pious; pious as any one else might be, and pious as only the initiated knew how to become. Ordinary christians laboured; the sublime christian was sunk in indolent repose. A sluggish and gloomy mysticism was accordingly the natural offspring of all this fanaticism, of the gospel misunderstood, and of the extravagancies of the new platonic philosophy; and then to this must be added the burning heats of the sun, in which men can conceive no greater happiness than coolness and repose.

Many of the ascetics heretofore dwelt in their houses and amongst mankind. But, since they had learnt from their airy maxims, to strike platonical sparks of the deity out of themselves, like fire out of a flint, to break all their passions like glass, totally to efface all impressions of sense, to elevate the soul, proof against every trial, to its primitive source, and to seek their sovereign good in nothing but indolent repose, they abandoned the ties of society, and separated from mankind. At the end of the second, and in the third century, consequently in the times of the greatest prevalence of the new platonic philosophy, the ascetics withdrew from the towns and cities into solitary places, and obtained the name of monks, that is, solitary persons.

Some persons indeed had lived in retirement before. But numbers of them, merely in consequence of the ægyptian philosophy, which was inculcated on them by their

teachers, and therefore in the design of reaching the highest degree of sanctity, embraced this severer mode of life.

They dwelt now, first in Ægypt and afterwards in Syria, remote from the rest of mankind; either together, and in that case they elected, in high and firm resolves, a president, father and elder, by whose guidance, exhortations, and example, they hoped to finish their conflict; or, this appearing not sufficient to their platonic mystic aim, as many dreaded lest, by the sight of their brethren, by their conversation, by social work and prayer, the complete introversion of the soul should be prevented, and they fail of the exalted mystical repose they sought: therefore, these betook themselves to the wilderness, where, taking possession of the deserted abodes of savage beasts, they led a hard, a comfortless, and melancholy life. The former were called *cœnobites*, and these *anachoretēs*, or *eremites*.

Cassian is the first author who has collected all these accounts, as a faithful relator both of what he was eye-witness to, and of what he heard from the mouths of the ægyptian monks. He says, after one of these monks, that the aim of every one of them was to acquire an immoveable tranquillity of mind; all within must be elevated to the spiritual contemplation of the deity, and to a perpetual purity of heart, whereby alone we can see God; monks are to will but one thing, and that one thing is God. Thus, in the second and third century, mysticism was the origin of all monkery; consequently, the primitive design of the monastic life was something whereof millions of monks have never heard, and know nothing about. Thus Pythagoras,
and

and Plato, and Philo *, and the burning heats and dry atmosphere, brought forth mysticism, and mysticism begat monachism.

Multitudes of christians likewise fled to the deserts to avoid the persecutions of the roman emperors, and numbers of them never came back from the deserts. One of the most famous of those who escaped the persecution of Decius was Paul, a native of Thebes, the first christian hermit.

On the breaking out of the christian troubles, this noble, rich, and learned youth, sought to hide himself in a retired part of the country. But, being informed of a design to discover his place of retreat to the pagans, he went deeper into the wilderness among the mountains; where, after travelling a long way, he came to a great cave, at the foot of one of them, the entrance to which was covered by an overhanging rock. This cave he entered; and, walking onwards, found a roomy space, which had an opening at top, that admitted the light through the spreading branches of an aged palm; in this subterranean apartment was likewise a limpid spring, but which flowed not far before it lost itself again in the earth. In the same mountain were several other dwellings, and in them various implements for coining, as in the time of Cleopatra the false coiners were wont to make it a place of refuge.

Here Paul chose immediately to fix his abode. The palm-tree yielded him raiment and food, the fountain supplied him with drink. He lived in this place, dividing his time between prayer and other spiritual ex-

* Mosheim, who has set all this in the clearest light, finds the whole system of mysticism in Philo, the platonising jew.

ercises, till his hundred and thirtieth year, that is, till about the year of the vulgar æra 340. At this time he became acquainted with Antonius, who had long led the same kind of life in another district of these ægyptian wilds, and came to Paul just time enough to bury him; as he shortly after died.

Paul was thus the first among the christians who was known and celebrated by the name of hermit, who raised himself to a higher pitch than the ordinary ascetics, renounced all intercourse with mankind in his solitary desert, and never forsook his cave. Hieronymus styles him the author of the solitary life; but this was properly no more than an extension and continuation of the life of the ascetics.

How much must the great herd of christians have admired the man, who, solely for the purpose of working more strenuously at his salvation, magnanimously reduced himself to the condition of a savage; and became dead to all the world! How must the multitude revere the man, who, through the whole course of his life, made a voluntary renunciation of whatever is thought excellent and agreeable by mankind; and all this for the sake of invisible benefits! How easy was it to connect with the idea of such sentiments and manners, and so perfect a sanctity, the expectation of miraculous powers! And then how easy was it for the hermit himself to be animated by the warmth of his own imagination, not to leave dormant and unemployed, much less to stifle, those gifts that were imparted to him for the benefit of the world! It was natural for him, who had left the usual way whereby other christians arrive at a maturer virtue, who is in constant expectation
of

of extraordinary things, to imagine that he saw apparitions and miracles in his behalf. The sultry climate of Ægypt, Syria, and Palestine, favoured, by its effects upon the body, this enthusiastic and misanthropical piety. Many were led into the wilderness by a natural propensity to solitude and sadness; others by their adust constitution of body, or their thick and lazy blood. One christian took upon him this lofty scheme of self-denial for fear of the blandishments of sense; another because the world was become insupportable to him, from the wrongs he had suffered and the disgust he had imbibed; while a third made the like resolve for more completely avoiding the allurements to those sins he had already committed, and to which he was most inclined. It is indeed more honourable and more profitable to abstain from sin by the force of a christian temper, in the society of men and the midst of temptations; though the penances enjoined by the church against sins might even move them to put themselves under a kind of impossibility ever to fall into them again. But the hermit deceived both himself and his admirers. He hoped to bid adieu to sin and all the occasions to it; and sin pursued him even into his desert abode. The speciously sacred inactivity in which he reposed was already a transgression of the divine command; and the heart with which he conquered the world was conquered itself by vanity and pride.

These reflections, which are made by an ecclesiastical historian, will I think serve to shew that I am not the only one who does not always take off his hat to the apparent sanctity of the primitive hermit. Perhaps, after this prospect surveyed from a distance, the impatient

tient reader will now rather follow me into the caves and the cells, which, three hundred and five years after the birth of Christ, the holy Antonius brought more into order, and animated with a greater enthusiasm. Perhaps he will now peruse with greater participation some features of the life and character of a man, who acted so powerfully on a number of mankind, and from whose manners and mode of life, thousands of his followers will maintain, that they are neither melancholy nor mad.

Antonius the great was by birth an ægyptian peasant. It is affirmed by some that he could read and write; and by others it is denied. In his first youth he would have no intercourse whatever with other boys. He lurked by himself in corners, indulging his fullen humour. No sooner had he lost his parents, but this atrabilious youth made over the estate that fell to him, consisting of no less than a hundred and fifty acres of land, as a donative to the boors of his village; he sold the furniture of the mansion, and gave the money to the poor. Soon after, forsaking house and home, he retired at first to a solitary place in the neighbourhood, then travelled from one hermit to another, for making himself acquainted with that exalted virtue of which in the sequel he gave his contemporaries the example, and by them the doctrine to the world.

The devil had kindled in the heart of this great saint, very early in life, the fire of wanton lust. Antonius fought against it by day with the weapons of bread and water, and with a hard couch by night. For making his victory over sin and the world more complete, he went and hid himself in a sepulchre, at a considerable distance

distance from the village where he was born. This curious habitation seemed to increase his disposition to fullness and melancholy, and I need only relate what his most cautious historian says of him, for shewing how much his brain had suffered from this first ascetic attempt. In his sepulchre he was perpetually engaged in imaginary scuffles with the devil; and, in this uneasiness and anxiety of mind, he beat himself so dreadfully against the narrow vault, that his limbs were covered with bruises, inasmuch, that he was taken out of his grave for dead, and brought to the village church for interment. Probably he was epileptic. However, scarcely was he come to himself in the church, but he requested, that, regardless of his wounds, they would carry him again into his cavern. Instantly the devil was there; that is, his distemper returned. He renewed the engagement, was wounded afresh, and retained his wounds for a long time after.

Antonius resolved now to repair once for all to the desert, in company with an old ascetic; this latter refused to go, being afraid to engage in so novel an undertaking. Antonius therefore set out on his journey alone, in the five and thirtieth year of his age. He passed the Nile, came into the mountainous country, where, seeing an old ruinous castle, he shut himself up in it, and there remained for twenty years.

All this time, his nourishment consisted of old crusts of bread that were brought him half-yearly, and of water that he found in his castle. His door he neither opened for those who brought him bread; nor for any that wanted to visit him. But, to their terror and astonishment, these people frequently heard a dreadful

riot

riot and screaming within. It was their firm belief that Antonius was at fifty-cuffs with the devil; but they properly heard how foolish he could make himself when he pleased, or how foolish he actually was in his castle. The concourse however became gradually so great under the holy walls of this haunted tower, that Antonius at last resolved, after twenty years, at the repeated solicitations of several persons, as the sacred authors inform us, but from irksomeness, as I should suppose, and manifestly for the benefit of his health, to abandon his castle.

His melancholy rage now left him. He became sociable, undertook matters of high concern, assembled about him from all parts hermits like himself, and accustomed them to a mode of living in common. They made their habitations nearer together, and joined one another in their exercises of prayer, and in procuring the necessaries of life. Antonius now performed miracle after miracle upon the sick both in body and soul; and persuaded a great multitude of persons to betake themselves to solitude, though he had hitherto in reality so little reason to extol that mode of life; for, what with his abode in the grave, and in the haunted castle, he was evidently not right in the head.

Many followed his advice, and built themselves huts, which were then called dwellings of solitary monks [monasteria], amongst the mountains in those parts. Antonius had the inspection of them all, as their common father. This passion for solitude increased from day to day, till he had peopled by degrees the deserts around. It is not unlikely that the persecutions which still continued might contribute considerably to the same

same effect; but when peace was again restored to the church, these hermitages were still ever gaining new fugitives from the world. The place where Antonius assembled the first recluses about him was called Phaium, and one of his first, and most famed, and most active, disciples was the blessed Hilarion.

Hilarion, while a young student of Alexandria, from motives of curiosity came to visit Antonius, and went back, taking with him the monkish habit. St. Antonius however was so totally freed from his melancholy, that he was actually grown too social and civil. This displeased the austere Hilarion. The concourse about St. Antonius was insupportable to him; and he expressed his dislike of the disturbances and wranglings of the people who came to this stroker to have devils cast out which they had not in them. Hilarion therefore went back to his native place, to pass his days there alone, far remote from this scene of confusion and noise *. Antonius presented him at his departure with
a sheep-

* The fame of Greatrakes and his miraculous cures are commonly known. He used to repair daily to Lincoln's inn fields, whither incredible numbers of patients of both sexes and of all ranks flocked to him from all parts. All he did was only to stroke them; and thereby every kind of pain, the gout, rheumatism, convulsions, &c. were removed from one part of the body to another, till they reached the very extremities, after which they entirely disappeared. This made him be called the Stroker. He ascribed the various distempers to evil spirits, which he distinguished into several species. As soon as those that were possessed saw him or heard his voice, they fell to the ground, or had violent agitations. However, every body would not believe in his

a sheep-skin gown, as a memorial of his friendship; and his esteem for Hilarion was afterwards so great, that

his miraculous gift; and some severe pamphlets were written against him. but he found zealous defenders even amongst the physicians. He himself published in 1666, a letter to the Hon. Mr. Boyle: in which he gave a short history of his life, with the divine impulses he had at various times received. To it were annexed a great many certificates signed by persons of known probity, and particularly by Mr. Boyle, and by Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Whichcot, Dr. Cudworth, and Dr. Patrick, famous divines, who attested the truth of the wonderful cures he had performed: but nevertheless his reputation lasted no great while; for it appeared at last, that all those miraculous cures were entirely founded on the credulity of the public. — Gassner, a priest in Germany, had, a few years ago, the reputation of healing miraculously a great number of diseases that he cured. This was much for our times. But what is still more extraordinary, Gassner had actually wrought cures upon the sick by his exorcisms on the spot, and had been in this practice a long while, the history of which I know, and which I, and other far more expert physicians than myself, could not cure. We should have cured them too, if we had been masters of so much influence on the minds of men, as yet properly speaking every physician ought to be; for, in the devil, as the cause of any distemper, I truly believe as little as in the removal of a malady by means of this driving out of the devil. Yet, that Gassner cured people of nervous complaints, by an exceedingly striking command over the imagination and the nerves of the vulgar, of this I am fully convinced. But, by the by, it was singular enough, that just after the time that M. Lavater was striving to gain the general assent to his doctrine of the ever-continuing possibility of miraculous gifts, this catholic priest should be making such a noise in Suabia and Bavaria, and seem to do practically what Mr. Lavater in Zurich had promised exegetically.

it was usual for him to ask the people who came to him from Syria, for having their devils cast out, why they had not gone to Hilarion, who understood the ejection of devils as well as himself?

Antonius was now not so much a recluse as rather a preacher of solitude, and a far-famed ejector of devils. The life he led was however still sufficiently austere. On his bare body he wore a shirt of horse-hair, over this a sheep-skin cloak, and a hood on his head. His appearance might possibly be squalid enough, for to wash and cleanse himself was far from his thoughts; and the familiar reptiles that dwelt between his hide and the horse-hair were therefore always at liberty to beat the campaign. Sometimes he ate about three of the clock in the afternoon, but commonly not till after sun-set; frequently not till after two, three, or four, and even not till after five days fasting. If he were then terribly hungry, he nevertheless contented himself with six ounces of stale dry bread, soaked in water, and a little salt. At times he would eat a few dates on coming up to a palm-tree. Not till he had reached an advanced age did his disciples find it necessary to treat him once every month with olives, oil, and vegetables.

Antonius kept a table for his patients, as Michael Schuppach does at Langnau. But not so good by far; for he gave his patients and guests nothing more to eat than cabbages of his own planting, and probably these not boiled. Neither was Antonius, at table, half so merry and amusing, and amusable, as Schuppach; for before meals he said twelve psalms by heart, he also repeated the same twelve psalms twelve times, and between whiles twelve times prayed. On rising from

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table he went again with his guests to prayer, repeated the twelve psalms once more, twelve prayers between whiles again; and then laid him down to rest.

He slept on a mat of rushes, and sometimes on the bare earth. But his general custom was not to lie down to sleep at all, but to watch and pray the whole night through. At other times, after having slept a little, he rose about midnight, and prayed with outstretched arms till the rising of the sun, and often till three in the afternoon. He was ashamed of being obliged to eat and to sleep. This dependance on his body and on his stomach was so repugnant to him, that though he at times sat down with his brethren at table, he would suddenly get up, go away, and either fast, or eat by himself. Though he could scarcely endure to be seen eating, yet he sometimes would eat with his brethren, only in order to have an opportunity for giving them good advice.

Whenever the sick assailed him in too great numbers, Antonius withdrew himself from them, and lived alone, as long as he was able to bear it. But at such times he was occasionally attacked by fits of irksomeness and dislike, as we see from the various antient and fainted authors whom the pious and learned Tillemont quotes. Once, on being seized by this spiritual death in the desert, he complained in his prayer to God, that, from being so plagued with ennui, he could no longer advance his salvation. Antonius had immediately a vision to reprove him. He saw himself sitting at work, then retiring from his work to devote himself to pray; then sitting again, and employed in weaving a mat of palm leaves, and then praying again. The interpretation

tion of this vision he found to be, that employment is the best preservative from yawning and ennui. Antonius accordingly sat about weaving mattresses. He employed himself likewise, whenever he had no devils to cast out, in gardening and husbandry.

In the year 312, Antonius fell upon a conceit, which in those times was by no means unusual. He suddenly left his solitude, and went to Alexandria, in the design of getting himself put to death by the public executioner. Not succeeding in the attempt, he returned in disgust to his cell, shut himself up, would not go out, and refused himself to the sight and the converse of all men. But on the sick, who still continued to throng about his cell, for the sake of being cured of their maladies, miracles were now wrought, even though they neither saw nor heard the sanctimonious doctor.

Antonius however could not long permit these visits, as they disturbed his rest, and, by the reverence they were intended to pay him, wounded his humility; or they appeared to him impertinent and insipid, as all visits are, that are made to famous men for the purpose of gazing at them. He went therefore deeper into the wilderness, and pitched upon mount Colzim, on the borders of the Red sea, as the last and most glorious term of his career. Water and palm-trees he found on the spot; he likewise sowed wheat and made his own bread, that no one might come to him under the pretext of bringing him crusts. At first, he had no other company on mount Colzim than a great troop of devils, who were constantly endeavouring to drive him out of his retreat, and who certainly would have written against solitude, if Antonius had been able to read.

The towering Coltzim stood in the desert which leads to the Red sea, between Babylon and Heraclea; but between it and Babylon lay so frightful and inhospitable a desert, that it was found necessary to establish a camel-post for those who in future should come to visit St. Antonius from the nearest towns, so much as he strove against all visits, and sourly as he was wont to look at the vile crew of visitors that flocked to him from all parts.

Otherwise, this mountain was agreeable enough; rocky, high, and not above a thousand paces in circumference. At the foot of it ran a little placid stream, the banks of which were shaded by a great number of palms. Antonius had here planted vines and trees, and laid out a garden, and cultivated the ground. This caused him a great deal of work, but was likewise a sovereign remedy against ennui. There would frequently come a multitude of wild asses and other beasts of the desert, to drink of the little stream; but, on these occasions, they ravaged the garden of Antonius, and destroyed what he had planted and sown. To prevent these depredations for the time to come, one day the great saint commanded a wild-ass that headed the rest to stand still before him. The ass obeyed. Upon this, Antonius gave him a very gentle stroke with a switch, and commanded him and his company, in the name of the Lord, not to enter his garden again as long as they lived. And the asses contented themselves with drinking out of the little stream, and never came into his garden again.

Antonius the great had commonly his residence in a narrow cave of this mountain, which was no bigger than
than

than himself. For the sake of change, however, he had hewn out two cells of the like dimensions in the rock on the top of the mountain, and provided them with doors. Into one of these he retired, when he wanted to free himself from the trouble of visits.

These now again exceeded all belief, as soon as Antonius was here traced out. He had visits from all ends and corners, of monks and idlers, and such as were afflicted with diseases. To the monks he gave excellent lessons. The sick he frequently cured by the efficacy of his faith and the unction of his prayers. Sometimes he cured them, and sometimes not. And whenever the latter happened, it made him neither angry nor sad, as in truth it would some had they been in his place; but he gravely and sententiously exhorted them to patience.

From mount Coltzim Antonius paid frequent visits to Phaïum; where he had gathered about him in little huts his first disciples. However not so frequently as he was requested; as that place was distant a journey of three days and three nights, and as the way led across a desert, where no water was found. Every five, ten, or twenty days, Antonius left his holy mountain, and repaired to a place at some considerable distance, named Pispir, where a number of cœnobites dwelt. Here he very readily received his visitants. On the arrival of any, he directly asked, whether they were strangers? If the monks answered, yes; he enquired whether they were Ægyptians or people from Jerusalem? Now the monks told him lies. For, when people were there to whom Antonius had nothing of consequence to say, they told him they were Ægyptians; but were they

persons of great faith in Antonius, they told him they were people from Jerusalem. If they said, Ægyptians were there, then Antonius would order lentile porridge to be given them to eat; which done, he dispatched them with a prayer and a short exhortation. If they said, people from Jerusalem were there, then he was extremely gracious and affable, sat down, and chatted with them the whole night through on matters of salvation. Thus, Antonius was in reality more polite to foreigners than to his own countrymen.

At times, the saint went down from his mountain, and took long journies, especially to Alexandria; where great numbers that felt themselves oppressed implored his intercession with the governor. But, as soon as ever he had presented their petitions, he hurried back to his solitude.

In the ninetieth year of his age, he made a very memorable visit to Paul the first hermit, who had already lived ninety years, unknown to all the rest of mankind, entirely alone, and in the profoundest concealment. The old head of the great Antonius was again uncommonly hot on this journey; for the most material particulars he relates of it shew, that he had been dreaming with open eyes.

On the way he would have it that he had discoursed with a monster. It was half man and half horse, who besought him, in the name of a whole herd of them, to call upon God in their behalf. Such monsters a man never sees when he is right in his head. Then Antonius says, that a raven brought him twice as much bread as he had been used to bring Paul for sixty years before. But this is not all; for Paul unfolded to his friend,

friend, that his end was approaching; and, that he might spare him the painful office of being present at his death, begged him to fetch a cloak that he had received for a winding sheet as a present from Athanasius. Antonius, on returning with the cloak, took a fancy into his head, that though he found Paul without any signs of life, yet that he was not altogether naturally dead, but that he saw his immortal part, quite luminous and shining, ascending towards heaven, amidst hosts of angels and apostles. But what was mortal of Paul, his dead body, he found in the attitude of one kneeling at prayers. He buried him, with the assistance of two lions.

Antonius must have found himself weak after this feverish journey; for, on coming back to his holy mountain, he chose two of his disciples to be his constant companions, that they might afford him their services in his increasing infirmity.

Among the many visitors that came to Antonius, either in the monastery of Pispir or on his sacred mountain, there would sometimes be heretics. But heretics, and especially arians, Antonius could never endure. Some arians came to visit him on his mountain, whom he drove away on the spot. All heretics in general were so dreadfully grievous to Antonius, that shortly before his death he took one more journey to Alexandria, only to curse the heretics. Even on his death-bed he shewed his intolerant spirit in a vehement admonition to his disciples, wherein he commanded them never to have any concern with a heretic.

From philosophers also Antonius was sometimes favoured with visits; and these came for the sake of

making themselves merry with him, and to laugh at him for an idiot and a blockhead. This displeased him, as may very easily be imagined. Cassianus relates, that some philosophers, who were then known to be much addicted to magic, let loose a whole pack of devils of the first rate upon him, merely by way of insult. But Antonius as all the world knows, was shot-proof against devils of every rank and degree.

A couple of other philosophers were making their sport of him; but he struck them dumb upon the spot, by casting out a pair of devils before their noses. Other philosophers asked him how he could live without books? Antonius gave them this sublime reply: My book is God and nature. At one time likewise he said very excellently: A time is coming when all mankind will be fools; and when they shall see a man who is not a fool, they will all rise up against him, as if, because he is not like them, he was therefore the only fool in the world.

An anecdote is recorded in the coptic martyrology, from whence we may conclude, that Antonius had more than once cast a truly prophetic look into the tablets of futurity. His disciples were one day sitting round him, expressing their admiration at the multitude of persons who devoted themselves to solitude, and the ardour with which they proceeded on the path of piety. Will this last long? said they to Antonius. He answered them with tears, The time, alas, will come, when monks, instead of dwelling in caves and holes of the earth, will remove into great cities; there they will build themselves palaces, will indulge in good eating and drinking, and be distinguished from

other worldlings by nothing except their habit, their cowl, and by an empty glory in the merits of their first founder.

A glorious moral maxim also once on a time proceeded from the mouth of Antonius, when the monks had been severely rebuking a brother on account of some transgression. The delinquent came to Antonius complaining of the hard treatment he had received; the rest of the monks galloped up to him, to pull him away, and abused him more grossly in the presence of Antonius. All this happened when St. Paphnutius accidentally was there. On hearing the horrid noise, he said to the monks: I once saw on the banks of a river, a man sticking up to the knees in a bog, some persons coming up, reached out their hands to draw him forth, and in this attempt only plunged him in farther, even up to the chin. This is truly spoken, returned Antonius; I perceive, Paphnutius, that thou understandest how souls are delivered.

From the pleasure I take in citing such noble touches, every impartial reader will see, that I am not uncandid towards St. Antonius. In all my life it never cost me any effort to relate what I saw that was really great and good, of a man whose weaknesses I knew and discovered, as soon as I saw something great and good. But the fanatics that take Antonius for a man who through the whole course of his life had the intellect of an angel, are enabled now to see how they differ from me, as I shew them so plainly, that there were many and long periods in the life of this renowned ægyptian boor, in which he was wrong in the head.

Folly

Folly does no injury to the reputation ; for, notwithstanding this, the report of the heroic life of this rustic reached the court of the emperor Constantine ; who accordingly wrote to Antonius as to a prophet, intreating a visit from him. His fame resounded throughout the world. The authority he had over the minds of men spread itself far and wide ; and Antonius, however weak and wretched in his younger years, must certainly have had strong nerves and force and good lungs as he advanced in life, for talking so many persons out of the desire of the accommodations of life.

His last journey to Alexandria in all likelihood hastened his death. He hobbled thither to curse the heretics, and none ever curse heretics without some gall ; which is always dangerous, and at such an advanced age usually kills. What brought M. de Voltaire to his grave, in Paris, contributed not a little, as I humbly conceive, to the death of the great Antonius, in Alexandria. The Alexandrians were, like the Parisians, a volatile, curious, airy and inflammable people. A strange beast or a great man, set all Alexandria in motion. Antonius being at Alexandria for the last time, the crouds of christians and heathens that flocked around him, was too much for the poor old creature to bear. All the Alexandrians must have a fight of the great man, who had cast out such a quantity of devils ; and several of them went up and shook his gown, in hopes of seeing at least a brace of devils tumble out of it.

Thus ended the long and glorious career of the great Antonius, in the hundred and fifth year of his age. He died on his holy mountain, in the arms of

two of his monks, just after his return from Alexandria; leaving to the archbishop Athanasius* one of his hair gowns, to St. Macarius his staff, and to all recluses his example.

The name of Antonius is come down in great lustre to our times, as he is adored in all monasteries. As a man who boasted of divine revelations, as a worker of miracles, as a pattern to all monks, and principal saint of all mystics, he was naturally a contemner of every species of learning. Learning stands in the way of the mystical elements of monkery. By solitary meditations, by prayer, by inspirations, a fertile imagination and severe abstinence, men thought to attain to the knowledge of religion in a far greater degree than by the utmost efforts of the understanding and reason. But all these special advantages to the attainment of piety are notoriously repugnant to the genuine spirit of christianity.

Such examples of the most exalted devotion, as Antonius is pretended to have given, soon opened a door to an incredible multitude of christian fanatics and adventurers. Ægypt, Lybia, Syria, Arabia, and Pa-

* Athanasius, patriarch and archbishop of Alexandria, has eternized his gratitude for this important legacy; as he is universally known to be the biographer of the great Antonius. Athanasius is likewise still revered in the romish church as a saint of the first magnitude. It is nevertheless true that the council of Tyre, in the year 335 deprived him of the pastoral staff. The holy man was accused of having violated a virgin, slain a bishop, and broke a chalice. He is said indeed to have justified himself from these accusations; but he remained deposed, and was banished from Alexandria to Triers.

læstine,

læstine, swarmed with this new species of pietists ; they spread themselves even into Æthiopia and Abyssinia. All were disciples of Antonius, and heirs of his lofty virtue. Every one strove, in his native country, to emulate the life and energy of this mighty teacher. One encouraged the other on this thorny path ; every one extended this divine philosophy as far as he was able. The disciples of Antonius, and their scholars, were visited from the remotest regions of the world. The sublimity of their life, and their heroic perseverance in it, made them at once famous and humble ; for these great men were as desirous of remaining unknown, says Sozomen, as their vain successors are greedy of worldly applause.

Antonius, however, had only found out a little path to heaven, and that not exceedingly frequented. His disciple Pachomius was the first, as is supposed, who pointed out the highway to that blessed abode ; for by his institutions in Ægypt he was properly the original founder of all the monasteries in christendom.

DISORDERED EYES.

MR. CAMPE'S* account of the disorder of his eyes has perhaps affected none to whom you have communicated it, so much as me ; for I too have experienced almost all that he describes. I flatter myself that some utility may also accrue from communicating

* See before, vol. i. p. 339.

my remarks on one of the most calamitous events that can befall a man of letters, from my own experience, yet in such a manner as that I shall only succinctly touch upon, or entirely pass over, those particulars which my disorder had in common with his. A second example of what dismal effects are brought on both body and mind by the immoderate use of the eyes will at least renew the impression of the first, which, with those who are used to sit brooding over books, like a hen over her eggs, may be but too easily effaced.

My eyes are by nature as good as a man can wish his eyes to be. In my younger years I have won many a wager from my schoolfellows with them; for on being out in the fields, no sooner did one of them say: Yonder comes a horseman! than one or other would think he saw a great deal, when he could tell the colour of his coat; but I could even declare the quality of what he wore about his neck, whether cravat or handkerchief or stock. At the university my sight was still so strong, that a couple of friends with whom I was accustomed to walk for the purpose of collecting herbs and plants, familiarly called me their telescope. Any thing near, I saw just as well; I read the smallest writing of every kind so readily, that from habit I preferred it to larger, and even chose rather to write with a crow-quill than any other. Neither then, nor in the two following years in which I was Referendarius in the office of war and domains at Halberstadt, did I feel any detriment from my eyes, except that I now lost several wagers, whenever I pretended as boldly to pronounce upon objects a couple of miles off, as I had used to do when I was but ten or twelve years

years of age. Hitherto I had only resigned myself periodically to my thirst of study, at times sitting over my books for fourteen days, and almost as many nights together, without any other employment; and then again hardly looking in a book for as long a space, excepting that I observed the academical hours of study, and afterwards attended the lectures; but the rest of my time I devoted entirely to company. In that year, I had an opportunity of gratifying these different humours at pleasure. If I was struck with a fancy for study, various libraries stood open to my use; if I sought merely my amusement, I had free access to several estimable families. By this ingenious division of my time, my eyes were kept in excellent order. But, nine years ago, being placed at Ellrich, a small town in the forest of Hartz, at a distance from my friends, amidst people for the most part entire strangers to me, without a library, without booksellers' shops, without literary correspondence, at first I knew not what to do. For, through the disagreeableness of my situation, I almost forgot to take refuge in study. The distractions which my perambulations about this delightful country procured me came to an end with the summer. The winter came on earlier and lasted longer than usual; and the weather was incomparably more cold and uncomfortable in the Hartz than in the adjacent country. Always in my chamber alone, it was no longer inclination, but necessity that impelled me to study; and every hour in which I was not busied in the duties of my office, was devoted to books. After the expiration of a month I got such a taste for this mode of life, that I entirely abandoned all companies,

panies, and indeed all intercourse with human society; seldom took even a solitary walk, and usually passed 17 or 18 of the four and twenty hours in writing and reading. In the space of three years I scarcely went to bed three times before midnight, or at least I read till that hour in bed. For eating I seldom allowed myself more than five minutes; nay I even ate standing; or, if I sat, I had the book lying open beside me on the napkin. In the twilight I used to go with my book to the window, and by moonlight I frequently wrote verses in bed, as they came into my fancy in long sleepless nights.

In this manner I proceeded to use my eyes, as if it had been impossible to spoil them; and in fact they stood it out much longer than my bodily health. By continued sitting I lost my appetite; I regarded the necessity of eating more as a punishment than a pleasure. — In reality it is as prejudicial to the health to eat alone, as to take no exercise. In the former case a man is too liable to the habit of swallowing his food without sufficient mastication and mixture with the juice of the salival glands, from whence a bad digestion must necessarily arise. But this is not all. He that sits down to eat without company and diversion, always brings with him to table the subject on which he was immediately before employed; and, for my own part, I have never more vigorously exerted my thoughts for founding a matter to the bottom than while I was eating. The consequence of this practice was, that I grew sick, without rightly knowing what ailed me; that I became thin and wan, could no longer bear any exertion of body, as heretofore, that my feet
I failed

failed me in going up stairs, that the world, with all its beauties and amusements, became indifferent to me, and was no better to me than my own solitary apartment.

While my eyes continued to do their office as formerly, I seldom felt the time hang heavy; but at the beginning of the second winter they began to give me pain by candle light, which rendered reading very irksome to me. A journey to Alberstadt, which I made in raw, cold weather, inflamed them to a great degree; and, on my return, I was not able to write or to read in the day time without much pain, and by candle-light not at all. The seat of the pain was chiefly in the corners of the eyes by the nose, where a white purulent matter gathered. When at work, it was always as if I had fine corroding sand in my eyes. The more I read or wrote in one day, the more red were they the next. In the right eye I felt more pain than in the left; probably this proceeded from the habit of leaning my head on my left hand, so as that this eye was covered, and consequently the right was more strained. It is almost inconceivable to myself how I came not to think of this, till—it was too late. The perpetual burning and itching in my eyes made it scarcely possible for me to keep my hands from rubbing them, though that only served to make them worse.

If I happened to be but one minute in a room where the chimney smoked, or only went through a house where they were washing with lye, I might reckon upon it that I could not use my eyes for the rest of that day; and not only so, but must be tortured with excessive pain. A walk for a quarter of an hour in the
open

open air had the same bad effect upon them; and when there was snow on the ground I dared not venture out, as I could not bear the dazzling reflection. I was obliged to perform the duties of my office under the acutest pains; and all the rest of my time I sat in a corner of the room by a night-lamp with a screen before it, holding my hand before my eyes, a prey to gloomy reveries. The slightest acceleration in the blood caused me such intolerable burnings in the eyes, that I could have scratched them out of my head in despair. Unhappily for me, my blood was always set in such sudden and violent motion by any lively idea, that I was forced to bid adieu to the only amusement that was left me in this melancholy condition, that of making verses. I still occasionally find among my papers a number of poems, some finished, and others in fragments, which I composed in this dismal situation, but which I have purposely suppressed, excepting one that made its appearance in print under the title: *To my Eyes*; because I find that they all turn on such dismal subjects, and paint every object in such gloomy colours, as it is not reasonable they should be shewn in to mankind; and because I think it rather the duty of poet to excite them to the rational enjoyment of a world so good as that which we inhabit. I believe, however, that there may be some truth, alas, in what Chaulieu somewhere says:

Bonne ou mauvaise fanté

Fait notre philosophie.

At least, with me, it required more than a year to see the things around me, in spite of my eyes, in a

somewhat brighter light; an advantage which cost me many a conflict to obtain.

Now no longer able to compose verses, I made my servant read to me. But a good reader among that class of people being very rare, and a bad being so intolerable a companion, I could not bear this lecture above half an hour at a time. The few pieces which I played on the harpsichord from memory grew tiresome from frequent repetition; and so nothing was left to me but to sit musing in a corner of the dark room. Had I been a prisoner in a fortress, free from all remorse of conscience, without pains of the eyes, my lot would have been far preferable.

All the methods put in practice by M. Campe, that of the application of the leeches excepted, I tried; and all in vain. Twice I applied to the Pyrmont waters, and used the cold bath; but almost without effect. At length I went four years ago to the Lauchstadt bath; and though I found myself incomparably better afterwards in bodily health, yet my eyes received no benefit. I was weary of trying so many remedies; and kept solely to the use of cold water, from which I thought I could perceive some alleviation. The oval cups of china, commonly called eye-baths, were of infinite service to me. These cups, which exactly fitted my eyes, filled with cold river water, I held every morning to them till the water was all absorbed. This done, I dipped my head into a tub of water with my eyes open, turning them about at the same time, that the water might touch the inner parts on all sides. In other respects I followed the same course as M. Campe describes.

scribes. However, this is not the sole remedy to which I am indebted, not indeed for a complete, but yet for a competent use of my eyes; though I must confess, that without this all regimen for my eyes would have been of no avail. This I have lately experienced, when, being on a journey, and having left my eye-baths behind, I was obliged to omit the practice for several days. My eyes, without any other cause, immediately grew worse. From an experience of six years I have learnt what diet I must keep for avoiding pains in the eyes, and for preserving them in a proper state for necessary purposes. In this matter I have brought myself to a great degree of ability, except indeed that I cannot entirely avoid all lively emotions of mind which as readily set my blood in violent agitation, as the drinking of spirituous liquors would do, otherwise I can scarcely venture to read any more. However, my eyes must always do penance for the pleasure I receive from the interest I take in every event, whether real or imaginary, that concerns myself or my fellow-creatures.

Wine I must use in great moderation, and never go beyond three glasses, if I would not feel prickings and burnings in the eyes. Rhenish wine does me no harm, but french wine is poison to the eyes, let it be ever so good. I have weaned myself entirely from the use of coffee. A cold floor or pavement inevitably occasions me pains in the eyes, and therefore I cover my floors with carpets, and wear socks; but on my journies I always draw on a pair of fur-boots over my leathern ones. I may not keep my head too warm; for this also has a considerable influence on my eyes. With all this, I do not find that great fulness of blood in any degree con-

tributes to my complaint; for the quantity of my blood is so diminished by water-drinking and copious exercise, that it does not exceed the usual proportion, and I have never any need of blood-letting. Flesh-meats I must use but sparingly, as I find that I do not see so acutely afterwards; and that my eyes give me pain. The most immediate and pernicious effect is produced by sleeping after dinner, though I should indulge in it for no more than a quarter of an hour. Should I happen to be overtaken in this manner, my eyes are afterwards fit for nothing; and I cannot use them at all without the most painful efforts. Too much sleep is no less prejudicial to them than too little. I dare not sleep above 6, or at most above 7 hours, but neither can I sit up the whole night, if I would not feel a great part of my former sufferings. I must even forego the social conference round the friendly hearth; it hurts my eyes so much. Neither can I venture to approach a fire-place without feeling shootings and smart in the eyes. By this cautious regimen, and the use of cold water, I am so far benefited, that I can both read and write in the day-time without pain: nay, even by candle-light I can do both, though but for a few hours, if I would avoid redness and pains in the eyes the day following. Large print, with black and sharp letters, I can read by candle-light for four or five hours without feeling any detriment. But I must sedulously abstain from plying my studies in the twilight, as that is far more pernicious to the eyes than even candle-light, though I should only look at the objects of my apartment. I read and write behind a little screen, which is of a peculiar contrivance. It was invented by an artist at Frankfort.

on the Mayn, whose name indeed I do not know. He sells them in pairs, at a half louis-d'or the pair, which I think a very moderate price, as nothing can be more convenient. [Here the author enters into a minute description of every part of this pocket machine. But they are now so common as to render the insertion of it here unnecessary. They are to be bought at every tin-shop in London. They fold up like a fan, into a tin case, and when taken out may be fixed to a candle of any thickness by means of sliders that compress the pieces of brass which inclose it, and that support the green silk expanded into a circle.] They may be so fixed to two candles on a card-table, that of the four players every one sits in a shade apart. The use they have been of to me on all occasions (for they, my eye-cups, and glass eyes, are my constant travelling companions) a thousand times exceeds the price they cost me.

M. Campe says that he found no relief from a pair of spectacles set in leather, as the seeing through the glasses required a greater exertion of the ocular nerves.

Perhaps the fault might be that the glasses were too close to the eyes. For five years past I have made use of two glasses when I travel in rough weather, which I caused to be set in a rim of horn, a full inch in breadth, and these again fixed in leather, whereby the whole sight is covered, but so as that between the eye and the glass there is a considerable distance. Armed with this vizor, I have frequently, even in winter, performed long journies on horseback, or in an open carriage, without finding my eyes the worse for it afterwards, or feeling any particular strain upon the sight.

In M. Campe's case, too, what he complains of might be owing to the quality of the glasses of the spectacles. I never took my glasses out of spectacles, as these are commonly ground, and I would not habituate my eyes, which were naturally good, too early to them. Ordinary clear glass serves my purpose as well. This covering, however, was still attended with two inconveniences; the one, that from the breath the glasses would grow dim in the cold, and this vapour congealing, the glasses would require frequent wiping; the other, that both sun and snow alike offended my eyes. Necessity is the grand inventress, or turns to use what is already found out. This I have more than once experienced during my tedious indisposition in the eyes. After having long considered in vain, how I might remedy these two defects, I little thought of meeting with instructions for that purpose in professor Pallas's travels. But there it was, if I mistake not, that I found a remedy for both. In the deserts of Siberia it is usual with the inhabitants, for defending their eyes against the dazzling snow, to employ a thin piece of ivory with a slit cut across it, through which is admitted a moderate degree of light, just so much as is requisite for seeing their way in travelling over a desert of snow. A couple of such ivory counters answered my purpose completely at once. They did not get suffused with moisture, they sufficiently kept off the wind, as the slit is narrow, and neither sun nor snow can dazzle the eye so much as through glass. I must still add this caution for them, whose eyes, from weakness, are apt to grow wet by the glare of the sun, of candles, or of snow, that they dry them, not with a silk, but with a linen handkerchief,

handkerchief. As I had been accustomed to the former kind of handkerchiefs, I had sufficient experience of the hurtful effects of using them, though I cannot pretend exactly to assign the reason of it.

I also, with M. Campe, am very ready to confess, that I am under infinite obligations, in respect both to body and mind, to my distempered eyes. They forced me to attend, with unremitted diligence to my diet; by which I now enjoy a confirmed state of health, who six years ago was nothing but a creeping skeleton. They have made me so familiar with pains both of body and mind, that none of either species can henceforth be insupportable to me. They have also taught me, by sad experience, in regard to the rage for study, that the race is not to the swift.

I have been purposely thus prolix, partly for inducing the studious to have some pity on their eyes, and to forbear to use them in such a manner as if they could buy a pair of new ones at any fair, when those they have at present are worn out, and partly for the benefit of those who find themselves in some respects or altogether in the same situation with M. Campe and myself.

It would be a great satisfaction to me to hear that this gentleman finds advantage either from my screen on going abroad into company, or from my ivory counters in travelling. The former I have only seen in two places, the other no where.

GOEKING.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER,
PRINCIPALLY RELATING TO
THE THEATRE AT PARIS.

1789. June 18. In the forenoon saw the procession of the petite Fête-Dieu. Industry of the french on such occasions.

Great tables and carts were set for people to get upon, in places where the holy trumpery was to pass. The rude janizary music suited very well with the rough voices of the ecclesiastics, but badly to the pious genuflections of the spectators; many of whom, covered with bruises, and replete with love to themselves and to God, ran from one remote quarter of the town to another—the petit-maitres, with the powder falling down their cloaths, looked like so many barbers, and the girls tripping along with their petticoats under their arms, because the streets were dirty, added to the gaiety and liveliness of the scene. While the show was passing, the savoyards were constantly crying: Place à louer! — Then away to the opera!

The french opera is worthy of being the pride of the nation. The splendid decorations, the spacious stage, the rapidity and exactitude of the scene-shifting, is perhaps no where to be equalled. Every deception in the power of perspective I saw this day in the representation of the isle of Naxos. The rocks, the agitations of the sea, the remote sky in contact with the watery element,

element, and afterwards the coming on of the storm, the train of the black clouds, the thunder, lightning, and rain: all was exhibited with so much nature and grandeur, as to do honour to the powers of art, in union with the finest taste.

The piece represented was, *Ariadne at Naxos*. *Ariadne* is here called *Ariane*, as the french are unable to pronounce the *dn*. *Ariadne* is asleep when the curtain draws up; *Theseus* enters, surveys her earnestly, contends and struggles with his passion, abandons her, at the persuasion of his fellow-travellers. I cannot say, whether the french piece was made upon the model of the german, or whether the sameness of the materials led both the poets to the same ideas. *Ariadne* dreams likewise here, though not in broken accents, as in the german, but in a very artificial recitative. It is always tacitly agreed not to find any thing unnatural in performances of the opera; accordingly I shall take care how I animadvert on a dream set to music.

The actress, who played the part of *Ariadne*, was *Mademoiselle Maillard*, a little, round figure, and in that respect not fitted for the part of a heroine of antiquity; but, for the sake of her fine voice, and the liveliness of her acting, I very soon forgot the shortness of her stature, and the enormous protuberance of her handkerchief before and her cloaths behind*.

Theseus, *M. Lainez*, a middling figure, with a voice too weak for parts of this nature. The deeper he went, the wider he opened his mouth, till he pressed his chin

* My correspondent† says roundly in French: de son sein et de son cul.

quite against his breast. This trick partly spoilt the fine play of his arms and feet: for here they speak with the feet likewise.

Pictureſque in the higheſt degree were the attitudes of the actors and actreſſes; now and then rather ſtiff from too much affectation.

At the end of the opera, a little piece was given, called, *Les Pretendus*. It had very agreeable muſic, and was acted with great ſpirit.

The french actors and actreſſes, on making their entrances, have a certain hilarity in their looks, ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of being the favourites of a public that is not much to be dreaded. Your english players loſe this look of ſelf-complacency under a certain anxious mien, as if they were awe-ſtruck at appearing before their judges. One of the beſt performers you have was always diſgusting to me on this very account alone.

The duchefs of Orleans appeared in the opera, and was received with great clapping of hands and ſhouts of admiration. In return for which ſhe thanked the public by bowing thrice with infinite grace and dignity. The very next moment, I could not help remarking, that ſhe was yawning. Perhaps this was only one of thoſe reſources to which a perſon naturally flies, when taken notice of by a large aſſembly, a ſituation in which we cannot always remain maſters of our motions, of our lips and our hands. This was probably the caſe with the duchefs, otherwiſe ſhe would have felt, that when perſons are the object of the loud and decided applauſe of the public, they cannot properly thank them and yawn at the ſame time. Sans doute, c'eſt

une

une honnête femme, said a frenchman behind me, when the clapping had ceased.

In a box facing that of the duchess sat two beautiful young women of quality, and with them a fine beau, likewise either of high birth or of great fortune. The two ladies sat over against one another; and would willingly, as it appeared, have taken the spark between them, if he had pleased.

That a beau should not have chose to be there may seem unnatural; but I can explain the reason very well to myself. He was in fact one of the handsomest young men I had ever beheld; tall, with fine eyes, and dressed simply, but with good taste. His frisure alone appeared to be studied, and this circumstance it was that made me think I understood him. It was high, and curled over and over, and withal so like a lady's, that there wanted no more than a fichu under the chin and over the shoulders to make a man swear, who saw him only from the pit, that it was a female. The sentiment and consciousness of his prerogatives spoke from all his looks and gestures; with perfect indifference he munched sweetmeats, and delivered small-talk, without once regarding his company. It was clear that he could not look at these two fine women, since he had to look at all the fine women in the other parts of the house; that he must be indifferent towards these two, since his aim was to make conquests of the whole theatre. However, notwithstanding this, the two ladies looked round about them in a triumphant manner, and attracted many envious eyes. Such observations employed my attention as much as the opera.

Supped

Supped in the evening at the palais royal, à la française, i. e. petit pain sopped in limonade, diluted with water.

The 20th, went to the Varietés amusantes.

Three pieces were represented, two little ones and a greater. The two little ones were played with extraordinary spirit, and were good of their kind; but the larger piece was excellent.

La Joueuse, that was the name of it, is one of the serious moral family-pictures, like those lately so much in fashion at London, and of which sort the french have a great quantity. The author is M. Collin d'Harleville, who first made himself talked of as a man of talents by his *Inconstant*, and afterwards by his *Optimiste*.

The piece met with a decided, noisy, furious applause. Monvel, who played the part of the husband and father, is one of the most capital performers the Paris theatre has at present to boast of. He formerly was at the Theatre François, from whence his colleagues caballed him down, for making him the chief support of the Varietés amusantes. He is already advanced in years, but acts with all the vivacity and fire of a young man. Among the actresses there was not one that could be set upon a par with him, though they play well too, and in many places would pass for excellent performers.

I am now convinced, that the french nation is really in possession of a theatre the best adapted to its genius. Not a single word was lost of this day's representation; the most delicate turns, as well as the longer sentences
of

of morality and practical philosophy, were caught up and clapped with enthusiasm. The parterre here knows how to set a just value on whatever is good and excellent of every kind; and the same nicer sense of the becoming, which rendered the Athenians of old the models of taste, was here displayed in all its lustre. In this capital, it is no ungrateful task to write well for the public.

On the dropping of the curtain a fresh volley of claps arose, intermixed with the name of Monvel, Monvel, which re-echoed from all parts of the house with great vociferation. The actor was summoned to appear, once more to receive the full measure of applause for his talents and assiduity.

It was a long while before he came. The cry redoubled. The curtain at length was slowly drawn up. I was witness to one of the finest scenes that ever struck my sight, and which will fill me with unalterable regard for a people, who, with all their frivolity, possess sentiment, taste, and affection, to so high a degree.

It was the author himself who was endeavouring to pull the modest actor upon the stage. This latter, quite fatigued by his exertions, and exhausted of breath, sunk in the arms of his transported friend, who with the left hand held him to his breast, while he wiped his eyes with the right; and at length, when, upon his repeated motions, the acclamations and clappings had somewhat abated, with a countenance pale as death, he stammered out: "The man was too modest to come forward! He says he is unworthy of the approbation with which an indulgent public is disposed to honour him. I was obliged to drag him out. What a day
this

this is to me! Pardon me for thus publicly embracing him, for thus publicly testifying that the man is the friend of my heart, and that I am as happy by his affection as I am by his talents." — He embraced him once more, and before this friendly couple the curtain slowly fell. The clapping of hands, and the cries of Bravo, Bravo, now continued for a long time, and, on turning round to wipe my eyes by stealth, I saw that every eye was moist in the box where I sat. Let it be said, that this was a farce acted after the play: it will always be in my mind an affecting scene. Where do actors and authors any where else meet with these glorious triumphs?

The 21st, went to the Theatre François.

It was only four o'clock, and yet I already found a number of people waiting for the opening of the doors. They had thought, as I did, that the croud would be immense; but they were deceived, as well as I; for the spectators here scarcely amounted to half the number that I met yesterday at the Varietés, and yet this was Sunday. I now fancied myself in some degree able to explain how it was that this mere-comedie watched her daughter with so much jealousy.

The play was Hamlet prince of Denmark, by M. Ducis, member of the french academy. This circumstance happened very luckily for me, as I was making a suite of characteristical remarks on french taste in parallel with the english and german. For the present the bare analysis of the plot of the french Hamlet will suffice.

“ Hamlet, king of Denmark, is murdered, but not by his brother, nor yet by his queen, merely because
the

she was tired of him. The cause of the murder is Clodius, a great lord of the court. He is the professed lover of the queen, on exactly the same footing as married ladies in France, who live in style, usually have their adorers. The king gently reproaches him; this so enrages his consort, that she takes the resolution to poison him. She enters his cabinet with the fatal bowl: horror seizes on her mind: she hastens out of the chamber, and leaves the bowl behind. The king drinks it. On her returning to the apartment she finds him dead."

I am sensible that the french poet has shewn great judgment in this alteration of what precedes the murder. Shakespeare's queen is rather a voluptuous than a weak woman, who is rendered still more contemptible by being in love with the brother of her husband, and utterly detestable, by entering, immediately on the death of her husband, into marriage with his brother. It is a concerted plan between her and her paramour to murder her husband; with the queen of M. Ducis it is the first fally of rage and resentment on account of the outrage her favourite has undeservedly received. She does not herself present him the bowl of poison, but, confounded and conquered by the suggestions of nature, she leaves it standing, and the black deed follows naturally of itself. I likewise see, that the french poet has endeavoured to extenuate the crime by the manner of making love which fashion long has sanctioned or tolerated in France, and in the eyes of his countrymen it certainly is thus extenuated. His queen acts with decency, but the queen of Shakespeare with brutality.

"Clodius, on being informed of the death of the king, urges the queen to bestow her hand on him. But the

the latter is now come to herself; perturbation and inward remorse oppresses her; she cannot be prevailed upon to rob her son Hamlet of the crown, as she has already robbed him of a father. She commands her lover to obey him as his king; and, till he consents to this, refuses him her hand. He now enters into a conspiracy against Hamlet, to take from him by force what he finds is not to be given him by consent."

By this means the character of Clodius is in a great measure divested of that loathsomeness which attached to the perpetrator of incest, the murderer, the usurper, of Shakespeare. The declaration of the queen, which must appear to him a complete rupture between them, draws after it all the consequences of affronted love, indignation and rage. In France what is not forgiven to love? M. Ducis has no less properly employed the like circumstances which subsist in the character of the nation, than Shakespeare has the predilection of his contemporaries for poison, blood-shed, and—ghosts. When the queen has imparted the dreadful secret of the murder to her bosom friend, on his urging her to reveal the cause of this crime affreux, she turns aside with uplifted hands, with her head reclined on her shoulder and her eyes directed towards the earth, and says, in a feeble dying voice, nothing more than *l'amour!*—The public pronounced her absolution with bursts of applause; and I could not help clapping the sense of the nation with a smile on my face. I never in my life could be severe against these children of simplicity.

"Hamlet receives information of the whole procedure; and indeed was already in possession of it at the opening of the piece. Accordingly there is nothing
seen

seen or heard of a ghost by the audience! Hamlet alone sees him, on running off the stage, for the first time, with furious exclamations and disheveled hair. He does not let himself be seen by the spectators, probably because his business is not so much with them as with his son."

But, seriously; the French will no longer endure to see a ghost even in the night-time; since, on the appearance of one at high noon, it was near being hissed off. If the ghost of a Voltaire so narrowly escaped this disgrace in full day, the ghost of a Ducis might have met with it even at night. What was wanting to the former ghost, in conformity to nature, would have been wanting to this ghost in the celebrity of its creator. Les François n'aiment pas l'esprit, said a young yorkshireman that sat behind me. Oh, returned an old frenchman; ils aiment pourtant l'esprit, mais non pas les spectres. — Cependant, monsieur, replied I, pointing to Ophelia, who, from the paint she had on her cheeks, did not seem as if she had come from the grave: Cependant, en voila un! et sans doute il fait bien se faire aimer! — Beaucoup! whispered a beau at my elbow, with a cunning look, that was to give me to understand that he was one of her particular admirers. I wished him joy, and let him perceive I took his hint. Perhaps he now laughed as much in his sleeve at me for believing him, as I did at him for wanting to make me believe him. But to return to the fable.

"The ghost having discovered to him the flagitious crime, proceeds to instigate him to revenge. His mother is marked out as the fit object of it: but filial affection rejects the suggestion with horror, and then

he is ordered to wreak his vengeance on Clodius. But, alas, Hamlet is enamoured of the daughter of this courtier, the charming Ophelia. What is to be done? Hamlet is really so much in love with Ophelia, that he ardently wishes to make her his wife; he does not banter her, as Shakespeare's does his Ophelia."

Again a characteristic feature of the genius of the nation. The French reckon it highly indecent to make game of even the most despicable fille. Allurements thrown out to whet the passions, in which the Germans and English indulge themselves, are held shocking by them. Their delicacy on this head seems almost pedantic, and their veneration for the female sex nearly bordering on servility: but to me this feature is one of the finest in the French character. It is proximately derived from the regard which consideration has for weakness, and is founded in true greatness of soul. If this feature is sometimes made ridiculous by fops, yet it will certainly ever find respect with sedate and well-educated men in France. Again, from this trait arises the culture of the female sex in France, which is in no nation carried farther than here.

"Both the mother and the mistress press Hamlet to disclose to them the cause of his declining health, and the dejection of his spirits. He declares it to his mother, but not with the mirror in his hand; as such a method no son dare use to a mother on the French theatre, even though she should order him to be boiled alive in oil."

The decorum of the stage here once more compels the French poet to sacrifice a scene, which generally passes for one of the finest in the whole play of Shake-

peare. The behaviour of children towards their parents, of the master towards the mistress of the family, is here, when publicly acted, just as delicate as the behaviour of the male sex in general towards the female. The nation discovers a nice sensibility to every insult it meets with, and M. Ducis would have forfeited all credit with them for ever, if he had let his queen have stood still to be told one single period of the *horreurs* (the word used by the French for what we should content ourselves with calling *home truths*) which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Hamlet to his royal mother.

“ He tells it her with respect, and in covered expressions ; and when he has finished, he leaves her. To Ophelia he likewise discloses the whole ; he names her father as the cause of all, and confesses that he shall immediately feel his revenge. A hard struggle on the part of Ophelia, between her love to her father and that to the prince. The former gains the victory, and she assures her lover, that it is only through her breast that he can plunge a dagger in the heart of her father.”

The character of Hamlet is entirely french. He reveals the whole to the mother, the mistress, and a particular friend, whereas the gloomy british Hamlet tells nothing of it to any one. With this, a stubborn melancholy is one while only a mask for concealing his project, at another the real consequence of his grief and his inward indignation at the horrid deed ; with the other it is actual frenzy, but which only shews itself when his father's ghost appears to him, and the paroxysms whereof terminate in fatigue and dejection : which is more in the nature of a french theatrical hero than in that of an english theatrical behemoth, against

whom cannon-balls rebound. For the british Hamlet talks humourously with the ghost of his father, and wants to fight with him before he has made his acquaintance.

“ In the mean time Clodius is contriving the ruin of Hamlet, by all the arts he can devise. His daughter discloses to him Hamlet’s plan, and represents with great delicacy the scope of his cruel undertaking. Her intreaties and remonstrances are slighted. Clodius repairs to a gallery of the palace, there to wait for his fellow conspirators; instead of whom Hamlet suddenly appears, quite alone. [This situation seemed to me one of the most striking, but the sentiments were to the last degree french.] They attack each other: Clodius calls aloud for his confederates. They rush in; but at that very instant he falls dead by a stroke from Hamlet’s poignard. They are going to rush upon Hamlet, but the words: Against your king! instantly disarm them; and the curtain falls.”

This stroke, that the words: Against your king! should have as much weight here with the conspirators, as a cocagne or a bull from the pope would have with a seditious populace in Italy, appears to me likewise highly characteristic, and is become still more so to the nation ever since the most beloved of their monarchs was stabbed by a fanatic assassin.

Mademoiselle Raucourt did the part of the queen. A noble female figure, with strong and perfectly theatrical features. She always bowed too low from affectation, which discovered at once the agitations of her heart, and those of her bosom. At such times her
horridly

horridly disgusting screams did not appear to me by half so disgusting.

Saint Prix, who performed Hamlet, gave me great satisfaction, while he played with moderation; but in his affectations he appeared no less shocking to me than divine to the parterre. Indeed I had not told him that a foreigner was to be among his audience, that he might have managed himself accordingly, to be clapped by him, and hissed by his own countrymen.

The 23d. — This day was devoted to rambling about Paris. Without either guide or settled plan, I entered the croud, and was carried with it along the street St. Honoré. I first began to fetch breath at the entrance to the place Vendôme. It is a handsome square, and bounded by palaces; but for that very reason is empty of people. Louis le grand, on his monstrous horse, does not fill up the void.

From hence I was pushed on to the place Louis Quinze. He fills his square still less than the other; for he is smaller than his predecessor, and his square is much larger.

I hastened through the solemn gardens of the Tuilleries, across the Pont Royal (which is far less than the Pont Neuf, and neither so elegant nor so frequented); from thence along the quays des Quatre Nations, of the Theatins and Augustins, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, passing by the Theatre françois, to the palais de Luxembourg. This antient venerable pile is hastening fast to ruin; and what Monsieur, its present possessor, is now doing to it, has no other end in view than to keep it from falling. The garden is a copy of the Tuilleries, full of fine, lofty, gloomy allées, intermixed

with lawns, and made for penfive melancholy mortals. The celebrated gallery is no longer here, but is removed to the Louvre, where a place is allotted to it.

From thence to the Chartreux, where, at one end of the gardens, I found a traiteur, on whom I stumbled very opportunely; for I had been roving about, as I now perceived, full four hours. It is incredible how rapidly the time passes to a person at Paris, from the vast succession of objects of every kind; and then a number of things, which it is necessary for a man to see lie at the distance of a little day's journey from each other.

At the traiteur's I endeavoured to repay myself for my curiosity; but he was not patriotic enough to treat me as I should have been at some of the eating-houses behind the Royal Exchange at London. A little beef boiled to broth, a young pidgeon crushed into a lump, followed on a soup, in which the crusts of bread, bits of cabbage and curds, put me in mind of the apparent *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*; and was accompanied by an oblong thick monster, that filled a large assiette, and promised to make me amends for the potage aux choux et aux fines herbes, for the bouilli and for the pigeon à la crapaudine. What is this? said I to the garçon (for so the waiters, marqueurs, and butlers, are called, though they be sixty years old), as I thrust my spoon into the belly of the monster, and found no resistance. Une omelette soufflée, returned he, et bien délicateuse! And it actually answered to both descriptions. But the French constantly make up their choses bien délicateuses with a large proportion of wind,

I was not satisfied, though full,

I now

I now sallied forth on a fresh expedition. I proceeded for upwards of an hour and a half through all sorts of streets, little and large, crooked and strait. I had no other compass than the sentiment of weariness, that at length brought me to the haven where I wanted to be. My place of rest was to be a box in the *théâtre des petits comédiens de monseigneur le comte de Beaujolois*.

It was a curious idea to revive the famous pantomimic of the antients in the midst of Paris, where it is customary to talk so much and so fluently. But they talk even in these pantomimical spectacles; only the person seen upon the stage does not speak, but another for him behind a lattice on the side. These *petits comédiens* are however great enough, and among those I saw acting to-day, none could be less than seventeen years of age. The actresses would take it very ill of their lovers, if they used the word *petite* of them.

Here too I found the same vivacity of acting that is no where to be expected but among french performers. It was only by means of my opera-glass that I could distinguish that the person on the stage did no more than gesticulate, and neither sung nor spoke. The movement of the eyes, the mouth, the hands, perfectly expressed the words which another pronounced from within the *coulisse*. In regard to two or three of the more elderly actors, I was doubtful, notwithstanding my spy-glass, whether they did not really speak.

This mode of playing is far more difficult than the usual acting of the theatre. It is requisite that the actor learn his part thoroughly word for word; that he study the airs exactly according to the notes, and that he have accurately by heart the tact, the pauses, and

the cadence. And indeed they actually do whisper their parts, as otherwise it would be impossible to express the play of the mouth. This whispering must be extremely difficult to beginners, as it is scarcely possible, in the heat of the pantomimic representation which accompanies or produces the words, so to master oneself as not to speak out.

The way to conquer these difficulties employed my mind more in this little theatre than the piece that was represented, and the manner in which it was performed. It is very visible in the performers of both sexes that they come of low parents. The actors betray this by a certain vulgarity in expression, gait, dress, and frippery, and the actresses in the same manner; only that with these latter it was still more apparent in a little piece in which they were habited in the turkish costume. The dresses were splendid; but so much the more was it displayed by two long yellow hanging sleeves, which fluttered and whisked about as they exerted themselves in gesticulation. They strutted to and fro in their grand oriental robes, just like country-girls when dressed in their Sunday's finery, and could not forbear admiring, with a broad grin of self-complacency, the glittering of the spangles, and the brilliancy of the silver gauze, with the admiration of a fish-wife that has got into a coach.

The theatre is small in comparison of the other parisian theatres; but large enough for the purpose. It was quite full.

The 24th, went to the *théâtre Italien*.

Two pieces were performed: *Les arts et l'amitié*, and *Sargines, ou l'élève de l'amour*. The former, which

which was the shorter, was full of nature and life, and was acted delightfully, and with spirit. When I say that it was replete with sentiment and nature, I must be understood to mean french sentiment and french nature. However, even these cannot be perfectly shocking, as my eyes were wet more than once during the representation. The subject is as follows:

Three excellent young men, a painter, an author, and a musician, find themselves in company with a young lady no less excellent. They live extremely happy, connected by participation and tender friendship, and the lady is the centre and source of their felicity. They think she bears an equal love to them all; she thinks they all love her alike; but the painter loves her more than the others, and is more beloved by her than the rest. Of this the other two know nothing.

Beauty is a bait for the devil as well as for an angel of light. A lawyer in the neighbourhood, a worthless fellow, is enamoured of the lady, pays his addresses to her, and is rejected. He makes a pasquinade, an immoral drawing and infamous verses, in the name of his rivals, and hides them in the painter's room; an hour afterwards the constable comes with his attendants to the painter's. They search the room, and find the libel according to the information given them by the lawyer. The three friends are to be put in prison. Unexpected deliverance appears. A great man, who had interested himself in behalf of this ingenious family, takes it all upon himself; and the gouvernante of the lawyer betrays the whole of the plot. The constable takes him away.

These

These strokes are in the department of french nature : we come now to a scene full of pathos.

The marquis brings the three young men to an explanation concerning their regard towards the damsel : it would be impossible, it would be unnatural, that she should have an equal love for all the three. They appeal to her, and she is grieved ; she starts and trembles when the painter falls on his knee to her, and they ask whether she loves him as well as the rest. He cannot let go her hand, and she cannot take it from him. He keeps her, and the others relinquish their claims in favour of him. The marquis adopts them for his children.

This scene was acted in a very superior style, and produced a great and universal effect.

The second piece, *Sargines*, was an heroical operetta, destitute of invention, but accompanied with very melting and simple music, and with a great number of changes in the scenery. It was the twentieth night of its representation ; which run the piece seemed to owe, not to the food it procured for the mind, but to the pleasure it afforded to the eyes, and other favourable circumstances. These are, that Philip Augustus appears in it ; that this king says : Not for myself, but for my people, I venture my life ! that he adds : This is the moment that is to make us either henceforth free or slaves for ever ! that, after having spoke a long time with great fire, he all at once descries a beautiful damsel, goes up to her, and says : *Pardonnez moi, madame !* and then, turning away from her, exclaims : *Comme elle est charmante !* and that this damsel is the goddess of the parterre, the *Dugazon*.

These

These circumstances, which so happily fall in with the violent political fermentation in which the nation is at present, while it fondly dreams that it has a father of the people; which moreover strikes so animatedly on the love the nation bears to all its kings, on the spirit of gallantry and on the taste of the pit: to these traits it was probably owing that the piece was attended by such brilliant applause. For on each of them followed a furious clapping, thrice repeated, and a stunning vociferation of bravo!

Mademoiselle Dugazon had this evening only two opportunities for displaying her talent. If I am not deceived, she is too solemn, too heavy, too heroical, for light and naïve parts*. I imagined I was seeing Mademoiselle Raucourt again. It was her walk, her deportment, her downcast, cold, and tragical look†.

But her shape is more delicate, her figure more elegant, and her voice more agreeable.

The 25th.—I took a journey to the Bastille; not steering my course indeed the shortest way, but chusing that which must most certainly lead to it. It went over the boulevards of the chaussée d'Antin to the faubourg St. Antoine in one line; and I had an opportunity of seeing at my leisure all the glories of the boulevards, which were then in full display. However they are too numerous for a journal, especially as they

* I retract this sentence: Naïveté cannot possibly be played with more truth than the same Mademoiselle Dugazon plays it, for example, in *Blaise et Babet*.

† I since perceive that the very thing which at that time did not please me in her was a striking proof of her matchless talents.

deserve as circumstantial a description as the palais royal.

At the sight of the Bastille I started with horror, and on coming close up to it I perfectly shuddered. With gentle steps I walked all round it in a pretty large circle, and my tremor increased on finding myself all at once before the first draw-bridge, which leaves one in doubt whether it is there for the purpose of preventing any one from going in, or from coming out. This dreadful fortress is all walls and towers, and seems to crush itself together with its own black piles, for being the sole horrible object of its kind. I breathed more freely on turning my back upon it. The people who live round it were eating, drinking, laughing, and singing, as if they lived contiguous to the palais-royal; but this surprise lasted with me no longer than for the moment that the sight of this fearful grave of the living acted upon me, with all the ideas and impressions I had already imbibed from my infancy. If the raising of compassion and terror be the proper object and effect of tragical representations, the sight of the Bastille was a real tragedy to me: for I never recollect to have had these sentiments excited in my breast so pure and unmixed, and accompanied with so sedate a terror, before. I had already left it behind at some distance, when it first occurred to me, that I had entirely forgot the arsenal with its beautiful garden, which extends quite to the walls of the Bastille*.

* Little did I dream of what was to happen to it in somewhat less than four weeks afterwards.

For the sake of the contrast, I resolved to go from the Bastille to the Ambigu comique; but I just employed so much time in examining the various countenances of such as presented themselves on the boulevards either for pastime or profit, as to be at the beginning of the representation of the Baron de Trenck, or le prisonnier Prussien. This little piece took its rise from the general sensation caused by the printed life of this famous oddity.

Near the theatre of the Ambigu comique, I saw the likeness of a huge ox, under which the following tolerably incorrect invitation to the spectators was written: "Je me flatte d'être l'unique de mon espece, je suis âgé de quatre ans et je pèse 5447 livres; venez me voir, messieurs!" I could not resist this striking address, and accordingly went in to see the prodigy. And in reality I never saw in my life a finer, nobler, and stronger animal of the kind than this ox, which his owner, as the keeper told us, had brought from the interior parts of Hungary, purely for the sake of shewing him to the curious parisiens. His keeper spoke a sort of gibberish to him, which neither I nor another honest man who stood by me could comprehend. Apparently, said the latter to me, il ne comprend que l'allemand? — Sans doute, returned I, not without fear lest the ox should attend to my accent: Sans doute, comme il est de la Hongrie. — He gave a shrug of the shoulders, and so did I.

A hundred such strange things daily present themselves to a man who lives among the French.

But a great bill posted up against the wall termed this animal a boeuf cyclope, and this circumstance first
drew

drew my attention to it, as I expected to see some remarkable *lufus naturæ* which might give credibility to the ancient fiction. I was confined merely to the idea, that the cyclops had but one eye, and had forgot that they were withal of a gigantic bulk. This ox was indeed a giant of his species, but he had two eyes. I asked his keeper, why, to avoid such mistakes, he had not rather called him, *le bœuf géant*. He answered, that *bœufs géants* had already been, but never yet a *bœuf cyclope*. To this there was no replying.

Besides this ox I embraced the opportunity of seeing a multitude of monkies, tigers, learned dogs, and every thing that was to be beheld of the kind.

In the evening at *palais royal*. Here the news was brought that several members of the nobility and clergy had struck to the deputies of the *tiers-etat*. There was nothing to be heard but a wild tumultuous joy. Ten thousand men, women, girls, boys were standing together in detached multitudes listening to the speakers and readers. All at once down fell a grenade from the uppermost story of the *palais* and burst among one of the thickest of them. The joy occasioned by the mischief that was done, was taken for patriotism by the ravished politicians; and, instead of searching for the scoundrel and taking him up for his frolic, they one and all cried *bravo, bravo!* and made such a noise with their clappings that the whole palace resounded. Scarcely ten minutes afterwards, when the squibs, crackers, rockets, grenades, and balloons, began to fly about at an enormous rate on all sides, and such a noise and scampering took place, as if the mob had been seized with a sudden frenzy, which continued
with

with unabated fury, till after two o'clock in the morning. The next day it was curious to behold, from the hand-bills that were stuck up in all the corners of the town, the number of watches, jewels, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs that had flown away in this patriotic explosion.

The 26th. Before dinner, saunter to the Champs Elisées; behind which, at a chop-house I dined in the Jardin Royal; from thence back again to the town, in the Variétés amufantes.

The first performance was a little piece, called *Esop à la foire*, not at all remarkable for plot or invention. People of all conditions flock to *Æsop*, partly out of curiosity, partly because they love good advice; and he delivers them truths and maxims of conduct in artful allegories and ingenious fables.

The second piece was the *Duke of Monmouth*. It was chiefly interesting on account of some natural scenes, in which the duke on his flight becomes embarrassed with a pretty country girl, her bridegroom and her father. Monvel was too old for the part of the duke; but that circumstance was soon forgot. Here likewise the passages which had but a distant and faint allusion to the present political fermentation, were furiously applauded. After them the passages of morality and practical philosophy were most approved.

The 27th. By the bad weather that has uninterruptedly continued all the time of my being here, it has always been impossible for me to go without side of the barriers of the city to draw a little fresh air. This satisfaction I have hitherto only been able to obtain in the gardens of the Tuilleries, of the Luxembourg palace,

lace, and on the pont neuf. The palais royal and the theatre have all along been my principal scenes of amusement.

To day I was at the Théâtre de Monsieur. It is in the Tuilleries. Perhaps as large as the théâtre françois and italien, well decorated, lighted, and attended, as all, even to the least, are at Paris.

Two pieces were represented, a little one and a larger. The lively spirit of the French cannot possibly confine itself for two or three hours to one piece. For a piece of some length it must first be prepared by a smaller; and for the longer it must again be compensated by a shorter: hence it comes, that every theatre gives almost always three pieces. The Ambigu-comique and the grands danseurs frequently give, four, five, and even six.

The first little piece of this evening had no other interest than what it acquired by the part of a father, which I shall never see played again with equal truth and vivacity. The name of the actor I could not learn from any of the spectators who sat within my reach. On this particular I shall forbear to make any remark, though I visited all the french theatres, and uniformly met with the same occasion for it.

The second piece was a farce with excellent music by Paisiello. It was called *Le marquis de Tulipano*, and had already outlived the seven and thirtieth representation. The ridiculous name *Tulipano* was most probably the cause of the success of the piece: for, as often as it was pronounced with a certain solemn accent, it was constantly attended by a furious clapping

and acclamations of bravo. All the rest was extremely ordinary and even childish.

The marquis Tulipano is a fop, extravagantly proud of his nobility, and wishes to display the dignity and the sentiment of it in all his looks, his movements and attitudes. Hence arises a caricature, which in Paris is to the last degree unnatural and laughable; but the like of which I have often seen in Germany, in little residencies, and large cities, and shall probably see many such in the provincial towns of France. As far as my experience on this head extends the player who did the part of Tulipano, by no means overacted it: but for the experience of the parterre in the theatre de Monsieur, he did so beyond all bounds; for some displays and attitudes, which did not strike me at all, occasioned fits of laughter without end. I the more readily remark traits of this kind, as they imply a greater degree of culture in the French. The character of Tulipano, for producing effect on the parterre of Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and even that of London, must have been three times as much more furcharged than here.

In the evening at Palais royal. Here was again repeated the diversion of yesterday, only with greater tumult, a firework of squibs, crackers, rockets, &c. Hair-dressers, politicians, favoyards and the like, governed and directed the whole, drove away honest people out of the galleries, and left none there but men and women gazers; who, mostly with the loss of their hair, gowns, coats, caps and aprons, made sacrifices to their curiosity. The filles ran about like frightened deer, though finely dressed, and seemed to curse the patriotism that ragged all round in rags. Every one

was so taken up in avoiding the hissing squibs and serpents, that the ladies were left to take care of themselves.

The 20th. — I was so fortunate this evening as to get a place in the Ambigu comique. The name of the piece was, *Le Baron de Trenck, ou le prisonnier Prussien*, the same I had lately missed of seeing. Herr von Trenck, must himself have laughed even in the dreadful dungeon at Magdeburg, if any one could have prophetically described to him before hand the contents of this french performance. The scene is laid in that very prison, and the tombstone, with the name engraved upon it, and the death's head, are not forgotten. A long monologue, in which *le malheureux Trenck* describes to himself the calamities which a lâche courtisan, who had possessed the great heart of his king against him, had brought on his devoted head, and in which he speaks repeatedly of amour and of a *tendre feu* for an *amante adorée*, formed the opening to the piece, which is composed in rhyme. Trenck's part was performed by a little blackpated, snub-nosed Gascon (if one may judge from his accent), who, with his long pantaloons, open breast, and bare head, had the appearance of a raw ill-bred country lout, and who, notwithstanding, forced me several times to laugh at my own emotions. There is such a fund of interest in the history of this singular man, that it must have its effect even under the most ludicrous disguise.

While the monologue is pronouncing, enters Trenck's friend the soldier (whose german name I have forgot as well as his french one) who had procured him implements for unrivetting his chains, and
for

for digging under his gravestone a way for escape. The sentiment of gratitude and tenderness displayed in this scene, even under the hand of a learner, has here again an unspoilable interest. All the audience around me at once sobbed and clapped.

And now both the mistress and the sister of Trenck suddenly and miraculously appear. At least, either I did not hear how the soldier had made this entrance possible, or he made no mention at all of it. This would have been but kind of him. However, there they were, for the purpose of giving rise to a very cold scene. For me, at least, it was cold, if not for the spectators with french taste and french hearts. An english poet, even though he had made all the rest never so bad, would at least have worked up the beginning and end of this scene into something tolerable; since a meeting and a parting under such circumstances could not fail, with any trifling skill, of producing its natural effect. But the french poet (if for once I may abuse that term) keeps his Trenck in one continued reverence and distance towards his fair-one; and, instead of the transports of affection, gives him, as is the fashion here, barely decency. They talk to one another just like perfect strangers; he relates to her with great prolixity how he has been treated and clapped up in irons; and she hears, at the distance of ten steps from him, with her hands modestly folded before her, his tedious harangue, which she, as well as the sister, is at length obliged to interrupt at times by an *helas!* [pronounce hæ—las! as this is the tragical accent of all the actresses I have hitherto heard enunciate that word.]

The faithful foldier again suddenly makes his entrance, and tells that all is betrayed. The two ladies retire, probably through the wall, since the rattling of the key in the dungeon door is heard on the other side of the stage, which instantly flies open to let in the general von Bork, who speaks to Trenck in much the same tone as is related by the latter in his history. With the answer which the french poet has put into his mouth, herr von Trenck may be very well satisfied : it breathes german frankness and german magnanimity, with french modifications, refinements and national expression.

Trenck learns that the prince of Brunswic is in Magdeburg, is desirous of speaking with him, and to ask him for his deliverance and freedom ; i. e. he makes a discovery of his secret passage, his implements, and the moment of his intended escape. Such a blunder does not fail of its effect even with this parterre. Without reflecting on the pleasure they had already received from the truly magnanimous sentiments of the prisoner, they now, by some very significant hints, gave it to be seen that this was a bravado, which no man, who had a greater value for his understanding than for the reputation of being singular, would be guilty of. This is another trait in evidence of the quick and accurate feeling of a parisian parterre ; and yet this was none of the choicest. I heard the words ridicule and fou pronounced with emphasis on all sides.

What Trenck must have known, and the parterre better knew than he, actually happened. His captivity was rendered more severe. What he now says produces no effect whatever on the audience, since

every one says to himself (and a buzz of disapprobation declared it aloud), the fault is all his own. But affairs take a better turn than could be expected. The piece must have an end, and that a joyful one. Accordingly, the prince of Brunswic suddenly enters the prison; punishes general Bork; and has in his pocket the order for Trenck's enlargement. A body of guards march up; the prince leads in the sweetheart and the sister of Trenck, who receives his sword again. The flags are waved over him, and a ballet, suitable to the wedding, concludes the whole.

It cannot be otherwise but that the real story, probability, and the prussian costume must be transgressed to a high degree. But this is just the character of an *Ambigu comique*.

The parterre likewise clapped the moral speeches and maxims of life. I remarked one or two of them: I am ready to sacrifice myself for my king; but I shall never flatter him! — Kings cannot always do what they would! — It is only the coward that insults the sufferer [Trenck to general von Bork]; the great man has tears for him!

Let this idea be as trite as it will, it is enough that it was comprehended; and, being in verse, it will be retained. Certainly there were numbers in the pit to whom these speeches were so far new, that they had never read or heard of such, but whose feelings and experience were so homogeneous to them that they were very sensibly struck. From this point of view the moral tirades of the old grecian dramatists were nothing less than aimless, though they might appear trite to people of philosophy and experience. They had exactly the

same effect on the greek parterre, which they have now on the french; and this is an evidence to me of the similarity of the two nations. I willingly remark this likeness, but without therefore making what I know of the characteristic of the greeks a boddice into which I would squeeze the French. The Greeks are to the French only as the acorn is to the oak: this latter once lay in the acorn, but by the influence of externals is become, in comparison of it, immense. If the ancient Greeks had known christianity, the art of printing, America, and gunpowder, it would not be impossible that the parallel had been perfectly striking.

The theatre moreover is not so spacious and well-built as the theatre des Variétés amusantes; but however not worse than, for example, the theatre at Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig, and is far better furnished with decorations and machinery than they.

The 29th of June. — In a party to the théâtre des Grand Danseurs du roi. On their large show-bill stood no less than six pieces; the titles and analysis whereof I shall spare myself the trouble of giving. The manner of the authors who work for this theatre seems to me about a degree lower and duller than that of those who lavish their wit for the Ambigu comique. Double-meanings which border very closely on smut, are here perfectly allowed: yet I must confess, that in several german theatres I have been at, they might be reckoned highly delicate. I observed, that women perfectly well-dressed, who, on due examination, seemed to have nothing vendible about them, seemed heartily to enter into all this mirth, and clapped the
blunt

blunt expressions, without attending to the double signification couched beneath.

The rope-dancing, and other neck-or-nothing exploits that were given between the acts, or between the different pieces, I never saw in equal perfection, i. e. in equally terrifying excellence. One among the rest made my hair quite stand on end. Four bottles were placed upon a table, upon the four mouths of which a chair was set in its natural position, on this another chair reversed, in such a manner that its four feet were turned up into the air, as its seat rested on the elbows of the former. On this tottering scaffold mounted the man (who seemed to have no bones at all) with infinite dexterity and caution, laid his two hands and his feet on the four feet of the chair, and then first stretched aloft one foot, and afterwards the other, took away the left hand, and laid his head in its place, took the right hand away, and now stood with his head on one of the feet of the chair, quite firm and intrepidly for above two minutes. — Every creature present observed a profound silence, and no one ventured to clap till he had wound himself down with the same dexterity, without giving to the scaffold any other motion than a strong and tight trembling. What efforts do not the French repay with clapping, and what exertions do they not make to obtain it!

I would not again see a man lavish away so much skill, for wriggling himself within a hair-breadth of death, and accordingly took myself away at the end of the third piece, and went, as one is always in time there, to the spectacle des associés. I found here what they call in the austrian Netherlands the threepenny

comedy, and all adjusted on the same footing, only that here it costs more than threepence. The lowest place here is always twelve sous. At the end of every act the old spectators go out, and new ones come in. For twelve sous a man does not get much in France, and accordingly neither has one in this spectacle any great matter. The wit and the judgement of it are about upon a par with what are exhibited in Bartholomew fair.

From hence I repaired again to the *Délassemens comiques*, of nearly the same stamp, and from thence to the *Bluettes*. The theatre of the latter is of all in Paris the least, the wretchedest and the darkest; but this is of no consequence to the *garçons marchands* and their *laffes*, who frequent it in shoals on Sundays, and care little about the magnificence of the theatre.

This entertainment still keeps up the Merry Andrew, and I maintain that he was the cleverest of any that ever came under my observation. His principal art lay in shivering; and this he did with such dexterity and bonelessness as was perfectly admirable, and did not fail of its effect upon the diaphragm. And therefore the principal part in the pieces that are given here is always a timid fop. Decorations, dresses, and machinery, are suitable to the performances, as the voices are to the music, which mutually make each other completely horrible.

OLYMPIC DIALOGUE.

BY MR. WIELAND.

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO, MINERVA, VENUS,
 BACCHUS, VESTA, CERES, VICTORIA,
 QUIRINUS, SERAPIS, MOMUS,
 AND MERCURY.

[Jupiter and Juno, with all the rest of the celestials, sitting in a spacious hall of the Olympian palace, at several large tables. Ganymede and Antinous presenting the gods, and Hebe the goddesses with nectar. The Muses forming the band of music; the Graces and Hours dancing pantomime dances; while Jocus charms the blissful deities, from time to time, with his quips and quirks and caricatures, into peals of laughter. At the moment of their greatest mirth Mercury comes in flying in great haste.]

Jupiter.

THOU hast made it late, my son. What news hast thou brought us from below?

Venus, to Bacchus.] They seem to be heavy tidings; he looks very weary with bringing them!

Mercury.] The newest that I have to relate are not much calculated to heighten the mirth that seems to reign here amongst you.

Jupiter.] At least thy countenance, Mercury, is not. What then can have happened so sad as to disturb even the mirth of the gods?

Quirinus.] Has some earthquake overturned the capitol?

Mer-

Mercury.] That would be but a trifle.

Ceres.] Has my charming Sicily been laid waste by an eruption of *Ætna*?

Bacchus.] Or an untimely frost blighted all the campanian vines?

Mercury.] Trifles! trifles!

Jupiter.] Well; out with thy dismal story!

Mercury.] It is nothing more than, — [*pausing.*]

Jupiter.] Make me not impatient, *Hermes*! what is the meaning of nothing more than —?

Mercury.] Nothing, *Jupiter*, but that, on a motion made by the emperor himself in the senate of Rome — by a great majority of voices — thou art *formally deposed.*

[*The deities all suddenly rise from table in great agitation.*]

Jupiter, who alone remains seated, laughing.] Nothing more than that? — This I have long ago foreseen.

All the deities at once.] *Jupiter deposed!* is it possible? *Jupiter!*

Juno.] Thou speakest wildly, *Mercury*. — *Æsculapius*, pray feel his pulse!

The deities.] *Jupiter deposed!*

Mercury.] As I said before, formally and solemnly, by a great majority of voices, declared to be a man of straw, — what do I say? a man of straw is still something! — less than a man of straw, a non-entity, deprived of his temple, of his priests, of his dignity as supreme protector of the roman empire!

Hercules.] This is a very stupid piece of news, *Mercury* — but, as sure as my name is *Hercules*,

[*bran-*

[*brandishing his club*] they should not have behaved so to me with impunity !

Jupiter.] Gently, Hercules ! — Then Jupiter optimus maximus, capitolinus, feretrius, stator, &c. has played out his part ?

Mercury] Thy statue is pulled down ; and they are now at work in destroying thy very temple. The same tragedy is acting in all the provinces and corners of the roman empire. Whole legions of goat-bearded fellows are every where running about with torches, pickaxes, hammers, wrenching-irons and other instruments of destruction, in fanatical fury to demolish the venerable objects of the old popular belief.

Serapis.] Alas, alas ! what will become of my gorgeous temple of Alexandria, and my proud colossal statue ! If the thebaic wilderness should vomit forth against them but half its sacred dryads, there is no deliverance.

Momus.] Oh there is no need of that, Serapis, in behalf of thee. Who would dare to lay hands on thy statue, when at Alexandria it is an undisputed truth, that on the slightest insult committed on it by any sacrilegious hand, heaven and earth would fall to ruin, and all nature return to antient chaos ?

Quirinus.] One cannot always rely with safety on such notorious reports, my good Serapis. It may happen to thee as to the statue in massive gold of the goddess Anaitis at Zela, of which it was universally believed, that the first who should attempt any injury to it would infallibly be struck dead upon the spot.

Serapis.] And what became of that statue ?

Quirinus.] When the triumvir, Antonius, had routed the army of Pharnaces at Zela, that city, together with the temple of Anaitis were sacked by the conquerors; and no one could tell what became of the massive gold goddess. After some years it so happened that Augustus lodged one night at Bononia with a veteran of Antonius. The emperor was sumptuously entertained; and, while they were at table the discourse falling on the action at Zela and the plundering of the temple of Anaitis, he asked his host, who had been an eye-witness to it, whether it was true that the first who laid his hand upon it was suddenly struck dead to the ground? — Thou seest before thee the man that did the audacious deed, returned the veteran, and thou art actually feeding on a part of the goddess. I had the good fortune to get first possession of her; Anaitis is an excellent person, and I confess with gratitude, that I am indebted to her for all my wealth.

Serapis.] Thou givest me there but cold comfort, Quirinus! If matters are going on in the world as Mercury relates, I cannot promise myself any better fate for my coloss at Alexandria. It is however a horrible thing that Jupiter can remain a calm spectator of such abominations!

Jupiter.] Thou wouldst do well, Serapis, to be as much composed as I. For a deity from Pontus thou hast enjoyed the honour of being adored from the east to the west long enough; and surely thou canst not require that it should fare better with thy temple than with mine; or that thy coloss should last longer than the divine master-piece of Phidias. Thou wouldst not, when we are falling, be the only one left standing?

Momus.]

Momus.] Soho, Jupiter, where hast thou left thy famous thunder-bolts, that thou bearest thy fall with so much patience?

Jupiter.] If I were not what I am, I would answer thy silly question with one of them, thou jackanapes!

Quirinus, to Mercury.] If I may trust to what thou sayest, Hermes, I should be glad to be informed of a few things in my turn. Are my flamens also deposed? is my temple too shut up? are my festivals no longer kept? and are the enervated, servile, unfeeling quirites degenerated to that degree of ingratitude towards their founder?

Mercury.] I should deceive thee were I to give thee a different account.

Victoria.] Then I have no occasion to ask thee, what are become of my altar and my statue in the julian curia? It is now so long since the Romans have forgot the art of conquering, that nothing seems to me more natural than that they could not bear even the presence of my image. At every look they cast at it, they must feel as if it upbraided them with their infamous degeneracy. With Romans, whose name is become a term of contempt among the barbarians, a stain that can only be washed out with blood, Victoria has nothing more to do.

Vesta.] Amidst such prodigious changes I may take it for granted that even the sacred fire in my temple is no longer kept burning? Heavens! what will be the fate of my poor virgins?

Mercury.] Oh not a hair of their heads will be hurt; they, venerable Vesta, will be suffered in complete tranquillity — to die of hunger.

Quirinus.]

Quirinus.] How times may alter ! Formerly, it was a dreadful misfortune for the whole roman empire, if the sacred fire on the altar of Vesta were extinct. —

Mercury.] And now a greater clamour would be raised, if the profane fire of any roman cookshop should go out, than if the vestals should let their's become extinct twice every week.

Quirinus.] But who then is to be their tutelary patron for the future in my stead ?

Mercury.] Saint Peter, with the pair of keys, has taken that kind office upon him.

Quirinus.] Saint Peter with the pair of keys ! Who may that be ?

Mercury.] That I cannot rightly say myself ; ask Apollo ; perhaps he may be able to give thee some information on that matter.

Apollo.] It is a man, Quirinus, who in his successors for eight hundred years will rule over half the world, though he himself was only a poor fisher.

Quirinus.] How ! The world will allow itself to be governed by fishers ?

Apollo.] At least by a particular sort of fishers : of fishers of men ; who, in a very ingenious fishing-net, called the decretals, will by degrees catch all the nations and princes of Europe. Their commands will pass for oracles ; and a piece of sheepskin or paper, sealed with saint Peter's fish-ring, will have the virtue to make and unmake kings.

Quirinus.] This saint Peter with the pair of keys must be a powerful inchanter !

Apollo.] By no means ! The most wonderful and miraculous things, as thou oughtest long ago to have known,

known, have their natural course in the world. The mass of snow, that falling from the summit of a mountain overwhelms a whole village, was at first but a little snow-ball; and a stream that bears large ships, is, at its source, but a gurgling rill. Why should not the descendants of a gallilæan fisher in the course of a few centuries become lords of Rome; and, by means of a new religion, of which they made themselves the high-priests; and, by the assistance of an entirely novel system of morality and politics which they had the art to graft upon it, at last be able to make themselves for a long time masters of one half of the world? Didst thou not keep the herds of the king of Alba, who was a very petty potentate, ere thou madest thyself chief of all the bandits in Latium, and congregated that little nest of thieves which in the sequel became the capital and queen of the world? Saint Peter, in fact, during his life made no great figure: but he will see the time when emperors shall hold the stirrup of his successors, and queens and empresses humbly kiss their feet.

Quirinus.] What strange things one lives to see when one is immortal!

Apollo.] It requires indeed much time and no small degree of art to bring the man-fishery to such a pitch: but the fish will be stupid enough to allow themselves to be caught by them.

Quirinus.] In the mean time, we are all deposed, are we not?

Mercury.] That is most incontestably true.

Several of the celestials.] Better not be immortal than live to see such things!

Jupiter.]

Jupiter.] My dear sons, uncles, nephews, and cousins, one and all of you ! I perceive that ye take up this trifling revolution, which I have long seen coming in perfect tranquillity, in a more tragical tone than it deserves. Sit down again, I beseech ye, in your places, and let us talk of these matters calmly over a glass of nectar. Every thing in nature has its time, every thing is transitory, and so are also the *opinions of mankind*. They are ever changing with circumstances ; and if we consider what a difference only fifty years make between the grandson and the grandfather, we shall not be surprised that the world, within the space of one or two thousand years, imperceptibly seems to have taken a figure entirely new. For, in fact, it is after all but semblance ; it continues always the same comedy, though under different masks and names. The simple folks there below have long enough carried on their superstition with us ; and should there be some of you who were flattered by it, I must say you were in the wrong. It were to be wished that mankind at last were wiser ; by heaven it would not be too early ! But that is not to be expected. Indeed they are always flattering themselves that the last sottise that comes to their *knowledge* is also the last that they shall *commit* ; the hope of better times is their everlasting chimera, by which they are constantly deceived, in order to let themselves be again deceived by it : because it never enters their heads, that not time, but their innate incurable folly is the cause why matters never go better with them. For it is their decided lot never purely to enjoy any good ; always exchanging one piece of folly,
of

of which they are at last become weary, like a child that is tired of a toy, for a new one ; with which however they generally fare worse than with the former. For this time it really has a look as if they would gain by the exchange : but I know them too well, not to foresee that they are not to be helped in this method. For, if Wisdom herself were to descend in person to them, and live visibly among them, they would not cease from decking her out in rags and patches, and feathers and bells, till they had made a fool of her. Believe me, deities, the songs of triumph they are at this moment vociferating on account of the glorious victory they have gained over our defenceless statues is an ill-omened scream for posterity. They think to better themselves, and get out of the rain by standing under the spout. They are tired of us ; they will have nothing more to do with us ? So much the worse for *them* ! *We* want nothing of them.—If their priests declare us to be unclean and evil spirits, and the simple people are made to believe that our dwelling-place is an ever-burning pool of brimstone : what is that to me or you ? How can it concern us what notions half-reasoning terrestrial animals entertain of us, or what relation they chuse to give themselves towards us, and whether they fumigate us with a disgusting compound of *assa foetida* and frankincense, or with infernal sulphur ? Neither the one nor the other comes up to us.—They mistake us, you say, in endeavouring to withdraw themselves from our supremacy : did they know us any better while they served us ? What the poor people called their religion is *their* business, not *our's*. *They* alone have either to gain or to lose by it, if they

conduct their lives rationally or irrationally. And their posterity, when hereafter feeling the consequences of the unwise decrees of their Valentinian, Gratianus, and Theodosius, will see cause enough to rue the rash precautions which have brought on their giddy heads a torrent of new and intolerable calamities of which the world, while addicted to the old belief or superstition, had no idea. It would be another thing, if, by the new institution, they were actually bettered ! Which of us could or would take it amiss of them ? But exactly the reverse ! they are like a man, who, to remove an inconsiderable malady, with which he might live to be as old as Tithon, should have recourse to a remedy that should bring upon him ten others, ten times worse. Thus, for example, they raise a terrible outcry against *our priests*, for keeping the vulgar, who are every where superstitious, and ever will remain so, in deceptions, from whence the state derived as much profit as they. Will *their* priests act any better ? At *this instant* they are laying the foundations of a superstition which will be useful to none but themselves ; and, instead of confirming the political constitution, will confound and undermine every human and civil relation ; a superstition which will lie like lead in mortal brains, preventing access to every sound idea of natural and moral things ; and, under pretext of a chimerical perfection, poison every bud of humanity in the breast of man. When the worst is said that can with truth be said of the superstition that has hitherto been adopted by the world, it must hereafter be confessed that it was far more humane, more harmless, and beneficent, than the new one, set up in its room. Our priests were infinitely
more

more harmless people than those to whom they must now give place. *They* enjoyed their authority and their revenues in peace, were complacent with all men, and combated no man's belief: *these* are domineering and intolerant, persecuting one another with the utmost fury, for empty phrases and unintelligible terms; determining by the plurality of voices, what mankind shall think of inconceivable objects, how they shall speak of inexpressible things, and treat all, who think and speak differently from them, as the enemies of God and man. That the priests of us celestials, till they were outraged by these boisterous image-breakers, ever had any difference with the government, or otherwise disturbed the public tranquillity, was scarcely heard of in a thousand years: whereas the new priesthood, since their party is encouraged, has never ceased to put the world in confusion. Their pontifs are at present working in secret: but shortly will they grasp at the sceptre of kings, constitute themselves the vicegerents of their God; and, under that title, assume an unheard-of sovereignty over heaven and earth. — *Our* priests were indeed (as is reasonable to suppose) no very zealous encouragers, yet at least they were not the sworn foes, of philosophy, from which, under the protection of the laws, they had nothing to fear; but it least of all ever entered their heads to bring the thoughts and opinions of mankind under their jurisdiction, or attempt to impede their free circulation in society: whereas *their's* — who, while they were the weaker party, were artful enough to have *reason* on their side, and placed her in the front whenever they were attacked by *our's*, — now bid her farewell, as she would only be

a hindrance to their farther operations; and will never rest till they have made all dark around them, deprived the people of all means of illumination, and stigmatized the free use of the natural judgement as the first of crimes. Formerly, while they still subsisted only on alms, the opulent lives and sociable manners of our priests were a scandal to them: now, that they are failing with favourable gales, the moderate revenues of our temples, of which they have got possession, are far too scanty to satisfy the cravings of their vanity and pride. Already have their pontiffs at Rome, by the liberality of silly rich matrons, of whose enthusiastical sensibility they have the art to take advantage in a masterly manner, by the most shameless practice of legacy-hunting and numberless other artifices of a like nature, enabled themselves to exceed even the first personages of the empire in pomp, expence, and luxury. But, as all these sources, though augmented by the influx of ever new accessions to their stream, will never satisfy the insatiable: they will contrive a thousand other means till then unthought of, to tax the simplicity of raw and unsuspecting people; even the *sins of the world* will they transform, by their magic art into mines of gold; and, to render these the more productive, they will invent a monstrous catalogue of novel sins, of which a Theophrastus and an Epictetus had no conception. — But wherefore do I mention this? What is it to *us* what these people do or do not; and how well or ill they employ their new dominion over the sickly imagination of a race of mortals enervated and crippled both in mind and body by voluptuousness and slavery? Even the misleaders of the rest are themselves

missled;

missed ; even *they* know not what they do : but it behoves us, who clearly see into all this, to treat them with indulgence as distempered and brainfick people ; and, without regard to their gratitude or ingratitude, to do them as much good in future, as their own ignorance and folly will allow us the opportunity for. Unhappy beings ! whom do they hurt but themselves in voluntarily depriving themselves of that benign influence through which Athens became the school of wisdom and art, Rome the legiflatrix and mistress of the earth ? whereby both attained to a degree of culture to which even the better descendants of the barbarians, who are desirous of sharing in the countries and riches of these degenerate Greeks and Romans, can never raise them again. For what must come of men, from whom the muses and the graces, philosophy and all the arts that embellish life and refine its enjoyments, with the deities their inventors and patrons, have retired ? I foresee at one glance all the evils that will intrude themselves in the place of so many benefits ; all the ugliness, deformity, squallor and monstrosities that these fanatical destroyers of the beautiful, will heap upon the ashes and the ruins of the works of genius, of wisdom, and art,—and my heart sickens at the loathsome sight. Away with it ! — For, so surely as I am Jupiter Olympius, it shall not remain so for ever ; though ages may pass over it, till mankind have reached the lowest depth of their depravity, and ages more, till, with our aid, they shall have laboured up from out the mire. The time will come, when they will seek us again, again invoke our help, and confess that without us they can do nothing ; the time will come,

when, with indefatigable toil, they shall drag from the dust, or dig from the depths of earth and rubbish every ruinous or disfigured relict of the works which once, through our influence, proceeded from the spirit and the hands of our favourite votaries, and exhaust their powers in vain to emulate by an affected enthusiasm, those miracles of genuine inspiration and the true infusion of celestial energies.

Apollo.] Most certainly that time will come, Jupiter! I see it, as if it were present in full lustre before me. They will again set up our images, admire them with awful emotion and reverential admiration, take them as models for their *idols*, though they had been held abominations under barbarian hands; and — oh what a triumph! — their pontiffs themselves will be proud of building magnificent temples to us, under other names!

Jupiter, taking a large goblet of nectar in his hand.] Long live futurity! — *To Minerva*: My daughter, to the time when thou shalt see all Europe changed into another Athens, filled with academies, lycæums, and hear the voice of philosophy resound from the depths of the forests of Germania, perhaps still more free and clear than formerly from the schools of Athens and Alexandria!

Minerva, with a little shake of the head.] I am glad, father Jupiter, to see thee in such good spirits at the present aspect of affairs: but forgive me if I believe as little in a new Athens, as in a new Olympia.

Quirinus to Mercury.] I cannot get this Peter with the pair of keys, who is to be my successor, out of my head, Mercury. How is it then with these

these keys? are they real or emblematical, natural or magical keys? Whence has he got them? and what is he to lock up with them?

Mercury.] All that I can tell thee of the matter, Quirinus, is, that with these keys he locks against whom he will, the gates of heaven or of Tartarus.

Quirinus.] Tartarus, for our parts, he may shut up against whom he will. But heaven too! that is quite another matter.

Mercury.] In fact they have taken upon them to people heaven with such an enormous multitude of deities of their own stamp, that there will scarcely be any room left for us old ones.

Jupiter.] Leave that to me, Hermes! Our temples and lands on the earth they may easily take from us: but in Olympus we have been too long established to suffer ourselves to be turned out from it. But, as a proof of our perfect impartiality, we will grant the *new* Romans, notwithstanding their insolence, the right of apotheosis, on the same terms as the old ones. I hear that most of their candidates, who lay claim to this promotion, are not persons of the best company. We will therefore, with saint Peter's permission, always, previous to admission, make each of them submit to a little examination. If it appear, that he can pretend to a place among us, from his other qualities and merits, no objection shall be made to him on account of the golden circle about his head; and even Momus himself shall not dare to upbraid him with the miracles attributed to his bones or the rags of his garments.

Juno.] With the gentlemen thou mayst do as thou wilt, Jupiter; but the ladies I will take under my directions.

Venus.] They will be very well off.

Jupiter.] Of this we will speak when occasion requires. And now — not a word more *de odiosis!* — A fresh goblet, Antinous!

DUKE OF ALVA AT A BREAKFAST, IN THE CASTLE
OF RUDOLSTADT, IN THE YEAR 1547.

TURNING over an ancient chronicle of the sixteenth century, under the title of *Res in Ecclesia et politica christiana gesta ab anno 1500, ad ann. 1600, autore J. Soffing, theolog. doct. Rudolft. 1676.* I found the following anecdote, which for more than one reason deserves to be snatched from oblivion. In a piece, under the name of, *Mausolea manibus Metzelii posita à Fr. Melch. Dedekindo, 1738.* I find it confirmed: and for this the reader is referred to *Spangenberg's mirror of nobility, vol. I. book xiii. p. 445.*

A German lady, descended of a family long renowned for valiant feats of arms, and which had already given an emperor to Germany, on a particular occasion made the formidable duke of Alva tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the emperor Charles the Fifth, on his return, in the year 1547, from the battle of Muhlberg, to his camp in Suabia, passed through Thuringia, Catharina, countess dowager of Schwartzburg, born princess of Henneberg, obtained of him a letter of safe-guard, that her subjects might have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army

on its march through her territories. In return for which she bound herself to allow the spanish troops that were transported to Rudolstadt on the Saalbrucke, to supply themselves with bread, beer and other provisions at a reasonable price, in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town, demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance; that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants too of all the places through which the army was to pass, were informed that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

Mean time, the spanish general, attended by prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves, by a messenger whom they dispatched before, to take their morning's repast with the countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect, at the same time, to remind the spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception, and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess, that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the
countess

countess from the hall. His tidings informed her, that the spanish foldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people; whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of foldiers in marching through a place, were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly, "My poor subjects must have their own again, or by God! — *raising her voice in a threatening tone* — princes' blood for oxen's blood!" With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which, in a few moments, was filled with armed men; who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, duke Alva directly changed colour; and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body men, what had they to do, but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry of Brunswic was the first that collected his spirits; and

and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter. Thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth; concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern, and the determined intrepidity she had shewn. He intreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable. Which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages were made good, the countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle; and they, in return, very courteously took their leave.

It was this transaction, no doubt, that procured for Catharina, countess of Schwartzburg, the surname of the Heroic. She is likewise highly extolled for the active fortitude she displayed in promoting the Reformation throughout her dominions, which had already been introduced by her husband, earl Henry XXXVII. as well as for her resolute perseverance in putting down the monks and improving the instruction of the schools. Numbers of protestant preachers who had sustained persecution on account of religion fled to her for protection and support, which she granted them in the fullest extent. Among these was a certain Casper Aguila, parish-priest at Saalfeldt; who, in his younger years, had attended the emperor's army to the Netherlands in quality of chaplain; and, because he there refused to baptize a cannon-ball, was fastened to
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the mouth of a mortar by the licentious foldiers, to be shot into the air; a fate which he happily avoided only by the accident of the powder not catching fire. He was now for the second time in imminent danger of his life, and a price of 5000 florins was set upon his head, because the emperor was enraged against him for having contumeliously attacked his Interim from the pulpit. Catharina had him privately brought to her castle, on the petition of the people of Saalfeldt; where she kept him many months concealed, and caused him to be attended with the greatest assiduity, till the storm was blown over, and he could venture to appear in public. She died, universally honoured and lamented, in the 58th year of her age, and the 29th of her reign. The church of Rudolstadt is in possession of her bones.

ON THE LIBERTY AND THE LICENTIOUSNESS OF
THE PRESS.

FROM MR. WIELAND TO A FRIEND.

YOU wish to know my sentiments on the distinction between the liberty and the licentiousness of the press. As I take it to be a privilege necessarily connected with the honour of being a man, to think on all cogitable matters, and to impart the result of our reflections to others, and to do both in the best method we can; so I make no hesitation in frankly disclosing to you how I regard the subject. I take it
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for granted, that the author of this distinction had something of a determinate idea annexed to it, and a thoroughly good intention, or that he fancied he had them (which, you know, in regard to the will, amounts to the same thing); and therefore we cannot suppose he meant to urge this distinction against the liberty of the press. It might indeed happen to Caius or Titius, (as it may happen to us all who are subject to human frailty), in a just, but rather a too passionate zeal, for what he holds to be truth and justice, and therefore for the cause of human nature, to express himself in terms of unusual force. I say, it might happen to Caius, or however else you chuse to call him, in a too strong emotion of the animal spirits and the imagination, against which an author, who is richly provided with both, and is writing on an extremely interesting subject, cannot always be enough on his guard; it might happen that undesignedly he transgresses a little the aristotelian line of courtesy and respect; that he should hyperbolise a little, and say somewhat more, than, for example, a cool and sedate Roman would say to the face of an Augustus or a Titus, — not to mention one of their ministers (who are naturally more sensible to affronts than the Augustus himself), though a man might venture to speak in pretty strong terms to the face of either of those cæsars. Caius, then, could not justly take it much amiss, of an Asinius Pollio or Lucius Piso, or whoever you please to place above him, if the latter gave to such passionate, though not ill-meant, effusions, for greatly exceeding the usual bounds of freedom, a name that, according to Adelung's dictionary, betokens those who both

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inconsiderately despise danger as well as violate the laws of decency and order without remorse. Caius himself could not deny that there are cases, where the like instances of precipitancy and thoughtlessness are used to be attended with stripes. Indeed he might excuse himself on the score of a righteous zeal for the cause of humanity: but he would be answered, that a wise man should know how to keep his passions, however just and good their object and aim might be, within due bounds. It is likely that he might not be wanting in a plausible reply: but in all cases, it is a main point to give the adversary no advantage.

Nothing, however, is more natural, than for such passionate beings as we poor homunciones are, to be heated above what is necessary or advisable, when our zeal is too strongly excited. In these, as in all other cases, where men split into parties, we find the observation of Horace to hold good:

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

The husband, says a vulgar proverb, breaks the pans and the wife the pots. Commonly nothing comes of such house-keeping, but sherds of earthen ware. But, my friend, I shall always be of opinion, that a man may utter the strongest truths with impunity, if he delivers them in a calm and easy manner, and without personal affront to such as think otherwise. Not that I would have a man speak coldly and indifferently on truths whereon the welfare of mankind depends: let him speak with all the warmth of sentiment, in a style of personal conviction and of pure benevolence, and yet with temper and moderation, and he will offend no one. Or, in case any person should be self-conceited
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and unreasonable enough to take offence at a modest contradiction, the whole reasonable world will be on his side. It is not to be told how much a man may injure the best cause by a violent method of defending it, by exasperating the opponent, and by wounding his self-love. If we only injured ourselves by this means, it might very well be allowed to pass; we should have the consolation at least of considering ourselves as martyrs for the truth: but the cause of mankind is injured. — A moral from Terence, which can never be too much inculcated, is highly applicable in all cases of this sort, *Tu si hic esses, &c.*

You see, my dear friend, that I take the distinction before us, in a sense that shews it to be the most harmless matter in the world; which it would by no means be if I gave it that dangerous import which to many it seems to have: namely, as if the meaning were, that because Caius, or Titius, or Sempronius, have used the liberty of thinking (which all the learned, nay, which every person who can utter his reflections intelligibly has a right to enjoy) with some indiscretion, authors in general should be subjected to a kind of inquisition; and arbitrary fetters should be laid on the freedom of the press, under the pretext of preventing the licentiousness of it. I know not what cause many nice people may have for being so quarrelsome with the liberty of the press: but of this I am well assured, that Augustus or Titus would have taken it very ill of any one who should have suggested to either of them only the thought of wanting to suppress the freedom of speaking and writing (printing was not in being in their times) on account of the too bold use

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a Laberius, for example, had made of it. What opinion should we have entertained of the wisdom of a Solon, if he had caused daily to be weighed out to his Athenians, by ounces and scruples, how much it were proper for them to eat, because sad experience teaches, that one or other at times eats more than is fit? And do you think, that even Solon himself, supposing he had providently ventured so far, would have brought himself off by the distinction between freedom of eating and freedom of gormandizing, with the grandfathers of Socrates and Aristophanes? — I hope then that I have perfectly set your mind at rest by this little effusion of my thoughts. He that has abused the freedom of eating into gluttony, must be contented to swallow a digestive powder or an emetic. He that has abused the freedom of the press into licentiousness, merits, for the first offence — a reprehension for his future caution: but the freedom of the press remains, notwithstanding, like the freedom of eating, as unlimited as before — or — so much the worse.

HOLBERG AT PARIS.

HOLBERG gave lessons in the French language in Norway with great approbation. He went to Paris, and found that he understood no French.

I hope this will be the case with many of our divines, in heaven. Why I hope so? Nay, it at least supposes that they will get thither.

A. G. KASTNER.

ON

ON THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

OF all the doctrines of the mysterious philosophy of Pythagoras, none is less worthy of a philosopher, and yet there is none that has gained its promulgator more fame, than that of the transmigration of souls. It would at most have been exhibited as a monument of an enthusiastical imagination, and as an instance of the pliancy of reason under the yoke of fancy, had not Plato given it a fresh consequence by his captivating eloquence, and by his authority over the parched brain of the philosophers and monks of the torrid zone. No sooner had they dragged it from the corners of philosophy, to place it on the grand theatre of religion, than, like all other philosophical speculations, it was entered in the fluctuating register of heresies, and became of importance both to thinking and thoughtless men, both to them that embraced, and to them that rejected the christian faith.

How did Pythagoras come by this airy hypothesis? was presently made the question when the termination of angry debate had made room for calm reflection. From the system itself of this great man nothing that can satisfy our curiosity is to be obtained; as neither Pythagoras nor his disciples thought it worth while to demonstrate their doctrine on philosophical principles to the great uninitiated multitude. If they adduced any argument, it was no other than this: Pythagoras

himself has related, that he was formerly Euphorbus, and demonstrated the fact by the recognition of a rusty shield of the times of the siege of Troy. In the whole pythagorean system (if a tissue, spun out of obscure and crude speculations, in an unnatural combination with arithmetical, geometrical, and metaphysical ideas can ever be called a system) there is not even the smallest circumstance that can furnish a hint concerning the first rise of this idea in the mind of its author. For, from the proposition, souls live after death, to the proposition, they travel about from one body to another, it must be owned there is still a very great distance; and from the proposition, souls will be punished or rewarded after death, to this, they suffer the punishment by the passing of them from one animal body into another, is likewise an immeasurable jump. Will it be said, that Pythagoras could not conceive of the continuation of the agency of the soul without any organs, and therefore clothed her with the bodies of animals, to help himself out of the perplexity? But this implies only, that it not unfrequently happens with systematical philosophers, that, for avoiding one absurdity, they entangle themselves in a greater; yet, in opposition to all historical evidence, some are disposed to rate too highly the wisdom of this man. What a spirit without organs is, and a simple spirit is without organs, the ancients had neither more nor fewer ideas than our present philosophers; that is, none at all: they therefore wrote and said nothing of it, as they had not yet learnt the grand art of accurately arranging words without ideas according to the strictest rules of logic; and because no Hobbes had yet

arisen to prove that all our reasonings were nothing more than mere combinations of words.

From Ægypt then that Pythagoras borrowed this doctrine, was affirmed by all who were not ignorant or impudent enough to alledge his journey to India, and his long intercourse with the wise brachmans and gymnosophists. But as this was abetting the prejudice concerning the lofty wisdom of the Ægyptians, which had now been exploded for several ages, they contented themselves with that answer, without reflecting that it gave rise to a farther question, How came the Ægyptians by this notion?

It occasioned no small surprise when accounts were first brought from the East Indies, that this opinion formed a considerable part of the religious system of the inhabitants. With astonishment it was found with the nations on this side the Ganges, in Arrakan, Pegu, Siam, Kamboia, Tonquin, China, Cochinchina and Japan; and now the question was, Whether the Asiatics had fetched it from Africa, or the Africans obtained it from Asia. But, since the Ægyptians had been put in possession, by the antients as well as the moderns, of the principal discoveries and the sublimest wisdom; so nothing was more natural than to attribute to them the first discovery of the transmigration of souls, and to search for arguments from every quarter in support of this assertion*.

But, even supposing that this were so clearly ascertained as it is not; should we be advanced one step nearer to the origin of this curious hypothesis? Its

* Kæmpfer's history of Japan, book i. p. 48. edit. Dohm.

birth in Ægypt would hardly be proved from the defective, the contradictory and the obscure accounts that come to our hands from that country so fertile in wonders. And even in India, from the very same causes, and from the vast multitude of fables, and the want of historical relations, we should likewise find but few data for the satisfying of our curiosity.

But the research becomes more intricate and perplexed, if we add to this, that in Greenland *; among the Mongals †; in Louifiana ‡; and among the Iroquois and their neighbours §, the same opinion is commonly prevalent. That all these nations should have derived it from India or Ægypt, is no more credible, than that they adopted the worship of the stars and the adoration of fire from the inhabitants of the East. And yet the conclusion, that this or that art, science, or opinion is in practice among the orientals, and likewise in the regions of the North, consequently that the East is their native seat, is almost universally made by those who employ themselves in investigating the origin and progress of human knowledge. Nothing, at the same time, is more fallacious than this very conclusion; for it is by no means a necessary induction, that all the discoveries have proceeded exactly from one nation; and we may and must admit, that the same matters have been discovered by several, at various times and in different places. In all the regions under heaven

* Crantz history of Greenland, vol. i. p. 258.

† Recueil de voyages au Nord, tom. viii. p. 424.

‡ Rec. de voyages au Nord, tom. v. p. 23.

§ Lafiteau, mœurs des Sauvages, tom. i. p. 410.

the human mind follows nearly the same law in its advancements from one branch or degree of knowledge to another, and we may, with the highest probability, admit that the ideas and knowledges of nations in their infancy have a similitude that borders upon identity. In religious tenets, in the belief of a future state, in offerings to the dead, in auguries and numberless other opinions, the modern barbarians of America, Asia, and Africa, bear an astonishing likeness with the Greeks, the Ægyptians, and other celebrated nations of old: and at bottom the same limited ideas and knowledge of nature are to be found with them all.

The question, then, How did Pythagoras come by the doctrine of transmigration of souls? must now be altered into this, How did the nations, so widely asunder, in Asia, Africa, and America, come to adopt this tenet? For, as it is not the sentiment of one individual man, or of one single tribe; but is common to various nations: so, I think we do no wrong either to Pythagoras or to the Ægyptians, by regarding it as a thought peculiar to a not sufficiently cultivated period of the human race, and merely leaving to Pythagoras the honour of having transplanted a rude popular notion into his philosophical system. Thus also we shall gain this important advantage, that we may settle its origin on more general and more positive observation, than by considering it simply in regard to fabulous Ægypt and the mysterious Pythagoras. Concerning the modern rude nations we have far more positive accounts; and, by a singular accident, frequently more detailed, than of the antient Ægyptians

tians, who from religious ostentation, gave themselves a far more marvellous aspect, and their antient history a far more venerable appearance, than either the nature of things or the progress of the human understanding allowed.

If we would know how nations whose reason is not yet confirmed by reflection and observation, represent to themselves the soul: we have no more to do than, either to call to mind what were our thoughts in regard to this word when we were children, or to remark what the lower class of persons among us understand by the expression, the soul. With all men, abstract ideas unfold themselves from sensible impressions; with all men, sensible images and impressions are the first object of all reflection; with all men, abstract and general ideas are at first no more than pictures of the imagination: with all men, therefore, who have not yet by continued reflection transported themselves into the superior region of intellectual ideas, the representations of abstracted objects, that do not lie within the province of the senses, are nearly the same, because they are prepared from nearly the same materials. The uncultivated man represents the soul as a subtile airy being, with just the same dimensions, frame and figure as we perceive in the gross material body: and, since he has no other knowledge of man than what he acquires through the senses, and consequently, since it cannot occur to him, how can he believe that his soul may be otherwise fashioned than his body? The proof of this is to be seen in the manes of the antients; which were subtile and airy outlines of the body which the soul had inhabited upon earth.

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The belief in these manes was not introduced among the antients by a poet; it was adopted by the poets from the oldest popular ideas during the raw uncultivated state of the nation. It would undoubtedly be doing the poets too much honour to attribute to them the invention and introduction of the whole religious system of the antients; they did but select, from the great store of generally received opinions, such as were most suited to the machinery of their poems; and by embodying and cloathing them, gave them a more captivating aspect. Homer describes his manes according to the notion that then prevailed; he makes the heroes bring them offerings, not merely because it pleased him, but because it was a practice followed by the nation in general. That these manes truly represent the idea of the antients concerning the soul, their functions, rewards and punishments in the infernal world, their recollections of what they had done on earth, their belief of a return to the regions above, and that they could be evoked by spells and incantations, will not leave us the smallest doubt.

The belief of a life after death is to be found amongst almost all the savage nations, and under the very same aspect. The Grœnlander is firmly convinced, that, after his death, he shall go to a place with perpetual summer, bright sunshine, quantities of sea-dogs and where abundance of fresh water is to be met with*. The Ackansea in Louisiana believes that his soul, after death, will go to a place, where every species of pleasure, where the charms of the chase and of the fishery

* Crantz, history of Grœnland, vol. i. p. 258.

will every where abound*. The Ostiac† and the Iroquois‡ have the same belief. In short, the generality of the rude unpolished nations represent to themselves the life after death as a continuation of the present, with a larger proportion of conveniency, rest, and sensual pleasure; and, agreeably to this notion, accommodate its elysium and its tartarus to the ideas and occupations they had in the world above. As, therefore, a natural philosopher, from a tooth or a bone, can determine the animal whose property it was; so can likewise a connoisseur of the human race, from the formation of its lower world, determine the climate, mode of life and degree of cultivation, in which a nation lives.

All these fables taken together, unanimously evince, that rude unpolished nations have no other intellectual conception of the soul, than as a subtle material being, of the human shape, and the human mode of acting.

According to our philosophical systems, the soul is so firmly attached to the body, that it cannot leave it so long as the man continues to live: but in the doctrine of spirits among savage nations, it enjoys a far greater freedom. She can, as oft as she pleases, abandon the body, travel over distant regions, converse with the souls of departed friends or acquaintance, and it is nothing unusual for her calmly to leave her body

* *Recueil de voyages au Nord.* tom. v. p. 266.

† *Ibid.* tom. viii. p. 409.

‡ *Lafiteau, mœurs des sauvages*, tom. i. p. 401 & sqq.

at home, while she is roaming over other worlds *. In short, their soul is in this respect as unconfined, as those of the seers and prophets and nuns inflamed by heavenly love can possibly be : as certainly as these believe they shall pass over into other worlds and there enjoy spiritual kisses of love ; so assuredly do the former that they shall converse with the souls of their ancestors in the inferior world.

How can the human intellect be so blind to such manifest contradictions and absurdities, will a gloomy metaphysician say, who has never beheld mankind any otherwise than in his compendium ; and will either doubt of the facts or break out in bitter lamentations on the wretchedness of the human race. But in reality the human mind is not so dull, as we usually make it when we only see it through the medium of our own favorite opinions. The notions that appear to us contradictory and absurd, because we either studiously neglect, or cannot discover the foundations on which they stand, are certainly not so in the eyes and according to the ideas of those who embrace them. Though the human mind be seldom strong enough to see truth in all its purity : yet it has always sufficient force to avoid manifest contradiction in its very deviations ; and even from the most ridiculous tenets to compose a kind of harmonious system. By the manner in which rude nations represent the soul, their voluntary neglect of the body has nothing contradictory in it, at least nothing visibly contradictory ; as it is not in itself absurd, that the animating airy being in the body, in a human

* Crantz hist. of Greenland, vol. i. p. 257.

form, should loose itself from its gross material shell, for enjoying its existence in completer freedom.

But though this be not self-contradictory : yet it is certainly deficient in proofs that it is real, and consequently this opinion is a glaring instance of the levity of the human understanding, which adopts or rejects a proposition without any reason, but merely as blind chance shall direct. The mind of man is every where in its operations alike, and observes among uncivilized nations the very same laws by which it is directed among the most polite. When the opinions of rude and uncultivated people seem to us to be void of foundation, and when we from thence conclude, that these people have adopted them without any reason : we then commit, from a shortsightedness which does not always prevent us from being proud, a manifest act of injustice ; by fondly imagining that there is no reason, because we happen to see none. There is no tenet, however ridiculous, believed in any part of the wide surface of the globe, which has not its reasons with them that believe it.

And what reasons then can savage nations have for believing the voluntary removal of the soul from the body ? No other than experience itself. That they lie immovably on one spot during sleep, they know from experience ; and that, during this quiet situation of the body, they visit distant regions, discourse with distant and long-deceased people, they know likewise from experience. The liveliness of sensation is even in most cases with our philosophers the criterion whereby sensible impressions are distinguished from mere fancies ; and with such as have not deeply reflected,

flected, or made nice observations, on the nature of their imagination, it is the only criterion for judging between felt and merely imagined things. With all our metaphysical acuteness, and the nicest spirit of discrimination, we should never have thought of distinguishing the perceptions of our dreams from the perceptions of our waking hours, did not our intercourse with other men, and the testimony of those that were present while we slept, convince us, that, of all we think we have perceived, nothing has happened. Upon these principles, now, the savage reasons: During my sleep I have actually seen, heard, done, what I am conscious I have seen, heard, and done; yet I know for certain that my body has not stirred from the place: consequently my soul must necessarily have left the body, and have roamed about in all the places which I have seen; consequently, it is not to be denied that the soul does leave the body, and with the greatest velocity traverses the most distant places without it.

So consistently and methodically, indeed, the savage does not reason: but all these middle terms necessarily lie undeveloped in his intellect: and he would reduce them to this very form if he had once been taught the method of syllogisms and enthymemes. That savage nations hold their dreams for realities we are expressly told by travellers; since they are not sufficiently versed in natural philosophy for explaining the nature of dreams: so they believe that their soul, when she sees the body buried in sleep, takes advantage of these moments, for going abroad, and afterwards returns to her tabernacle of flesh.— On awaking, they believe the soul

to have in reality seen all that they have fancied in their dreams*.

A second experience from whence they conclude of the soul's roaming about, is in the extasies of their soothsayers or inchanters. These impostors, or, perhaps more justly, these dupes to their own fancies and awful preparatives, can reduce themselves to a state of entire suspension of all the senses and sensations; they let themselves be pricked, beaten, and even burnt, without feeling it in the slightest degree; and they are at such times so very absent, that they seem to be entirely under the guidance of a foreign spirit†. It would be of consequence to the doctrine of immaterial substances, should a physiological philosopher employ himself in making accurate observations on this state; but most important of all, if some one should make them who has himself experienced such ravishments and extasies. By a certain exertion of mind a man may easily succeed so far as to prevent the ordinary feeble sensations from reaching the soul, and we meet with persons who are much disposed to such flights. By certain distempers it often happens that the outward ducts to the common sensorium are closed up, and all sensations entirely removed. Consequently, these persons must, by certain preparatives and practices, have acquired the aptitude of shaking and reversing their brain in such a manner, as that it is transported into a species

* Lafiteau, mœurs des sauvages, tom. i. p. 363. Gacillasso de la Vega, histoire des yncas, liv. ii. chap. 7.

† Lafiteau, tom. i. p. 383, 384.

of inflexible rigor. The spectator of such a tremendous scene can imagine nothing else than that the soul of the soothsayer has abandoned his body, if he have not already learnt by experience and observation that this, though somewhat unnatural, is not altogether supernatural: and certainly many a traveller would have fallen into this mistake, had he not been withheld by the belief in the power of the devil. They speak on this subject with such a solemn surprise, and with such dreadful contortions of countenance, that we may easily perceive they have taken the whole for superhuman and diabolical; and numbers of them know not how to help themselves out of this perplexity, but by leaving it to the sagacity of their reader to determine, whether the evil spirit may not really have a hand in it. The jugglers are very expert in confirming the prejudice, by pretending that in these extasies they really make journeys into the lower world, where they hold conference with their deities and ancestors*.

When a people once believes a roving of the soul from its body, it may very easily pass on to the idea, that the soul of one man transfers itself into the body of another. For what is more easy and natural, than for souls so separated from their bodies frequently to lose their way, and to get into a different body in like manner forsaken of its soul? What more comprehensible, than that a soul should seek out a new body for its habitation, when become weary of its former abode? Accordingly, we actually find among nations who adopt the migrations of the soul, the belief in the

* Crantz, history of Grœnland, vol. i. p. 257.

commutation of them; and hence the *angekoks*, that is, the forcerers of Grœnland have arrogated to themselves the power of bringing back lost souls, and of providing the sick with sound ones*.

Can human souls interchange their bodies? can they also as easily betake themselves into the bodies of brutes, and so wander about in the form of beasts? This the Iroquois in reality believes. Here follows one of their fables, which confirms not this superstition alone, but likewise another that is spread almost over all the world. There antiently lived among them a famous hermit of the name of *Shonnonkouiretſi* (that is, the very long head of hair), whose memory is still revered. The village in which he was born was visited with a general mortality, which carried off the most considerable people one after another. Every night a funereal bird flying over the huts, fluttered his wings with horrid noise, and raised a doleful cry, which increased the universal alarm and consternation. It was not doubted, that this was the *oïaron*, or the animal of him whose enchantments caused the dire calamity. But none knew to whom they should apply for coming at the source of the evil; and the soothsayers, on being consulted, found nothing in their art that could help them to it. In this terrible extremity, the council of the elders dispatched three of their principal members to *Shonnonkouiretſi*, to implore him to have compassion on them; but his state did not permit him to quit his solitude, and he could never condescend to leave it for going into the village. However he allowed himself

* Crantz, history of Grœnland, vol. i. p. 258.

to be wrought upon in one particular, and appointed a day for the deputies to return and receive his last determination. They came back at the time he had fixed. The hermit shewed them three arrows which he had made in their absence; and without imparting to them any thing of his design, he only told them to examine well the arrows, that they might be sure to know them again.

In the evening, towards sun-set, Shonnonkouiretsi went and lay in ambuscade on a little hill, at no great distance from the village. The bird flew out of a hollow tree at the coming on of the night; and, shaking his wings as usual, distinctly pronounced the names of some of the principal persons whom he had doomed to death on the morrow. No sooner did the hermit perceive him, but he advanced softly, let fly at him one of his arrows, and then retired, assured that he had sufficiently wounded him.

The day following a rumour is spread in the village, that a certain young man, who lived alone in a poor hut with an old woman his mother, was very ill. The elders, attentive to all that passed, secretly ordered the three deputies who had been with Shonnonkouiretsi to visit him, as if without design. The patient was too much tormented by his malady to permit him to dissemble it; he had an arrow that entered very far into his side. The arrow of the hermit was immediately recognized. Private instructions had been given to those who treated the patient; and as they were attending to their business, seemingly with a view to

extract

extract the arrow, they managed it so well, that they thrust it into the heart of the miserable wretch *.

In this fable manifestly lies the belief, that human souls, and even while the man is yet alive, can pass into the bodies of brutes; it likewise contains the explication of a superstition not every where eradicated among us. It would not be easily believed by such as have not learnt it from the stories in the history of witches, or from the tales of their nurse, that there are men who, in a literal sense, can change themselves into beasts. The wolf, as the most noxious and voracious of animals, has been found eminently adapted to favour the infernal attempts of these magicians, and therefore such metamorphosed persons are denoted by the general appellation of loup-garous or were-wolves. Formerly these monsters wandered much abroad, of late however they have not so frequently been seen, since the laws against witchcraft have been repealed, and the clergy been excused the trouble of casting out devils. Yet there is here and there an obscure corner in the country, where they still conveniently carry on their accursed tricks among the good old wives and idle gossips of both sexes. Even among the antient Greeks this superstition was not unknown; Lucian's *as*, and its copy, the golden *as* of Apuleius, are confirmations of the fact, at the same time that they turn it to ridicule.

A still more conspicuous instance of similar permutations of souls, during the life-time of the acting

* Lafiteau, tom. i. p. 390.

persons is to be found among the fables current in the East Indies. The soul, say these people, is in the same relation to the body as the inhabitant is to the house. As the man inhabits his house, and repairs the parts of it as they decay; so the soul inhabits the body, strives to preserve it, and to support its failing powers. Farther: as the man goes out of his house, when it is no longer habitable, and seeks for himself another; so the soul forsakes her body when a sickness or some other accident renders it incapable of being animated, and puts herself in possession of another body. Finally, as the man goes out of his house when he will, and returns to it again at pleasure; so there are great persons, whose soul has the power of freeing itself from the body, and returning to it again as often as they please, after having wandered through various regions of the world. This will be confirmed by the following occurrence: We read in the life of Fieramarken, one of the most puissant sovereigns of India, that a prince implored a goddess, whose temple stood in a retired place, to teach him the mandiram, that is, a prayer which has the efficacy of freeing the soul from the body, and of bringing her back to it whenever she chose. He obtained the boon for which he prayed; but unluckily his servant, who had remained at the door of the temple, had heard the mandiram, retained it in memory, and resolved to use it on the first occasion. As this prince reposed an entire confidence in his domestic; he related to him the peculiar favour he had obtained, but took care not to disclose to him one word of the mandiram. It frequently happened, that the prince retired to a solitary place, where he allowed his

soul free course; but previously gave his servant strict charge carefully to watch his body till he should be returned to himself. This done, he softly said his prayer, and his soul, being got loose from the body, made large excursions all around, and afterwards returned. Once, as the servant was watching the body of his prince, the thought came into his head to repeat the prayer; and his soul, dislodged from his body, immediately conceived the resolution of passing into the body of the prince. The first thing this false prince did, was to cut off the head of his former body, that it might not occur to his master to animate it. Thus was the soul of the real prince compelled to animate the body of a poppinjay, with which he returned to his palace*.

When men are once so far confused in their ideas as to believe these circumvagations of the soul even in the life-time of the man, they have only a short step to make to the transmigration of souls after death. Two causes appear to have given rise to this: first, the metamorphoses of their gods; and secondly, the resemblance that some beasts bear to some men.

I. The metamorphoses of their gods. Those nations that believe the transmigration of souls, affirm also that their gods disguise themselves in the forms of beasts. Of the old Ægyptians it is said, that they maintained there had been a time, in which all the gods, for avoiding the persecutions of the giants, had changed themselves into certain animals; and the whole ægyptian animal-worship seems to rest on the principle that divine beings lie concealed in the forms of beasts.

* Lettres édifiantes, rec. xiii. p. 114.

That mankind should worship the brutes merely as brutes, is as incomprehensible as any thing on earth can be, and therefore various hypotheses have been raised, both in antient and modern times, for unravelling this curious practice of the Ægyptians. But, since no ægyptian system of religion has come down to us sufficiently complete and unmixed for enabling us properly to explain the fact; I think our best way to that end would be by having recourse to the relation between the ægyptian worship and the worshipers of beasts discovered only in modern times. The Akanseas in Louisiana pray to beasts; but at the same time they believe that such beasts are nothing else than the visible tabernacle of their god, who one while makes choice of an ox, at another of an orignal, and at another of a dog, for his visible domicile*.

The soothsayers of the Maskoutens, a nation in the neighbourhood of the Illinese, adore the ox, as their great manitou, and affirm that in him they do not worship the ox, but the manitou of the ox, who dwells under the earth, and animates all oxen. They add that bears and all other animals are in like manner animated by a subterranean manitou†.

A similar wandering of the deities is likewise believed by the inhabitants of the East Indies. Their god Brumma has animated the body of a stag and a swan. Vistnou has been a fish, a tortoise, a hog, half man and half lion, and lastly a brahmin. Since then the gods themselves are subject to such wanderings,

* Recueil de voyages au Nord, tom. v. p. 116.

† Lettres édifiantes, rec. xi. p. 325.

how much more must feeble man be so! And, as it is not absurd to believe that the gods animate the bodies of various animals: how much less absurd is it, that the souls of men may do the same!

II. The resemblance between certain animals and mankind. The human mind is always so ingenious and busy in searching out for resemblances, and takes so great a pleasure in having found them, that it even brings the remotest objects together, and sees resemblances where not the least shadow of a likeness exists. In all languages traces are to be found of the great propensity in mankind to compare their own qualities with the qualities of the inferior animals. In the East as well as in the West the courageous man is compared to the fierce and valiant lion, the faint-hearted to the timid deer, the voluptuary to the wallowing swine, the sensualist to the lascivious goat, and the contemptible sycophant to the fawning dog: and on these comparisons, in all languages are founded a multitude both of honourable and infamous names. The Iroquois and the Hurons divide themselves into certain tribes, and every tribe bears the name of an animal; as the tribe of the wolf, the tribe of the bear, the tribe of the tortoise*. The investigation of the resemblances between mankind and animals is even carried so far by some moderns, that they have imagined certain relations between the faces of men and beasts, and from thence have drawn physiognomical rules.

This resemblance now probably occasioned mankind to believe, that the souls of those men who had a cer-

* Lafiteau, tom. i. p. 464.

tain striking agreement in their conduct with some animals, really passed into such animals after their death; and that the soul of the voluptuary passed into the body of the hog, as that of the bold, the resolute and the cruel man did into the body of the lion. For thus they most easily and commodiously could explain this resemblance they had observed, by deriving it from the transposition of souls.

When once a standing opinion is suitable to religious purposes, crafty or ingenious people are always to be found, to turn it to their own and the general benefit: and fanatics, who from a sacred zeal, strive to transplant it into the religious system. The religion of all those nations that have made one for themselves, is therefore always the best application possible of the popular ideas still subsisting from the savage state, for taming the people and reducing them to a regular government. Does a nation believe the continuance of souls after death? the legislator and the priests subjoin to this belief the doctrine of rewards and punishments, according to certain rules fitted to the wants of the society; and thus make the prejudice subservient to the attainment of their views. Is a people addicted to the interpretation of dreams and the exposition of prophecies? the legislator appoints soothsayers, augurs, diviners, haruspices, for governing the vulgar by their means, and for stamping a greater authority on their proceedings.

The idea of the transmigration of souls was too well accommodated to such designs, for escaping the notice of men of discernment; and when once observed, was not to be neglected. By the small addition, that

this migration was directed by certain laws that had relation to the life that had been led in the world, it was perfectly adapted to work upon the morals of mankind. This therefore was eagerly laid hold of; and now it was taught in the temples as an article of faith that the souls of the wicked must always be turned into the bodies of such contemptible animals as they bore the greatest likeness to, and that they are so long to do penance in the form of these brutes, and to wander about from one body to another, till they are fully purified from their vices.

When men begin to reflect upon things, they constantly first lay hold on that which they ought to take last: the notions implanted in them by education, society and religion, they consider as irrefragable principles, and then endeavour to make experiences suit them; whereas, they ought, on the contrary, to reduce them to a consistency with experiences. This is what we still do every day, this is what the ancients did, and it is done by all the people that are struggling to rise above barbarism. Hence the philosophy of the people is always built on old popular and religious ideas; and the nearer it is to its origin, so many more marks of fable and religious ideas does it bear upon it. As therefore the nations, with whom the migration of souls has been already long believed, find their reflections on the world and God begin to expand; so they strive to bring even these into connection with their notions of the origin of the world. Hence various systems now gradually arise, and among them also this, that God is the common soul of the world; that all souls are part of the divine being; that they cannot, by reason of their transgressions,

sions, return directly to God; that consequently they must do penance for all their sins, in animal bodies; that, finally, they ascend, from one gradation to another, till they regain their original perfection. This is still at present the religious and philosophical system in the East Indies*; this was perhaps too the system of all or of some of the ægyptian priests; this was also partly the foundation of the grecian religion; for the general belief that people after their death were taken up into the number of their gods was built on some such perfectionating of human souls. No wonder, then, that Pythagoras appropriated it; and, by cloathing it in a mathematical and philosophical dress, gave it a new form, and impressed it with a greater authority.

PROGRESS OF MONACHISM.

BY DR. ZIMMERMANN.

PACHOMIUS, a disbanded foldier, but, in my opinion, an incomparably more sensible, and a far greater man than Antonius the ægyptian boor, had, notwithstanding his thebaic descent, nothing of the melancholy frenzy of his tutor Antonius, however crazy he might otherwise be. He likewise had a greater stock of acquired knowledge than Antonius, and under-

* Lettres édifiantes, rec. xiii. p. 148, & seq.

stood, by inspiration, or some other means, both Greek and Latin. The anachorete Palemon conferred on him the monastic habit. They dwelt together alone in a cave on the top of a mountain.

Pachomius and Palemon lived on bread and salt. Occasionally some herbs were added to their repast; occasionally too, instead of herbs, they ate dust and ashes sprinkled on their bread. Praying, sewing and spinning were their usual employment. They made hair-shirts, partly for their own wear, to scratch and mortify their flesh; partly for sale, that on the profits they might live, and have somewhat to bestow upon the poor. If, in the middle of the night, they found themselves unable to resist the attacks of sleep, they carried sand from one place to another, to inure themselves to vigilance and prayer. To prevent their being surprised by sleep, they likewise both of them prayed, the whole night through, holding their arms extended cross-wise over each other. From this cause it was at that time the ordinary mode of praying: at the celebration of mass this method is still observed. For rendering himself superior to pain, Pachomius went always barefoot among thorns and briars.

An uninhabited village on an island of the Nile, called Tabenna, lay not far from the cave where these two holy persons dwelt. Pachomius who went at times to fetch wood from thence, conceived a strong desire to take up his abode among these ruins. They accordingly parted, with the promise of visiting each other once a year. But the poor solitary Palemon fell sick. Antonius the boor was just at that time in full practice with the devils, and exorcised the sick; however, Pachomius

chomius thought it as well to fetch a couple of physicians from the city of Panopol, which lay at no great distance. The physicians, very judiciously, told Palemmon that he must eat. But he would not eat: and died.

Tabenna continued now to be the residence of Pachomius. His brother however soon came to him, whom, since his dismissal from the roman army, he had seen as little as the rest of his family. They set immediately about enlarging their little habitation, in hopes of harbouring more good people there. But the brother died; and now Pachomius was once more alone.

The devils presently began their catterwaulings. — Poor Pachomius now likewise saw visions; and both were very natural, as he had so disused himself to sleep, that he could pass forty nights successively without once dozing. It is well known, that, after such long watchings and macerations, a man may see what ever he chuses. However, as this extenuated condition was no longer bearable, Pachomius had a very rational vision; in consequence whereof he thought it advisable to procure some society. Accordingly, whoever, among such as came to visit him, shewed any willingness and desire to become a monk, he detained, and made him one.

Thus, about the year of Christ 325, the first regular cloister in the world, arose at Tabenna, solely from the ennui of Pachomius. Only the name cloister [claustrum] was not yet known; as the orientals had yet no claustrum. We hence perceive that what we now call cloisters, obtained that denomination, from this original

foundation of Pachomius, implying a house devoted to piety, or a connection made between several houses for that purpose, where several persons may take up their abode, and live together in common, observing the same rule, and in dependance on one superior.

Pachomius, alas, is therefore the primitive founder and father of all congregations and all orders of monks. God forgive him ! since it is notorious that the monks ever since have been the greatest apostles of superstition, and thus been grateful to the parent from whence they sprung. Before him and after him, no distinct monastery of one order, of one rule, and under the guidance of one sole abbot, has ever been seen in the east ; but all the west took the thought from him. Pachomius founded eight such cloisters, beside that of Tabenna, in the desarts of Thebais ; and four were shortly after added to the number.

His monks were, for the most part, a parcel of Thebaic peasants ; in general stout and surly fellows. Pachomius governed this rustic crew by a proportionable degree of furliness. The novices were obliged to cast themselves down before the feet of every monk they met ; and the monks returned the compliment with all kinds of insult and boorish salutation, in order to inure the novices to humility and patience. After this noviciate they received the habit. They must all learn to read ; young monks were occasionally flogged.

All the monks of Tabenna wore shirts of coarse linen, without sleeves, which came down no lower than the knee, and a girdle about the loins. Over this shirt hung a cloke made of tanned goatskin, reaching in like manner only to the top of the leg behind. On the head they wore a hood, which likewise fell upon
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the shoulders. In the church, they threw over this a little mantle of linen, about their neck and shoulders.

They were obliged to fast only twice in the week ; but any one might starve himself that pleased. The infirm were always first served with food. Their ordinary commons consisted in bread, salted olives, salad, with oil and vinegar, figs, and other fruits. Occasionally they had salted pot-herbs, at times little dried fish, also lentils, and other vegetables dressed in oil. Wine and flesh were only administered to the aged and infirm. They were not allowed to speak at their repasts, neither was any lecture permitted at that time, nor dare any one to look at another while eating. All therefore sat round the table with their cowls drawn over their eyes. The same thing was done when at prayers or at work. According to the rule of Pachomius, a monk must be always alone even amongst mankind ; always occupied with his own ideas ; and therefore he pulled all his monks' hoods down upon their noses.

Strangers, however, were very cordially received in these monasteries. The monks even washed their feet for them. Women too were admitted at all hours, only their feet were not washed for them, on account of the conflicts many monks had had at the sight of a handsome foot. The women therefore had a particular habitation assigned them apart ; they had likewise the liberty of coming into the church, but only when the monks were not there. The relations of a monk might bring provisions and fruit ; the monk was permitted to taste a little of what was thus brought ;
and

and the rest was put by for the sick. The monks had likewise leave to visit their sick relations out of doors.

All sorts of handicrafts were carried on by these monks in their cloisters. The most common occupation was that of weaving mats of rushes. This they did even when at church. None but the sick were excused from work. From the neighbouring mountains they fetched timber and firewood.

They assembled themselves together every evening, and in the night, and in the morning, for the purposes of instruction and prayer. The most venial fault was severely punished, by penance, and by the scourge. The incorrigible were driven out of the monastery. They were not allowed to speak of any thing but the holy scriptures and their duties. Certain seasons were set apart to perfect silence. None might relate in the monastery what he had heard abroad. No one had the use of his will; nothing was done but by order.

Fourteen hundred monks Pachomius had under him already at Tabenna, and during his life-time no less than three thousand were devoted to his rule. His name, the renown of his virtues, and the regularity observed in his monasteries, were soon spread over various nations. They came from Armenia, even from the west and from Rome, to see the great Pachomius, to imbibe instruction from his sacred mouth, and to imitate his divine example.

All the girls in the world, whom stupidity, superstition, and inhuman madness have locked up in cloisters, that they may there abandon and despise the world, do violence to nature, stifle their best affections, and have their most innocent and sweetest emotions

tions condemned by a wrinkled domina; all these poor and pious lambs lead this life of constant martyrdom only for a whim of the great Pachomius. He founded the first nunnery, at Tabenna. With women indeed he never spoke; and therefore he was like to know nothing of what women feel. But he acquainted his sister of his intention to found this convent. It was therefore by his order that the first nunnery was built at Tabenna. It presently contained four hundred virgins. He caused them to cut off their hair, and to cover their faces with the sacred veil, this great assistant to introversion of soul. But female bickerings and rancour soon entered this first abode of secluded virgins. It is related by Palladius, that one of these nuns in anger accused another of some heinous crime, and that shortly afterwards the accused leaped into the water and was drowned, and the slanderess suspended herself to a beam and died.

Pachomius frequently visited the monasteries of his order in person; and on his becoming sickly at an early period of life, he made over this office to his confidants. He likewise often wrote to the superiors. But before all things he enjoined his disciples to disclose their temptations and trials to the most experienced and enlightened of their brethren; that they might learn the true method of practice in diseases of the mind. Pachomius himself had but too early experienced, what melancholy can effect in monasteries; and he solemnly affirms, that many monks had thrown themselves headlong from the summit of rocks, many had

had ripped up their bellies with knives, or murdered themselves in various ways*.

A very singular stroke in the character of an ægyptian, a faint, and a monk, evinces the abhorrence Pachomius had for whatever was excessive. Every monk in his cloister was obliged daily to weave one rush-mat; for it cannot be expected that such gross and unspiritualized clowns should be always at prayers without growing tired of it. But one of these poor holy champions was so industrious as to weave two mats in one day, and hung them out of vanity in a place where father Pachomius must of necessity pass. The blessed father saw them, knit his righteous brow, and said to the monks that attended him: Behold how this

* Gregory of Nazianzen likewise knew of such suicides amongst the recluses of his diocese. He says, in a poem, wherein he commends his monks of Nazianzus, to his friend Hellenius, an officer of the customs: "The servants of God avoid marriage, cities, and mankind. Some of them dwell in cliffs and caves of rocks; they seek repose, the friend of heavenly wisdom. Others load themselves with chains. Many shut themselves, like savage beasts, in little huts, where they behold no human creature. There are people among them who fast for twenty days together; others again who maintain an uninterrupted silence. One kept himself for a whole year in the church; and in all that time never allowed himself to be overtaken by sleep. Another repaired to the mountain from whence Christ ascended to heaven, and here he stood immovable, amidst winds, and snow and frost, till he was brought half dead into a cell that had been built for him. And, what I cannot mention without horror: for avoiding the danger of sinning, some monks have put an end to their lives by hunger, or by a halter, or by leaping down a precipice."

wretched

wretched fellow works from morning till evening for the devil, and merely for the honour of making two mats a day instead of one. Having said this, Pachomius caused the miserable sinner to be brought before him, and commanded that he should present himself in the church and in the dining-hall, before all the monks, with his two mats in his hand, and there ask pardon of them all for aspiring out of vanity to be better than they. This however was not enough. The poor monk was sentenced to be shut up in his cell for five months. Here he was not permitted to speak to any one; his only support was bread, water and salt; and he was obliged to weave every day two mats.

So numerous however were the follies practised in the ægyptian monasteries, that this very reasonable punishment had no effect; for what the rule did not enjoin, that the monks yet frequently did from pious frenzy. A monk at Tabenna exceeded the bounds of moderation in the austerities he exercised against himself to such a degree that father Pachomius was obliged to reprove him. This he did in perfect meekness. He proved to him how a man may be too wise and too virtuous merely from pride. The surest means of conquering this pride, said he, is for a while to do no more than others; therefore not more severely to fast, and not more to watch and to pray than they. This the monk did for a while. But soon fell foul on himself again as before, and murmured and grumbled at his superior, for intreating him to have mercy on his body. Pachomius commissioned his favourite disciple, St. Theodore, to go to this zealot, who was everlastingly praying, and make him give over. The monk
accosted

accosted Theodore with the vilest abuse, and then went on with his praying. Theodore proceeding once more to remonstrate against this over-acted devotion, the monk gave him a knock on the head with his staff, and went out of his wits.

Towards heretics Pachomius discovered no liberal toleration in forbidding his monks to join with them in prayer. For the orthodox and orthodoxy he had a veneration which may admit of excuse. He possessed the miraculous power of the apostles, say his sacred biographers; and the faith in that power, which often works real miracles, may at least have been very useful to his monks, as they were frequently sick. His miracles however did not always succeed; and therefore, like Antonius, he was apt to refer his patients to resignation. In general he was fonder of curing the diseases of the soul by his wisdom, than those of the body by his miraculous power; and it was observed that he never once willingly spoke of the latter. There are mysteries, he would frequently say, and I think very excellently, that we ought entirely to conceal from mankind, or only permit just so much to be said of them, as may tend to their edification.

Many charming particulars might I exhibit of his conduct and character; for though a saint he was by no means a bigot. All of them would testify of the reasonableness of his mind, and his zeal for truth. All of them would evince, that Pachomius was, in his way, a philosopher in a world of fools.

The frequent illnesses of Pachomius may be thought extraordinary in a person of so much temperance. It is

is likely that he was born with a bad constitution. However this be, certain it is, that he was often indisposed; and though he could not bear to be tended by others on such occasions, yet he himself always carefully waited on the numerous sick he ever had in his monastery, notwithstanding their robust frame of body, and his own not excessive zeal. His life was not long. A general distemper broke out in the year 348 in all the monasteries of the Thebais of the congregation of Pachomius; more than a hundred monks died of it in a very short space, and Pachomius with them, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and the five and thirtieth of his solitude.

My description of the spirit of monkery that so universally prevailed in Ægypt during the fourth century would have been extremely imperfect, if I had omitted to relate many things, which were not here expected, of the two great chieftains of the whole army of monks. That Antonius was the father of innumerable hosts of fanatics, is surprising to no one; but it is matter of great concern to me, that Pachomius, who was more enthusiast than fanatic; that he, notwithstanding his moderation and superior intellect, should be the inventor of monastic rules, and at least the first mover in originating the conventual restraint.

The pious rage of St. Antonius found general approbation in the east. Whereas the monastic rule of Pachomius was too rational, was too little repugnant to nature for the fanatical Ægyptians; and therefore, as long as it was new, it was quickly and numerously followed, but it was accordingly soon laid aside, and soon forgotten. The spirit of the primitive founder,

rested indeed for a time on the monks he left behind him at his death ; as we gather from Palladius and Rufinus. But the congregation at Tabenna gradually departed from its love of regularity, its moderation, and its morals. The increasing numbers of the monks, increased the necessity of worldly cares, which soon got the upper hand ; and thus all went to ruin. The superiors, wanting the good sense of Pachomius, fell into contentions about rank and precedence, a very ordinary subject of strife among blockheads ; and thus was a laborious and sanctified life changed into a life of quarrels and disputes, of idleness and crimes. In the monasteries of Ægypt none arrived at honour and respect but persons of profligate manners, who naturally persecuted the partizans of the pristine virtue. For this reason, however, the piety of particular monks was thenceforward more exalted and sublime, as they were forced to languish out their lives amidst innumerable crews of scoundrels.

Antonius, the Ægyptian boor, was therefore the man who saw the world at his feet, and gave new energy and life to the furious enthusiasm of the christians of Ægypt for making a bolder progress in a religion entirely mistaken. Pachomius, on the contrary, by his temperate procedure, had much mitigated that enthusiastic spirit. Be this as it may, the doctrine of the mortification of man by solitude and voluntary torments, met now with universal approbation in Ægypt, wherever the christian religion had made its way in the east. The inhabitants of monasteries were no longer called ascetics, though they still led an ascetic life, but were distinguished by the name of recluses or monks.

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The others were termed anachoretēs, hermits, or inhabitants of the desert.

Properly speaking, there were four species of Ægyptian monks: cœnobites, anachoretēs, remoboth or farabaïtes, and itinērants.

Cœnobites were such as dwelt in common and together. We read the account of their whole œconomy in Hieronymus. They were divided into communities of tens and hundreds. Every nine of them had a superior. They dwelt in cells apart from each other, and did not come together till the ninth hour, excepting the superior, who visited his sheep one by one. At every hour they united for the purpose of singing psalms and reading the scriptures, and for prayer. This done, the father, sitting in the middle, began to speak; during which none presumed to look at another, nor even to spit. When the meeting was over, every ten went to table with their superior. Here no person spoke: they ate nothing but bread, pulse and herbs, seasoned with salt, and occasionally with oil. Wine was allowed only to the aged, to whom, as well as to the sick, a dinner was frequently served, that the former might be strengthened, and the latter not too much reduced. The repast being ended, they rose up, sung a hymn, and returned to their penns*; and there each superior held

* This is the proper name of them, and the only one suited to the monasteries of those times: since then they have been very much altered. Mandra was the name of the place on which these cotes or penns were constructed; and this word denotes a sheep-fold. Like the sheep-folds, these habitations of the monks had no other covering but the sky, and nothing round them but a fence.

held a spiritual conference with his flock, which lasted till evening. As every one was obliged to keep watch on his mat by night, besides waking for the usual prayers, the superior walked about among the cells, and listened to what each individual was doing. To the slothful he gave no rebuke, but visited them the more frequently, and animated them to a greater diligence in prayer. The day's work of every one was duly fixed, and was delivered to the superior of the ten to whom he belonged; the superior gave it to the steward, who with much trembling brought his account once a month to the abbot. He likewise procured and looked after all the provision, and took care that none were ill-supplied, and that none were deficient in necessary apparel. The sick were carefully attended by the old, in places apart. These cœnobites lived in great retirement; for, if we except only the monastery of Pachomius, they saw none but their brethren, and dwelt at a considerable distance from any inhabited place, in the midst of arid and burning sands.

Anachorètes were those who lived entirely alone, in perfect separation from all mankind, after they had completed their noviciate among the cœnobites, and had there been taught to subdue their passions. These abandoned their communities, and repaired to the desert, living only on bread and salt.

fence. The cells were wretched and narrow pens, made of hurdles or other slight materials, set up in rows, and divided from each other by lanes and allies. Each monastery had also its church, its hospital, offices, a garden, a well or pond; and the whole was inclosed by a fence, and in process of time by a wall.

Remo-

Remoboth or Sarabaites, as we learn from Hieronymus, were wretched and despised; though, in his province, they were either the only, or the principal class in being. Two or three of them, hardly ever more, dwelt together, entirely as they pleased in perfect independence. They lived in common on the profits arising from their work. Great numbers of them took up their quarters in towns and fortresses. All they sold was dear. Quarrels frequently arose among them, as they would live on the fruits of their own industry, and be in subjection to no man. They even run after girls, says Hieronymus, speak evil of ecclesiastics, and eat, on holidays, till they are ready to burst. Cassian speaks of these recluses, as of people who shook off the monastic discipline and their obedience towards the abbot, that they might live in greater licence and follow their inordinate desires, who even dwelt in cities and in their paternal houses, and who, either that they might eat the more, or from motives of avarice, heaped up a provision for many years to come.

A fourth class of ægyptian monks were called vagabonds [gyrovagi], for, like canons and prebendaries, who have several benefices, they made but a short residence in any place. At first they had devoted themselves to the monastic life; but very soon, as their humility and patience wore out, they repaired to different cells apart, that, where virtue is not put to the test, they might usurp the reverence due to virtue. Augustine speaking of these corrupt anachoretēs, says, the enemy of the human race has every where distributed a multitude of hypocrites in the guise of monks, who roam about the country, are sent no where, abide

no where, and no where sit down or stand still. Some of them make a trade of selling the limbs of martyrs of their own manufacture; others say, that they have heard, that their parents or relations dwell in this or that country, and falsely pretend that they are travelling to it. They beg of every one, wherewith to gratify a covetous disposition, or they demand of every one the rewards they pretend to be due to their piety.

Those cœnobites, anachoretēs, sarabaites, and these vagrants; in a word, the whole of this sacred crew, sprung up from the sowing of the great Antonius: all revered him as their spiritual father, all produced him children like themselves.

His spiritual son Hilarion was a personage that deserves some notice here. We recollect what separated him from St. Antonius. Animated by his spirit, he at first inhabited a wretched hut in the frightful desert between Gaza and Ægypt, and afterwards as miserable a cell, in which he was unable to stand upright. Thus lived he two and twenty years, till his far-extended fame drew the sick of all descriptions to him, whom he then, as we may easily conceive, miraculously healed; for, in the times of which I write, he was a miserable fellow indeed, who could not work miracles.

By means of Hilarion, the passion for the monastic life was spread throughout Syria, and especially in Palæstine. He likewise converted a number of pagans. He drove devils out of possessed cattle; and, in every instance, could declare by the smell to what evil spirit, or to what wicked owner they belonged. Hilarion
could

could scent out a devil wherever he was, and even where he was not, as certain people do satires.

Italicus, a christian officer at Gaza, was desirous of amusing the public by a horse-race; but his horses were restive, and would not run, as his opponent, a heathen, had bewitched them. St. Hilarion presently smelt out the matter. Accordingly, he gave Italicus the pitcher out of which he usually drank his water. This water Italicus sprinkled about his stable, on his horses, on his jockies, on the car, and over the whole course; after which his horses gained a complete victory. All the heathens who were witnesses to this miracle, presently became christians.

Hilarion was perpetually receiving visits from bishops and other christian teachers, from the great and from the vulgar, in great numbers; and especially from ladies of quality. We may easily comprehend how flattering these extraordinary tokens of reverence must have been to a hermit, and how they allured and impelled many to the solitary life; and how their vain self-complacency and their pride found more constant nourishment in desolate wilds, in gloomy caves, and the deserted dens of the forest, than in all the pomp of cities.

The morality of the christian system was now universally abandoned. Monasteries and cells out of number arose in every region. Crouds of monks were incessantly visiting Hilarion, for gaining new accessions of strength in their grand resolutions; and perambulated with him to the different monasteries and cells, in the same design. Hilarion, by these visits, had commonly above two thousand monks in his retinue.

But then he fled again as much as he could from the tumult of company. Once, on his expressing his intention to travel to Ægypt, and ten thousand persons having strove to detain him by their intreaties, he ate nothing for seven days, till they would let him go. Hilarion in this was more fortunate than Andefius the heathen hermit, a disciple of Jamblichus. This man took the resolution to make a total renunciation of the world, to pass his time in the country, and to end his days in the profoundest solitude. But the glory that furrounded him was so splendid, that, according to the narrative of his biographer Eunapius, it betrayed him even in his retirement. Numbers of young persons who were thirsting after wisdom, traced him out in Cappadocia, ran roaring round his house, threatening to tear him to pieces if he still persisted in the resolution to bury so much divine wisdom and knowledge in that obscure retreat.

Ammonius, another disciple of Antonius, was the father of the numerous colony of monks that settled among the mountains of Nitria, and afterwards so widely extended their fame. He too, as may easily be imagined, was a genius of no ordinary stamp. His relations prevailed upon him in his younger years to take a wife. He married a beautiful virgin. On the wedding-night he held her a long harangue against the marriage-state; and the consequence of this harangue was, that both man and wife leaped out of bed, and fled to the wilderness, where they lived in solitude apart from each other.

From ambition and the love of liberty many preferred the life of the anchorite to that of the monk; and

therefore it is highly probable, that the number of anchorites was much greater than the number of monks. It was always more agreeable to such fanatics to run about at full liberty naked in the wilderness, or to eat grass with the beasts of the field, than to submit to the austere rule of a monastery, and merely from the heaviness of time to be weaving of mats, or pursuing the noble art of cobbling old shoes.

We have the testimony of St. Ephrem Syrus that this was the case with the grazing anchorites. They were still weak in virtue, and weary of the monastic life. The duties they had to practise towards their brethren, and the task of work exacted of them from day to day, grew irksome. They also expected to gain more honour, and to arrive at a greater degree of seeming sanctity, by standing forth singly to the admiration of mankind, or by creeping on all fours, than by only sharing in the general odour of sanctity with a whole fraternity. As monks they were always in subjection to their superior, and these occasionally ruled them with the scourge in their hand; as anchorites they were accountable for their actions to none. Liberty and the feeding on grass procured therefore more enjoyment to many a hermit, than to be tediously employed in botching of shoes and weaving of mats in a cloister.

From pure ambition great numbers of anchorites pined away their lives in Ægypt under the burden of crosses and chains. Their emaciated limbs were loaded and confined by collars, arm-rings, gauntlets, and armour of massy iron. There was no liberty in this: but men fell on their knees before such fools, and regarded them as the archangels of God.

Others

Others threw away their cloaths in pious disdain, and several furious anachoretic faints of both sexes have been admired for no other merit than that of reducing themselves to the uncultivated state of nature. Some of the anachoretēs adopted a condition of life so extremely rude and wretched, as nearly effaced all distinction between the rational being and the savage brute. They took possession of the dens of wild beasts, whom they strove to resemble; and there fretted, till some came and found them out, and brought them the expected tribute of admiration and reverence.

Evagrius, in his ecclesiastical history, tells us: that some anchorites in Palestine dwelt in little holes in the earth, that were not larger than themselves; that both men and women betook themselves to the most barren parts of the wildernesses; wore only small aprons; went on all fours; fed upon grass and roots like beasts; and scampered to their holes as soon as they descried a passenger.

Mesopotamia was the principal residence of the grazing anachoretēs; and this mode of life was in reality more severe than it was even then commonly supposed. Saint Ephrem relates, that in his time there were anachoretēs of this class, who had resolution enough to go and live in sandy wastes, where there was absolutely neither grass nor water. After a series of inexpressible sufferings, these solitaries of the sublimest order wanted much to return to the habitations of men; but now they were deficient in the means. Panting with thirst, and emaciated by hunger, they lay upon the ground, and would have perished in the dreadful heats of the sun, like many of their fellows, had not some traveller taken

taken them on his horse, and brought them to an inhabited place. These anachoretes did not die, says Ephrem, but they continued a long time sick.

Still greater was the ambition, and wonderfully great the name, of the anchorites that came into the cities, to visit the houses of harlots, as Nicephorus says, and to bathe in the public baths with naked women. Evagrius is more copious in his accounts of these exercises of virtue. These saints, says he, affirmed that they were mad; and, repairing to the cities and towns, resorted to the places where was always the greatest concourse of people: they ran into the public houses, ate and drank with all sorts of persons; then regularly went to the common baths, remained there and washed in the midst of the women; but so superior were they to all passion and carnal desire, so assured of their empire over nature, that neither by the looks, nor by the touches, nor even by the embraces of these women, were they to be charmed to any thing which else in such cases is natural; for, continues Evagrius, they are men amongst men, but amongst women truly women.

There arose a general rivalship among all the anachoretes, upon every idle conceit, and upon every newly-devised species of holiness.

Baradatus, a Syrian, began by shutting himself up in a little cell; he next climbed up to the top of a mountain, where he built him a wooden hut, in which he could not hold himself upright. He lived a long while bent in this uneasy posture, in this inconvenient dwelling, which, besides, was in no capacity for defending him against the wind, and the rain and the sun.

Afterwards,

Afterwards, that at least he might be able to stand upright, he lived in the open air, but his arms were perpetually extended towards heaven; and he wrapped himself up in the skin of a beast, in which he had cut a small hole for enjoying the benefit of respiration.

Jacobus, a contemporary, but on account of his miraculous powers, a far more famous anchorite, lived likewise at first in a little hut, and also afterwards in the open air. He had no covering but the sky and his skin, and he habituated himself to every smart produced by heat and cold. About his neck and his body he wound an iron chain; four other chains hung down from his neck, two before, and as many behind: and, as if these were not enough, his arms were wound round with chains. His food consisted in nothing but lentils; and he was often, for three days and three nights, so covered with snow, as he was praying on his knees, that he could scarcely be seen.

Barfanuph, an ægyptian saint and anchorite, shut himself up in a cell in Palæstine about the year 552; and fifty years afterward some tokens were found that he was still alive, though no man had seen him during all this space of half an age.

Saint Simeon Salus, a great anchorite, out of humility feigned himself mad; and thus, in his solitude, converted a multitude of sinners.

Such were the great mass of fanatics, who have been adored for so many centuries, and are still adored as the most perfect of mankind.

But, in those days of universal superstition and the most unbounded fanaticism, when almost nations entire seemed to have lost their wits, Christ, whose design it had

had been to make men friendly, helpful, compassionate, and kind, in civil society, was no longer observed, or no longer understood. Ægypt, Syria, Palæstine, Mesopotamia, Pontus, Cappadocia, and Armenia, shortly teemed with armies of monks, marching under the banners of Paul, of Antonius, and their brainsick successors, who renounced all the affairs and accommodations of life, withdrew from all society, endured hunger and want, distresses and torments, for meriting the kingdom of heaven, or at least for acquiring influence and reverence on earth by idleness and sloth. No longer new platonian philosophers, but beggars, vagabonds, boors, ragged pedlars, day-labourers, slaves, tinkers, thieves, malefactors, every thing that had been subject to hunger, poverty, stripes, and the hardest labour, or had fled from condign punishment, hermitized in Ægypt, or took up the monastic life. The vilest scoundrel acquired reverence through the habit of a monk; and the greatest criminal was worshiped as a saint, as soon as he put on the cowl.

Augustine says, that many of the monks refused to work with their hands; in hopes that idleness would procure them a maintenance, and their instructive example deserve a handsome reward. Their great advocate and friend Athanasius, writes to Dracontius the monk, who was elected a bishop against his will: Now thou art a bishop, I would recommend to thee to fast and to drink no wine. We have known bishops that fasted and monks that indulged in eating: bishops who abstained from wine, and monks that drank it; bishops who wrought miracles, and monks who wrought

wrought none : bishops who were never married, and monks that were fathers of children.

It was found impossible to limit the number of monks by laws. The emperors had often issued edicts, that citizens capable of bearing offices should not become ecclesiastics for avoiding the obligation of serving the state : and the very same edicts were revived by Valens in the year 373 in a particular view to the monks. Certain lovers of laziness, it is said in one of these edicts, steal away from the civil employments, and repair to the desert ; where they join with the bands that lead a useless life. If you find out such people in *Ægypt*, you shall drive them from their lurking holes, and compel them to take charge of the trusts to which they are bound ; or you shall confiscate their property for the benefit of those who fill such posts in their stead.

Valens acted soon after with so much severity against the monks, as ought in all reason to have forced them to compliance. He issued a law, that they should be whipped to death whenever they refused the military service, or to take civil offices and posts. In consequence of this law many monks lost their lives in *Ægypt*. An ordinance was published by the emperor Valentinian III. by which no servant, countryman, or other vassal was to be admitted into the fellowship of the monks, if he intended by that means to free himself from his dependance on him.

But all these statutes and ordinances of the emperors were of no avail against the enormous spread of monkery ; inasmuch that the emperors sometimes spon-

taneously repealed their edicts against the monks. In the year 309 Theodosius the elder published a decree for reducing the monks to compliance, by ordering that they all should return for ever to their desarts and caves. The emperor seemed, in this law, to have had an especial eye to the ægyptian and syrian monks; who, under pretext of a blind zeal, came into the cities, raised insurrections, interrupted the course of justice, and carried on an open war against the pagans and their gods, whose temples they demolished. But Theodosius soon after fell upon a much worse project; at the end of some twenty months he caused his law to be repealed, intimating that it had been extorted from him by the importunity of the magistrates who were full of prejudices against these holy men: and now Theodosius again gave the monks permission to ramble about, and to come into the towns and cities as often as they; in their wisdom, should think fit. At length the emperor, to put a finishing stroke to the business, issued an edict whereby fathers were forbidden to disinherit their sons for taking on them the monastic vows, without their consent.

Thus monkery advanced in uninterrupted progress. The odour of their sanctity had now forced its way to the imperial court; several of the empresses were fond of this odour: and the vulgar beheld, with no less edification than surprise, fellows coming forth from the desarts, who, for making their bodies the more sensible to pain, had hung themselves round with iron chains; who had turned their shirts of goats' hair, over which the primitive monks had worn a sheep skin, outwards, in hopes of thus attracting more respect;
and

and who were proud of long hair, long beards, bare feet, and nastiness in all things.

The greek philosophers had likewise their particular cloathing; and many of them were emulous to appear slovenly, beggarly, and dirty. They were therefore very frequently ill-treated by the boys in the streets. It was wisely done in the cynics to arm themselves with a good strong cudgel, to keep off the dogs and the blackguards. The christian monks were true imitators of these antient philosophers in dress and appearance, and many of them seemed also to have inherited their rags, their pride, and their petulance.

Some monks, for the mortification of their flesh, would neither kill nor catch the vermin that fed upon their bodies. In this particular exceeding the jews, who only spare these creatures on the sabbath; for, according to the decision of a learned rabbi, he who kills a louse on the sabbath, is as much a transgressor of the law as he who should slay a camel.

Thus, when Athanasius brought the first ægyptian monks to Rome, every one laughed at the sight of these lousy philosophers. These disciples of St. Antonius the great excited immediately the disgust and contempt of the Romans by their strange appearance, their ferocious looks, and their swarms of lice. St. Hieronymus complains bitterly of it, and says, men detest these holy men of God from Ægypt, as beggarly and hungry cheats, who make it their business to seduce wealthy and noble dames, and to ruin their health by recommending to them an austere mode of life. But how soon were the tables turned! These lousy philosophers received the general approbation of Rome, and
were

were eagerly imitated as soon as they opened a school of their new philosophy; for the most of their hearers were ladies*.

Before these hairy, or rather bristly, Ægyptians every one bowed down at Rome that knew how to live, as they were so extremely agreeable to the ladies. They even began to eclipse the ecclesiastics, who were already very spruce and elegant figures. Their praise flew from mouth to mouth among people of distinction. Even men of great gravity were captivated in favour of these monks on seeing that the most learned and venerable of the fathers of the church set their seal to all the extravagancies and absurdities of monkery, and held the most ludicrous follies of the monks for tokens of the highest perfection; and that they exhorted all christians to look up with admiration to the efficacies of that heavenly order.

The whole race of them, all these illiterate fanatics, all these devout or brainless heads, all these morose and misanthropical curiosities, all these haughty hypocrites, would indeed soon have been struck dumb and confounded for ever, with all their efficacies, at the approach of the true light of the gospel. But even men of the first magnitude for force of understanding, a Basilus, a Gregorius Nazianzenus, a Chrysostomus, entered the monastic state, or attempted at least this

* Many noble roman ladies likewise attended the lectures of the heathen Plotinus, who publicly taught at Rome the new platonic gallimaufry, which was in like manner brought out of Ægypt; and one of them, named Gemina, at length took him into her house.

austere mode of life. Though they did not persevere in it, and, from the languor of spirits it brought on, soon abandoned their solitude, and returned into the world, yet they continued zealous advocates for the life of the hermitage and the cloister; their writings and their sermons drove men in troops to the desert.

Johannes with the golden mouth, or, as he is commonly called, John Chrysostome, archbishop and patriarch of Constantinople, a man worthy of the greatest respect for his learning, his eloquence, and the integrity of his life, exerted his utmost endeavours in the promotion of this general propensity to spiritual adventures. He would himself have set out in quest of them in his youth, had not his mother dissuaded him from the project by remonstrances uncommonly moving. This noble, rich, and generous woman became a widow soon after his birth; and educated him with the utmost care amidst the numberless difficulties she had to contend with. Lying on that bed on which she brought him forth, she implored him with tears, that he would not reduce her to a second widowhood, but rather wait for her death before he put his unchristian and cruel design into execution. She told the young enthusiast, among other things, that he was offending God, by ungratefully forsaking his mother. Chrysostome, who relates all this himself, thought that he was more indebted to God than to his mother. Without the least hesitation he sacrifices the filial duties of resignation, obedience, and affectionate support. The monkish morality knows nothing of the doctrines of the duties towards parents. Chrysostome, soon after the year 370, departed from Antioch, repaired to the neighbouring

bouring mountains, and there lived as a monk, wholly separate from the world and his mother.

The fanatical Chrysofome, however, grew somewhat melancholy in reflecting on his rash undertaking. He had carefully inquired beforehand whether he could get fresh bread in his wilderness every day; whether he might not use a little oil to his victuals, and for his lamp; whether he should not be obliged to dig, and to fetch wood and water. In a word, he was as covetous, he says, of rest in his solitude as many monks of his time were of an abundance of earthly gratifications.

Chrysofome, for reasons that I shall exhibit hereafter, did not long persevere in the solitary life. But a great encourager of it he constantly remained, recommended it in his discourses and writings by magnificent encomiums, and also watched over his conduct with an austerity not far short of what it required. His talents, his condition in the world, and his extensive reputation, enabled him easily to inflame the minds and the hearts of a considerable part of christendom with a fondness for monkery. After his return from his hermitage he was a presbyter in Antioch, where he preached with astonishing applause. Eutropius, the minister of state to the emperor, had heard him preach. On the demise of the archbishop and patriarch of Constantinople, Eutropius was not unmindful of the preacher he had so much admired at Antioch. Fearing lest the people might not willingly consent to let the great man go from Antioch, Eutropius privately sent his orders to the viceroy of Syria; and Chrysofome was brought secretly and expeditiously in a post-cart from Antioch to Constantinople. The imperial court, the clergy,

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and

and the people, justified the minister in his choice; both as faint and as orator the new archbishop outwent the most sanguine expectations.

He had been educated in the school of the famous orator and philosopher Libanius; by whose care, in conjunction with his natural abilities, he attained to the highest pitch of eloquence. Libanius held him worthy to supply his place, while yet a lad, and makes heavy complaints against the christians for inveigling him away from his school. Furnished with all the spirit and elegancies of the great orators of Greece and Rome, Chrysostome, therefore, mounted the pulpit at Constantinople. Undoubtedly his religious discourses acquired greater force and authority, from his having imbibed, with many good qualities, strong marks of the monkish character. He was frugal and abstemious, but likewise contentious, zealous, void of all worldly artifices and disguises, imprudent, and, in rebuking persons of all descriptions, even those of the highest rank, the liberty he gave himself was unbounded. With inexorable severity, he demanded reverence and submission from the monks and ecclesiastics, and the whole body of the laity. He was ever ready at fulminating excommunications; was much inclined to avoid all intercourse with mankind, and to set himself free from all the duties of society; apparently disdainful and unfriendly, haughty and arrogant, towards such as were not intimately acquainted with him. But his virtue was ever irreproachable, and his beneficence unbounded; for, with the rich revenues of his office, which his predecessors had lavished away on pomp and high living, he founded hospitals and schools; his

austere and ardent and inflexible spirit was therefore no stranger to liberality and compassion. The people, for whose salvation he was so careful, bestowed greater marks of applause on the pathetic and excellent discourses of their archbishop than on all the entertainments of the theatre and the circus. His language was warm and elegant, and inexhaustible in every particular that can animate, raise, and give an edge to an oration; he managed every heart as he pleased, and turned every passion to his purpose.

When such a saint and such an orator was haranguing from his pulpit at Constantinople, what wonder that a monk enjoyed more respect than the prince himself? In every city he was admired, in his wretched and ragged garments, as an angel of heaven; no one was so mighty as a monk; no one could presume to reprove princes as a monk might safely do; before them the powerful of the earth must bow; every parent was great and esteemed if he had but a monk for his son; the monastic life was the only true philosophy; choirs of angels in human bodies and robes of light were seen on the summits of their holy mountain; their silence and their adoration were as pure as the life of Adam before the fall; cells in the wilderness were indeed houses of mourning, where solitude prevails; but there also dwells an undisturbed and heavenly repose; and it was the duty of all to hasten thither to kiss the sacred feet of the monks.

JOURNEY OVER MOUNT GOTTHARD TO LUCERN.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LITERARY TRAVELLER.

ON the third of June I performed the most difficult and perilous of the many days' journeys I had hitherto made; and I shall long remember it. The whole way from Airolo to the top of mount Gotthard is generally very steep. About half after five in the morning I set out on my expedition; continually ascending as if I was going up a stair-case. During the first five miles all is woody, fine larch and fir trees, which gradually become lower, and at length are quite lost. The remaining part of the ascent is then bare rock; here and there, where it is not too steep, there is a covering of grass and herbs.

About seven o'clock I arrived at the snow. I had now five or six miles to ascend, or somewhat more, and saw nothing round me but a wide waste of deep snow covering the ground from twenty to fifty feet in height. The part of the mountain thus covered with snow is all along a kind of valley, but as steep as the roof of a house; for on both sides arise mountains of bald rock. Through this steep rocky vale, bedecked with snow, rushes the Ticino, in a narrow but deep channel hollowed out of the rock, and with great noise pursues its way in so many turnings that one is obliged to cross it several times. At present the stream, with
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all its stone bridges, was covered with snow, so as to be visible only here and there. Accordingly I rode over snow which has no foundation in the deep whereon to rest. Should this vault of snow fall in, one must sink into an abyss through which a rapid torrent rolls its course. The best of it is, that the traveller can seldom see his tremendous situation. Yet he comes to places where it too plainly strikes his sight, where the stream runs deep below him by the side of the road, and then somewhat farther on sees a high vault of pure snow raised over the stream. From under this vault the torrent rushes, as from a dark cavern; and the idea that one must ride over this frail vault of snow actually makes one giddy.

To this danger is to be added that arising from the great masses of snow, which at times come tumbling down from the height, carrying away with them whatever they meet. In two several places I saw fragments of such masses that had lately rolled down still lying by the side of the road.

The passage across this snow has no other consistence than what it acquires by being trodden together, and is thus become somewhat solid. But, as at this season of the year the sun acts in full vigour, the path is in various places become weak and yielding, and the horses frequently sink deep into it. It is curious to see how these animals, when they begin to sink, immediately perceive their danger, and with extreme caution strive to recover themselves, that they may not by too forcible exertions work themselves still deeper in the snow. The horse on which I rode was somewhat more spirited than the others, and struggled too violently on such occasions,

sions, so that he several times got pretty deep. This made riding too uneasy to me, and I determined, weak as I was, to walk. But this was likewise very tiresome, as I often fell down on entering rather deeper than ordinary, and lay in the snow. After a toilsome and tedious way of ten or twelve miles, I at length came about nine o'clock to the utmost height of the road, and entered the monastery of the Capuchins, where I was glad to rest. Here are two houses. One of them inhabited by two capuchin monks, who lodge travellers of decent appearance. The other is an inn for people of the inferior classes, particularly for carriers who transport commodities this way on packhorses, here called *chevaux de somme*. We met a number of these carriers on the road; and I learnt, but too late, from them, how one may facilitate this journey over the snow. Every carrier goes before his horse with a shovel; and where he finds the snow to be weak, or to have holes in it, he covers it with fresh snow, which he stamps down with his feet, and by this means his horse, though heavy loaded, seldom sinks in.

This summit, where the capuchins reside, is however only a valley; for on the two sides arise high mountains of bare rock; but the valley is pretty broad. In the valley, not far from the capuchins, are several lakes. From one of which flows the stream towards the south, which afterwards is the Ticino; from another a similar stream runs northward. This afterwards becomes the river Reufs, which rushes into the Aar, in the canton of Bern, not far from their confluence with the Rhine. But now these lakes were not to be seen, as they all lay deep beneath the snow.

I shall

I shall here just observe, that this summit where the capuchins reside is exactly the point of union to the german and italian languages. The village Aïrol, from whence I now came hither, makes use of the latter, and the next that I am to descend to is german. Indeed the inhabitants of the valley of Livino, almost throughout, both understand and speak the german likewise, but among themselves they talk italian; and in like manner the first village on the northern side likewise speak the italian language, though the german is properly their mother tongue.

Hence, I think, we may pretty plainly conceive, how, in antient times, the Germans proceeded gradually farther towards the south, while the Italians continued always advancing towards the north in these mountains; till at last they came against one another at the topmost summit. It is to be conjectured, that the antient Lepontines spread themselves thus far before the Germans, and here set bounds to their progress, because they found the way down towards the north blocked up with rocks. For, eastwards from Gotthard, in the Grisons, where it is more easy to press farther northwards, the italian language extends much farther towards the north, namely to the vicinity of the chief town Chur; whence it may be inferred that the antient Etrurians penetrated earlier into this country than the Germans entered it on the other side, since it is natural to suppose that they who came first pushed farthest. But I return to the prosecution of my journey.

I was now obliged to descend northwards from the capuchins, as I had got up to them on the south side, and had about six or seven miles again to go over the snow.

snow. This part of the journey I likewise performed on foot; and then caused myself to be drawn, I was so fatigued with my frequent falls. The road however does not run quite so steep as on the southern side, and is therefore less dangerous, as one is not forced so frequently to cross the Reufs over arches of snow, as we keep that river all the way on the right. Yet I found myself very much relieved on reaching the end of the snow, and could once more pursue my way on firm land. I now got again on horseback, highly delighted at having left that irksome way behind me; and was as much at my ease as if I was riding over the finest turf; though I saw nothing above and below and around me but rocks and precipices. Towards noon I arrived at the Dorf hospital in the Urfeline valley.

This charming valley, which is almost a plain, though so high on the Alps, is the seat of a particular people, not numerous, enjoying an almost complete republican liberty under the sovereignty of the canton of Ury. They inhabit four villages that lie dispersed in the valley, which is entirely surrounded on all sides with lofty and steep mountains, in such manner, that all access to it might, with very little trouble, be denied to every effort of human power. There are but four ways that lead out of it, exactly facing the four quarters of the compass. Towards the south across mount Gotthard; towards the north down the cleft which the Reufs has hollowed through the mountain; towards the west over the Furca to Wallis; and towards the east across the upper alp. But all these passes are so intricate, and in many places so narrow, that they might with great ease be entirely stopped up. On the mountains

tains that inclose the vale rise the sources of four considerable rivers : on mount Gotthard are the sources of the Ticino and the Reufs ; on the Furca the source of the Rhone, not far from it that of the Aar, and backwards, on the upper alp, the source of the farther Rhine.

The thoughtful traveller is here struck with no small surprize at finding, in a valley, where he sees neither fields nor trees, nor any thing else conducive to the supply of human wants, at finding, I say, handsome villages, and inhabitants living in very good circumstances, commodiously lodged, and well cloathed. In fact, of all the necessaries of life, the people here have nothing but the milk and flesh of their cattle. All the rest, even to the very wood for fuel, must be laboriously fetched on horses ; and yet they have a real abundance of all, and at the inns a man may dine as well as in the great towns of some other countries. The inhabitants, in their whole manner, have more the appearance of substantial townsmen than of boors and clowns, and the capital people who have the management of their public concerns, have, with all the natural simplicity of manners that here prevails, far more the looks of capital citizens than of villagers and rustics. Such are the beneficial effects of liberty and the perfectly secure possession of property !

These people derive their maintenance from the rich pastures dispersed upon the mountains, which for the most part belong to them all alike as common property, and then the meadow lands in the valley, from whence they get winter provender for their cattle. Each inhabitant has the right of sending as many cattle in summer

mer upon the common alps, as he can fodder during the winter with his own hay. Even such as possess no property of their own, enjoy nevertheless a share in the pastures of the alps.

The cheese made here, which is called Urfeline cheese, is of an excellent quality; and great quantities of it are sent to Italy, especially to Naples, and from thence much of it is carried to Spain. This article, and the cattle bred for sale, bring the inhabitants the necessary money for procuring them whatever else is wanting.

About two in the afternoon I took my departure from Hospital, proceeding north-eastward through the pleasant and even vale; and at three o'clock was come to the end of it. Here it seemed not possible to find an outlet, on account of the lofty perpendicular rocks that stand in every part. Only the Reufs has excavated for itself a narrow passage between the high rocks towards the north. But, having no shore, and running as through a canal between these rocks, there are no means of getting out that way. Accordingly, they have been obliged to cut a road through the heart of a rock by the side of the Reufs. It is only eighty paces in length, and exactly so broad as to admit of two horses to pass each other, and just high enough for the rider not to hit his head against the rocky vault. In the middle is a small opening in the side towards the river for letting a little light into the passage.

A greater contrast is perhaps not to be seen in all nature than is here formed by the two scenes on one side and the other of this passage, of only fourscore paces. Before you enter it you are in a delightful
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and level vale, besprinkled with flowers of various hues, where a universal stillness reigns, the seat of repose and the mildest sensations. No sooner are you got through the arched passage than you are at once in the midst of a scene, noisy and terrific beyond any thing the imagination can frame; the roaring sound of a large body of water rushing down from a monstrous height in numberless directions; a very narrow cleft in the rock of a tremendous depth; hundreds of rocky fragments to all appearance threatening immediate destruction to the trembling traveller; a road hewn in the perpendicularly rising rock, high over the abyss through which the river rushes impetuously down, that makes the road appear to be suspended in the air; and, lastly, a small bridge leading across this dreadful abyss at a prodigious height.

This is the famous Devil's bridge, which must be passed in order to get upon the abovementioned road hewn through the solid rock. On this bridge one is stunned by the noise of the furious torrent of water, giddy from the amazing height, and wet through with the spray dashing from the rocks, and driven about with the wind. The horror of the scene is beyond all description; and one is at a loss to conceive how people could have resolved on making a road through such a place.

From hence one has yet about five and twenty miles almost in a strait line to descend, and generally pretty steep, before we get to the plain at the foot of the mountain. The road runs through a cleft which the river in a long course of time has worn through the mountain; for the opposite mountains are divided only
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by the bed of the river, the summits of which are every where several hundred, and in some places a thousand, feet above the bed of the river, and are for the most part exceedingly steep. The road in these mountains runs pretty high above the river, now on the left and now on the right hand of it; and in many places the rock must necessarily have been cut away.

The traveller therefore has the Reufs constantly close beside the road, though at a great depth below him, and hears the violent noise, and sees the various cataracts formed by the foaming waters rushing over the rocks. From all these circumstances the stranger would suppose it a dismal and gloomy way; and yet its agreeableness are great and various. A multitude of cascades, now on the right hand and now on the left, rushing down from stupendous heights, a number of villages and single cottages dispersed along the way, render it highly delightful; then, in several places, the mountains, between which we descend, are less steep, or have terraces formed by nature on their declivities; and, wherever such are seen, there are houses, or whole villages, so that the eye is always entertained with variety enough.

At Gestinen, a village six miles from the Devil's bridge, I found cherry-trees in blossom. This village stands at the entrance of a vale, running into the mountains, to the west, along the left shore of the Reufs, from which mountains very beautiful crystals are dug. Below this village, we see the mountains progressively more and more covered with woods, which farther upward are quite bare.

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At two different places we come to clefts, very narrow and profound, hollowed out of the side of the mountain, through each of which a stream runs gurgling down. From these clefts cold winds are constantly issuing towards the road, and which are caused by the rushing waters.

Towards evening, when I had got down above half of the way, it began to be very warm. My Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 74 degrees. However, when I had got within the distance of three miles from the Dorf am Stæg, consequently not far from the bottom, I came to yet another large bridge of snow over a full rivulet running sideways out of the mountain. My guide, who rode before me, wanted here to proceed across the snow, seeing there was already a beaten track; but the horse obstinately refused to take it. The rider had recourse to violent measures, and set spurs to the beast with all his might; but this only made him kick and plunge, and he absolutely would not advance. At length the rider was forced to comply, rode somewhat farther up by the side of the rivulet, and there was a stone bridge under the snow. In passing over the bridge, I took notice, that what I had before taken for a firm mass of snow, was a high arch of snow only about an ell thick, under which the rivulet ran with impetuosity. I was struck with terror at the thought that here we should in all probability have perished, if the horse of my conductor had not been wiser than his rider. The snowy vault, from its being so very thin, would infallibly have given way under us.

This was the last perilous step on the extraordinary road I went this day; for shortly afterwards we came quite down upon the plain, where I once more met with meadows and multitudes of beautiful fruit-trees of various kinds. At a little past seven I arrived happily at the Stæg which stands directly before the entrance of the narrow gut through which I had descended.

Before I quit the Alps, I cannot refrain from making a general remark or two on the journey over such lofty mountains. Since I once made a tour over the Alps in my youth, I have often thought, that he who has never been in such mountainous parts has never seen what is most grand, remarkable, and surprising, in the inanimate productions of nature; and I am now confirmed in that opinion. All the ideas of power and grandeur, and irresistible force, that we occasionally form of human attempts, here vanish away like airy bubbles; and of the grand dispositions of nature to the general œconomy of the globe, we get quite different ideas and conceptions from those acquired by tedious investigations and studies in the closet. These remarks to me seem worthy of some farther elucidation.

The first ideas we form to ourselves of power and grandeur arise generally from the consideration of what mankind can do when thousands of them unite their strength, under one bold and enterprising chief, to the accomplishment of some great project. Such a power seems to us the highest that we can imagine of force and effect. When they march forth to conquer or destroy,

destroy, all must yield before them, and when they undertake to construct some lasting work, they seem to bid defiance to nature. Desert regions are turned into sumptuous and fertile abodes of men; large cities and magnificent edifices start up as if by a new creation, to the astonishment of the neighbouring beholder. The thunders and the apparently irresistible force of artillery, armies and fleets, are about the highest and grandest that mankind in general can conceive.

It very often occurred to me during my expedition over the Alps, to hold up to my mind certain effects of nature, which, without effort, without any extraordinary exertion of her powers, might very easily withstand the combined force not only of one, but of several nations; and then all the former ideas were obliterated, and instantaneously vanished into nothing. I figured to myself a vast army, provided with all the dreadful implements of devastation, encamped in some one of these vallies, and thought how quickly such a force might be entirely destroyed by the falling fragment of a rock overhanging that valley; so little could the united force of such a host be able to effect against so easily possible an occurrence. I then felt that it would be as easy for nature to crush such a prodigious host as a moth. Instances of the overthrow of a whole mountain might happen, even from very slight causes, and have happened in antient times, as may every where be easily perceived in mountainous countries.

No less suddenly might water floods rush down from the lofty Alps, that should sweep away whole nations from the plain, with all the glories of their works. To this end nothing more is necessary, than that in the

spring-season, when all these mountains are covered deep with snow, this snow should suddenly be dissolved by a warm wind or the eruption of subterraneous fire. Here then lies a dormant power, but easily put into motion, against which the combined forces of mankind are to be accounted exactly for nothing. Indeed only he who attentively considers the frame of the mountains, can form any clear conception of such violent revolutions. Yet even he who has not personally visited the mountains, may gain some notion of them from the records of history. Far-spread inundations and ravages of whole countries, similar to the floods of Deucalion and Ogyges, have happened in various places. For proofs in miniature of what I am here speaking of we need only turn to what Bougnier, in his account of Peru, relates concerning the floods which have at times been occasioned there by the eruption of burning mountains covered with snow. By the like eruptions of water it has happened that all flat countries are raised so high with heaps of sand, earth and stones; for what is the ground on which we dwell and on which our fields are cultivated, but a heap of rubbish spread abroad from mountains overthrown? These in many places lie several hundred feet above the original surface of the natural earth.

The consideration of the second of the foregoing remarks is more agreeable. Every high mountain is a magazine, from whence the wise creator of the world, by arrangements simple indeed, but never enough to be admired, distributes to lands remote and near, to animals and vegetables, the most important necessary, water. Nothing would be more incomprehensible to
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the inhabitants of plains, if they reflected, than the everflowing streams of water-springs, and the continual current of rivers. They must observe that somewhere there must be an inexhaustible reservoir of waters from whence sources, brooks, and rivers, receive the supply which they bear away in such prodigious quantities.

He that has come across lofty mountains has seen these inexhaustible reservoirs, and has at the same time observed, that they are therefore inexhaustible because they themselves are daily replenished from the atmosphere with fresh supplies; and then he easily comprehends the everlasting current of the rivers.

On the highest mountains, the whole year through, it but seldom rains. The vapours fall down in snow by reason of the cold that prevails on these heights. Hence it is that these mountains are all the year covered with an incredible quantity of snow. The whole winter long, the internal warmth of the mountain, from whatever cause it proceeds, is sufficient to dissolve continually some of the snow, where it happens to lie on warmer places, and to occasion it to drip down the rocks. In summer the sun has so much power as daily to melt so much as is necessary. Thousands of little veins run trickling under the snow, which gradually collect from all sides into rills and streamlets, and several of these again unite into a brook, some of which at length flow together and become a great river.

It is easy to comprehend that this magazine of snow is never exhausted. As much as the warmth daily melts and causes to run off, is proportionately supplied by the falling snow from the atmosphere. This alone would be sufficient to the perpetual current of the

streams and sources: but in summer there is still an additional cause: On the high mountains a copious dew descends, and even the clouds which hang about the mountains continually drop down water. I have often beheld with astonishment how the water drops off from every plant on the mountains, so as to make the ground all over wet. Some of the moisture collects in little veins, and presently runs off to augment the smaller streamlets; another part retires into the earth, and runs together in little crevices of the rock, from whence afterwards incessant springs arise. Therefore the rocky hills are every where full of chinks in order to let off the dripping water.

Hence one of the most surprising arrangements of nature is readily to be accounted for. We see at once the reason and the design of the astonishing height of the alpine hills. They must be so high, for reaching the upper cold region of the air, that the snow may remain upon them. We see why these mountains are in their original composition of solid rock; for, were they of earth or of soft stone, they would be gradually crumbled away by the descending streams, and at length settle together in low clumps, which must occasion a general devastation of nature, as in that case the above-mentioned reservoir of waters must cease.

I might adduce several more as plain indications of a Being supremely wise from the appointment of mountains to the service of the general œconomy of nature, if it were my intention to treat at large upon the subject. But these few are sufficient to shew how idly and absurdly some who pretend to be free-thinking philosophers have judged concerning lofty mountains, in deeming them to be remnants of a devastation of
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the globe occasioned by chance, or, still more vainly describe them as objects that disfigure the face of nature; and from thence would willingly conclude that a blind chance presides over all. Precisely that which such unphilosophical dreamers, who hold themselves to be the only true philosophers, produce as an insurmountable objection to the wisdom of the arrangement of nature, is to me the most striking proof of the reverse. So sound and acute is the judgement of these people on the internal frame of nature.

But it is time to proceed with the relation of my journey. I hoped this night to get the refreshment so necessary after a day of so much fatigue, and rejoiced at being now on this side the Alps, and at having a less toilsome way before me; but my flow fever had much increased this day, and I passed the night in uneasiness and perturbation of mind. Fortunately the next day's journey was very easy and commodious.

The road from the Dorf am Stæg to Altorf goes through a plain broad valley through which the Reuss runs to the lake of what are called the four Waldstadts, Ury, Schweitz, Unterwalden, and Lucern, and at this lake the valley likewise ends. It is extremely fertile, and particularly abounds in excellent pasturage. Near the road are quantities of fine fruit trees and plenty of walnuts. It is generally said that the walnut tree suffers nothing to grow beneath its branches, and that its shade is noxious. Here I could perceive nothing of this. I even saw on this road a tree loaded with sweet cherries, of a powerful stem and with a spreading top, growing close by the trunk of a very large walnut-tree,

so that the roots of both trees must necessarily have intertwined with each other.

Altorf, as is well known, is the chief town of the canton of Ury, where the government has its seat; a handsome place without walls, containing a number of substantial and spacious buildings both public and private, and beautifully situated. One cannot help being surprised at seeing, in a very confined valley, besides two large villages, such a capital place shewing various marks of opulence. Now this cannot arise from the produce of the soil, which can never be sufficient to furnish the two villages of this valley with the necessaries of life. Trade too is very inconsiderable, and manufactories there are none. Whatever riches then they have must be earnt in the military service of foreign states. The principal families have always one of their number in the french, spanish, papal, or some other service. Those who remain at home, and form a part of the regency, live mostly on pensions received from the court of France. These pensions are granted not only in order that the court may continually complete the people they keep in pay from this country, but especially for having an arbitrary influence over the whole helvetic body, by means of the nobles thus bought over to its interest. The same conduct is pursued by the french court with the other catholic cantons. Thus, by means of an annual sum of about 40,000 louis-d'ors, the king of France obtains from the catholic districts all he wishes for from his connection with the confederate states.

But it is this very thing that has stripped the whole helvetic body of its former power and consequence.

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The catholics, from an unhappy jealousy towards the somewhat stronger and far richer protestants, have imbibed the notion that it is the best policy for them to attach themselves in the strictest manner with France; and the advantage enjoyed, by those persons who compose the magistracy, from the yearly pensions (as a hundred louis-d'ors in this country is nearly sufficient to maintain a whole family) has drawn this connection still more close, and rendered it almost indissoluble. Hence it is at present next to impossible for the helvetic confederation to enter into alliances, or to take any step that should be disagreeable to the court of France.

I now found myself in a very retired, solitary, and insignificant corner of the earth, divided from all the world by almost impassable mountains, though famous heretofore as the scene of actions truly heroic, and which must be ever venerable to all who know how to set a proper value on civil and religious liberty.

In Altorf the freedom at present enjoyed by the helvetic cantons took its birth: and on the borders of the lake that I am now to pass lie places where formerly a petty people, extremely simple in its acquirements and manners, and withal very poor, procured to itself a perfect independence, and an unlimited freedom, against the efforts of a mighty tyrannical power. I felt a genial glow of rapture in my veins on contemplating that I was now in the native country of a Tell, of a Walter Furst, an Arnold of Winkelried, and other men, whose hardy courage, though less celebrated, yet performed no less heroic deeds than Agamemnon, Ajax, and the rest of the heroes of Homer. I confess, that while I contemplated the transactions that formerly

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happened here, I was filled with reverence for the little country I this day entered and beheld around me. This, thought I, is truly classic ground, not the scene of fabulous, but of really great achievements, the glorious consequences whereof, the present inhabitants of the country, after more than four whole centuries, enjoy in their full extent.

In Altorf I left the horse that had brought me hither from Lugano, and proceeded on foot to the village Fluelen, that stands close upon the margin of the lake. I had sent my baggage before me, and hired a small vessel to convey me to Lucern, which is situated at the lower end of the lake. The passage across this lake often proves dangerous, after sailing only a couple of leagues from Fluelen, by sudden gusts of wind, as it is impossible to land any where on account of the perpendicular rocks that form the shore. After passing this distance, however, there is good landing, though not where one will, yet in several places, some one of which may be reached in a short time, if the people are early aware of the threatening danger.

About four leagues from Fluelen, a flat rock, rising but little above the water, projects somewhat into the lake from the steep mountains on the right hand of the lake. It was on this projecting rock that the brave Tell leaped from the ship in which he was carried away as a prisoner, and climbed the pathless height, whereby he rescued himself, and afterwards, by the effects of his gallant deeds, gave liberty to his native land. On this spot is built a little open temple, in honour of this champion of liberty, and bears the name of Tell's chapel. The chapel is only inclosed towards the lake by

by a wooden railing, which any one can open at pleasure. On the walls within are painted Tell's achievements, and some other exploits to which they afterwards gave occasion. At present, however, there are only a couple of very old paintings remaining, one of which is a representation of the battle of Sempach; the others are more modern; as probably the plaister on which the antient ones were painted had fallen down. The view of pictures of renowned deeds of old, on the very spot where they were performed, and thus to be able to compare the pictured representation with the scenes of nature round me, made a singular impression on my mind.

To an inquisitive researcher into the antient revolutions of nature, by which the surface of the earth has got its present form, the voyage over this lake is highly interesting. The coast on the right hand exhibits very high, mostly bare, every where steep, and in many places perpendicularly rising mountains, on which awful observations may be made on the history of mountains.

I come now to a glorious scene of a quite different kind. At about five o'clock my sailors landed me on the left shore, near to a lonely inn, in the canton of Unterwalden. I ascended the mountain to a pretty considerable height, in order to take a view of the lake and the country beyond it. Here I beheld on the opposite side of the lake, the most charming prospect that had ever offered itself to my eyes. I said before, that the place where I was, was surrounded with lofty mountains. Exactly opposite where I now stood was a wide aperture betwixt these mountains, through which I had
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a free prospect over the principal part of the canton of Schwitz, that lay before me for all the world like the scenery of a theatre. In the foreground stood the two mountains between which I had the view. On the scene itself appeared, first, the large plain of Brunnen, with numbers of boats lying in its harbour. Behind this, rich enameled meads, through which runs a serpentine river, in various places country seats, and about them trees of beautiful verdure. Verging towards the back-ground lay the commons of Schwitz, studded far around with country-houses, churches, and monasteries, and behind them that astonishing mountain, divided into two hills, which, from its form, is called the hook. This, with the inferior mountains that stand contiguous, composes the farthest ground of the picture. I have only taken notice of the main objects; but of the unspeakable diversity of particular objects, and the smiling richness of the soil, and the enchanting beauty of the whole, I can give no idea. The now declining sun, in a clear sky, threw the most advantageous light upon the landscape. In Merian's topography of Switzerland this very prospect is given in the copper-plate that follows p. 38, but from a more elevated station than mine was, and therefore the objects in that plate are somewhat more dispersed than I saw them. Then, during the space of 140 years since the drawing of Merian was made, a number of new country houses have been built, which renders the picture at present richer. Of all the prospects I have ever beheld, this oftenest returns to my mind, and always attended with the most delightful sensations. It cost me great efforts to quit this spot, on the approach of night.

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The remaining part of my journey was equally rich in charming prospects, but which it is impossible to describe. About nine o'clock, at the coming on of night, I happily arrived at Lucern, highly delighted with my day's journey, which, though so little fatiguing, abounded in such beautiful and various scenes.

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

WHEN the activity of virtue in the middling ranks of life goes beyond its usual sphere; when it starts from obscurity, and creates itself a kind of empire; when a respectable society of a great city, when even foreigners cannot refuse it the tribute of reverence and esteem; it has a right to public praise, and one cannot but be glad to see friendship place a modest inscription on its monument, and take pains to perpetuate a memory so dear, and a pattern so worthy of imitation. This is the case with Madame Geoffrin, whose biography I shall here present to the reader, upon the most undoubted authorities.

If it be true that education has an influence on our understanding and character, we may already perceive the likeness of Madame Geoffrin in the account she gave to some of her friends of the manner in which she was brought up. On this subject we have the following fragment of one of her letters to the present empress of Russia. "I lost my father and mother while

while yet in my cradle. I was brought up by an old grandmother, who possessed a great share of understanding, with an unaccountable head. She had received very little instruction; but her mind was so enlightened, exercised, and active, that it never left her at a loss, and always compensated for the want of learning. She was used to gossip so agreeably on matters which she did not understand, that nobody ever wished her to have understood them better; and though her ignorance was ever so manifest, yet she brought it out in so pleasant and humourous a way, as to confound the pedants that wanted to shame her. She was so satisfied with her lot, that she looked upon learning as a matter that a woman may very well do without. I have so well done without it, said she, that I have never once been able to perceive the necessity of it. If my grand-daughter be dull, learning will only make her positive and insupportable; but if she have a quick understanding with sensibility, she will imitate me, and by ingenuity and sentiment make up for what she does not know; or set about learning that to which she feels the most aptitude, and thereby learn it with the greater rapidity. In consequence of these maxims, I was not permitted in my childhood to learn any thing more than to read, but I was obliged to read a great deal. She taught me to think, by making me pass a judgement on every thing; she taught me to know mankind, by requiring me to tell her what I thought of them; at the same time giving me her own opinion. She would have an account of all my actions, of all my perceptions, and she corrected them in so excellent a method, and with so much gentleness, that I never concealed from her
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even the most insignificant of my thoughts. What passed within me lay as open to her as my outward form. My education was uninterrupted. I never quitted my grand-mother's side; and all that I saw was a lesson to me. She said tutors would only make me lose my time; and not one did she give me. She hated the artificial graces of the dancing-master; contenting herself with such as nature confers when she has formed us to her mind. She was not fond of instrumental music; thinking that several instruments together made too much noise, and that one alone was of no great consequence: but she was a friend to singing, yet alone and without accompaniment; and she would have allowed me to learn to sing, if I had had a voice. She affirmed, that, of all natural talents, this was the only one that required a direction; but, as she discerned in me no other qualities to cultivate than thought and sentiment, she contented herself with only guiding my thoughts and sentiments; and I, like my grandmother, am very well satisfied with my lot." In fact, no education was ever attended with more remarkable effects than this. Madame Geoffrin was easily cognizable as the disciple faithfully formed upon these maxims, upon these examples. The grand-mother and the grand-daughter seemed to have the same turn, the same temper of mind; and the true picture of madame Geoffrin was particularly delineated in these words: "She had received very little instruction; but her mind was so enlightened, exercised and active, that it never left her at a loss, and always compensated for the want of learning." The

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predominant qualities of her mind were simplicity, rectitude, delicacy, taste, and elegance. This justness of her perceptions was displayed in her judgements, and in the caution with which she passed them; for never did she speak of any thing that she did not understand. It was likewise apparent in the regularity she observed in her housekeeping, in her affairs, and in the whole system of her conduct. All that saw her were at once convinced that every thing in and about her was in its place and at rest. She had discernment, but merely the discernment of the first instant; for her character, and her uncommon application, would not allow of a strict and continued attention. Neither did she conceal this sort of indolence of mind. "It is with my mind, she used to say, as with my legs; I like to take a walk on even ground, but I never chuse to clamber up mountains for the pleasure of having it to say, when I am at top, that I have climbed such or such a mountain." She could never endure to see children who were wise beyond their years, and of whom a great wonderment is made; but often when they are grown up, turn out but indifferent sort of people. It occasioned her, she said, a very disagreeable sensation, when she considered, how much pains and drudgery it must have cost the poor child, thus to force himself above the natural reach of his age. Knowing so well as she did how to appreciate her talents, she never once had the conceit of becoming an authorefs. Once, when she was earnestly sollicitated by some of her friends to publish an account of her life, she promised at last to comply with

with their request; and appointed them a particular day to call upon her, in order that she might read the beginning of it to them. Here it is.

“ MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

In Six Volumes, in Duodecimo.

PREFACE.

“ For the consistency of my character, the natural turn of my mind, the simplicity and variety of my taste, I am indebted to that good fortune which has accompanied me in all the events of my life. How delicious it is to me now to transport myself by recollection into the different scenes of it! and how charming, to think, that I am going to unveil myself to my own inspection!

“ This work will be to me what large plans of needle-work or embroidery are in general to us women; the choice of the design delights us, the execution employs us for some time, we work a little at it, we have got enough of it, and then leave off.” And this was the whole of the work.

The vivacity and graces of her mind were particularly diffused through the whole of her conversation and her letters: the latter were rather simple than light, the style compact and clear, the thoughts just, and their application original; but she took time to compose them. Her tête à tête conversations were gentle and lively. She possessed in an eminent degree the agreeable and captivating talent of leading the persons with whom she conversed to such subjects as were interesting

to them; and then let them talk away without interruption. Thus it happened once with the abbé Sondet-Priere. This honest gentleman was very apt at times to be tiresome. Being on a visit to Madame Geoffrin early one winter's evening, easily perceiving that she was not likely soon to get rid of him, she led him to talk on such subjects as he was confessedly well versed in. On his taking leave, Madame Geoffrin said to him: "Monf. l'abbé, you have been extremely entertaining to me to-day." — "I was only the instrument, returned he, on which you have been playing in your masterly manner."

In large companies she spoke but little, contenting herself with being a hearer. She would seldom run on for a long time together, except when she related, or when she wanted to disclose, some lively sentiment to which the conversation had given rise. Her subjects were commonly excellent delineations of the characters of such persons as she was acquainted with. They were exhibited in such a lively and original manner, that it was difficult to imitate. She said of loquacious people: "I come pretty well to rights with them, when they are mere talkers, who do nothing but babble, and never look for any answer. My friend Fontenelle, who, like me, is indulgent to them, says, that they give his bosom time to rest; but to me they are of yet another advantage: their insignificant clack is to me like the ringing of bells, which does not prevent one from thinking, and often invites one to it." Only praters of great pretensions, who imagine that all the world exists for no other purpose than to listen to them, and to whom the necessity of prating is become necessary

fary to their vanity, were insupportable to her : and yet she took great pains to prevent them from being aware of it. “ I could wish,” said she of one of them, “ that heaven would have so much compassion on me, as to make me deaf while he is talking to me, without his knowing it. He would babble and babble, and think that I was hearkning to him ; and we should both of us be perfectly satisfied.” Never was she more sharp and warm than when disputing with her friends ; her emotions and expressions were then so original, and had such truth of colouring, that it was impossible to be angry, and the friend she raillied was always the first to laugh at her harshness, and it constantly gained her a greater share of his affection.

I have already said, that she had received but little instruction ; all her knowledge consisted in what a person of good sense may collect in society, by attention and observation. Men of genius and learning were always welcome to her house, and she loved them. The ignorance of Madame Geoffrin was therefore an amiable ignorance, without obstinacy, as she was ever ready to receive information, and must not be confounded with pertinacious ignorance, the only species that deserves our scorn. She pleased, and even pleased in converse with learned persons ; and none ever left her without being charmed with the acuteness and vivacity of her judgment.

If the speculative knowledge of Madame Geoffrin was not apparent, yet she possessed in a very high degree the most important branch of knowledge, because the most useful, the knowledge of mankind. She was proud of it, she openly made it her boast ; and it was

pardoned in her, as she always did them strict justice. She wrote from Warsaw to M. Marmontel: "Neighbour, I am delighted at your good success; I would with all my heart, exchange mine for it; but for nothing in the world would I give up the profound knowledge I have of mankind. What you mention to me of ———, certifies me that my knowledge in that article is complete." About the same time, she likewise wrote to M. d'Alembert: "I am sensible that I have seen enough of men and things. I have laid up a good store of comparisons and reflections for the rest of my life." Perhaps she knew the human race, in general, less than in the individuals of which it is composed; but she had got together, from her own observations, a certain number of facts, and reduced them into maxims, which she occasionally repeated to her friends. Some of them were the following.

"Oeconomy is the source of independency and liberality.

"We should let no grass grow on the path of friendship."

These two maxims were engraved as mottoes on her counters at cards.

"The ladies of Paris throw three things out at window: their time, their health, and their money.

"The surest way of avoiding tiresomeness from others, is to talk with them of themselves; one has at the same time this other advantage, that the time they pass with us does not seem long to them.

"One should never ask persons of consequence for any thing till we are sure of obtaining it.

"Of

“Of all methods of obliging the unfortunate, the fittest is, to do them ourselves that kindness, that we are desir'd to request for them of others.

“We should never advise people who are in want of advice, never reprove those that deserve reproof, nor endeavour to enliven those that are a plague to themselves.

“We should never vindicate a friend that is attacked, on the side whereon he is accused, but on the good side, that is not disputed by his accusers.

“We should praise the persons whom we love and esteem, only in general, and not in the detail.”

To many, perhaps, these maxims will appear paradoxical; but whoever had heard Madame Geoffrin explain them, would certainly have found them replete with sense and truth.

The knowledge of mankind, which so often conduces to misanthropy, and restrains us from taking an active part in the prosperity of our fellow-creatures, never produced this effect in the heart of Madame Geoffrin. She had that indulgence, which reconciles us, if not with vice, yet with human frailty, and which takes for its motto that verse, as simple as true, of the hierophant in the Olympia:

Hélas, tous les humains ont besoin de clémence !
Beneficence was her constant employment. The practice of it was grown so habitual to her, that it was in a manner one of her necessities of life. Her servants remarked that she always rose more early than usual when she had any present to make or any assistance to bestow.

Titus comptoit les jours, vous comptez les momens, was justly said to her by a celebrated poet. Though she would occasionally speak, with her usual naïveté, of her bounty in general, yet she carefully concealed the particulars of her good actions; and, in the proper sense of the words, did not let her left hand know what her right hand gave. On this subject she sometimes quoted an oriental sentence, which she had even wrote out and hung up in a frame, signifying, that the good we do, though it be lost among men, will certainly be recollected in heaven. Particularly with her friends, and the men of letters of whom her society was composed, she indulged what she called her *giving humour*. She visited them frequently in this view alone. On these occasions she would take notice of the furniture of their apartment, observe whether this thing or the other was wanting, a screen, a spring-clock, a writing-table, &c. or whether she could not yet add some piece of useful furniture to what she saw there; and when she had thought of something of the kind, she gave herself no rest till she had made the intended present, and it sat upon her mind as heavily as the clamours of a creditor would have done on that of any other. Whatever she gave, was always with the utmost disinterestedness. She was out of temper in earnest when any one wanted to return present for present; and said that it was a design to spoil her pleasure. On her leaving Warsaw, the king of Poland gave her his picture set with diamonds of very great value. She obstinately refused the diamonds, and would only accept of the picture with a simple border. She was pressed to receive

ceive a service of porcelain from the empress-queen, and very beautiful furs from the empress of Russia. "They are extremely fine presents, said she, and worthy of such empresses; but they are entirely superfluous to me, as I wear no furs, and I shall never use this porcelain as long as I live. I am like the cock in la Fontaine, who finds a pearl; the least barley-corn would be of more value to me." A great part of her most substantial and considerable acts of beneficence never came to light, and in all probability will never be known; others were only discovered by chance, and others again cannot be buried in oblivion, as they passed under the eye of the public. She was especially a benefactress to the learned. In the year 1760, she settled a pension of 600 livres on M. d'Alembert, whose circumstances were at that time, to the disgrace of his country, beneath mediocrity; and afterwards added 1300 livres more in an annuity to take place at her death. On her death-bed she made him three assignments, which together amounted to the yearly sum of 400 livres to be laid out in acts of beneficence at his discretion. When M. Thomas was disabled from writing by a disorder in his eyes, Madame Geoffrin seized that opportunity to induce him to accept of an annuity of 1200 livres, in order, as she said, to defray the expences of his malady, and to compensate his inability to work. She afterwards added 6000 livres to it; and all these benefits were accepted with an acknowledgment no less noble than the liberality of the friendship that conferred them. She gave an annuity of 1200 livres to M. Merelet. She employed, to the benefit of Mademoiselle de l'Epinaffe, who, from her rare qua-

lities of mind and heart, was worthy of a better fate, the greater part of the money she got for the three fine pictures of Vanloo, which she sold to the empress of Russia. Madame Geoffrin had a tender affection for l'Epinaffe, notwithstanding the very striking contrast in their two characters. Madame Geoffrin was fond of ease and indulgence; her friend, on the contrary, was always in one continued bustle and noise and even impetuosity. However, a warm and cordial friendship subsisted between these two ladies, which equally redounded to the honour of both. In the long and painful sickness which ravished Mademoiselle l'Epinaffe from her friends, she often declared that it was a great consolation to her to be the forerunner of Madame Geoffrin through the vale of death.

M. de Mairan had appointed Madame Geoffrin his sole inheretrix, without conditions, without trustees, without limitations. Never did a dying friend shew greater confidence, and never did such confidence do greater honour to any man. The first thing she did was to write to his relations to know whether they had any objections to make to the last will and testament of M. de Mairan. They wrote to her in answer, that they were satisfied with the legality and justice of the will; and that she was at full liberty to dispose of his effects as she thought good. In virtue of this authority, she took upon herself the disposal of the whole property, which amounted to upwards of 50,000 crowns. She richly rewarded the servants of the deceased. She gave 50,000 francs to an old friend of M. de Mairan, and different sums to his relations, &c. "God be praised!" said she once to a friend, "this morning I have at last finished

finished the distribution of the effects of our poor Mairan; this money has been a great embarrassment to me."

While M. de Voltaire was employing himself in the affairs of the unfortunate family of Sirven, he wrote to Madame Geoffrin, who was then at Warfaw. Both his letter and her answer do both parties too much honour to allow me to omit them here.

Letter from M. de Voltaire to Madame Geoffrin,
the 5th of July, 1766.

"Madam,

"You are with a king, who alone, of all the kings of the earth, owes his crown to his merits. Your journey does infinite honour to you both. Had my health permitted, I should have joined you on the road to ask you the favour of allowing me to travel in your suite. I cannot better make my court to the king and to you, than by proposing a good action to you. Please to cause this little paragraph annexed to be read to the king, and to read it yourself.

"Those who assist the Sirvens and have taken up their cause, are in want of the countenance of great and beloved names. We only desire to see our list adorned with such as are esteemed and revered by the public: the smallest contribution is sufficient for our purposes. The glory of protecting the innocent, is a hundred times of more worth, than the gift. The cause in which we are engaged is the general concern of the human race; and, in that name, madam, I apply to you. To you we shall be indebted for the honour, to you the delight of seeing a good and great king standing forth in the support of innocence against

a country-judge, and contributing as much as in him lies to the extermination of the most odious superstition."

The Answer of Madame Geoffrin.

Warsaw, the 25th of July.

"Immediately on receiving your letter, I sent it, together with the paragraph annexed to it, to the king. His majesty did me the honour to write on the spot the billet which I here inclose in the original."

The Billet of the King.

"In the letter that Voltaire has written to you, I think I perceive the reason of his applying to friendship in behalf of justice. If I had to make the image of friendship, I would give it your features. That deity is the mother of beneficence. You have been mine a long time; and your son would not refuse you what Voltaire requests even though it did not tend so much to my honour."

"As I am indebted to you, sir, for this, so I make it an offering to you. His majesty ordered me to be told, that we would read the brochure together. His majesty read it to me; and, as the king reads as well as you write, the reader and the author made me pass a delightful evening. His majesty was most intimately affected at the condition of the unfortunate sufferers, in whose cause you take so much concern, and gave me from his purse 200 ducats for them. The king sighed when he came to that passage in your letter, where you seem to lament that you could not accompany me. You have seen the king? Well then, the soul, the heart, the mind and the civilities of that great personage would have been an interesting, an affect-

affecting, an agreeable, and perhaps a new spectacle for your philosophy and for humanity."

We omit the rest of this letter, in the conclusion of which she informs M. de Voltaire that she would remit to him in October the king's donation, and with it "the widow's mite."

Madame Geoffrin had two kinds of beneficence, which are seldom found together. One, that, so to speak, was yearly and regular, the other daily and depending on the moment; and whenever an opportunity was to be had for putting it in practice. She bestowed various little pensions for the education of children, and old dismissed servants, &c. Sundays, the day on which she never received company, were devoted to the payment and the conferring of these little pensions in packets; but there seldom passed a day in the week that was not marked by some act of bounty. I shall only adduce a couple of instances.

She had ordered two marble vases of the celebrated Bouchardon, which were brought home to her by two of his workmen; but, unfortunately, the cover of one was broke to pieces. "Ah, madam, said the man, our comrade who had this misfortune, is so distressed that he could not have the courage to appear before you; and if it should come to the knowledge of our master, he will turn him away, and the man has a wife and four children." Well, well, let him make himself easy, answered madame Geoffrin; I will not mention a word of it to any living. The people being gone, she bethought herself: The poor fellow must have had a deal of uneasiness; what anxiety has he not suffered! I must make him amends for it: — and directly sent him

him twelve livres ; and the two others who had spoke in his behalf, three livres each.

She was once told how badly she was served by her milk-woman. “ I know it very well, answered she, but I cannot turn her off.” — “ And why not, madam ? ” — “ Because I have given her two cows.” — This seemed a very extraordinary reason. “ Why yes, so it is, continued she, she sold milk at my gate : my people told me she was quite distressed, that she had lost her cow ; and, as they were rather of the latest in telling me of the calamity, I gave her two cows, one for repairing her loss, and the other to comfort her in the trouble she had now been suffering for eight or ten days : you see therefore that I cannot discharge the milk-woman.” These two instances of humanity so affected Mademoiselle de l’Espinasse, that the thought struck her of making them into a couple of short chapters to Stevens’s sentimental journey.

The most curious particular in her generous character was her abhorrence for all returning of thanks. I will pay myself by my own hands, she used to say. And accordingly, she would often preach up the praise of ingratitude, and loudly maintained that she loved the ungrateful.

“ The grateful person, she would say, runs and tells all the world that he has received a benefit from you. All that hear it, pretend forsooth to take it amiss, that you did not chuse them or their friends for the objects of your bounty ; and then set their wits to work to present you with an opportunity for atoning for your mistake as soon as possible. By this means one is often exposed to the necessity either of giving harsh and dis-

agreeable answers, or of making a misapplication of one's generosity. Besides, it not unfrequently happens, that, in obliging some people, we draw upon ourselves the censures even of persons that are not at all interested in the affair: The favour might have been much better bestowed, says one; another falls foul on the person that has received it; and wonders how he could be so mean as to accept of it. All these inconveniences are avoided when we confer an obligation on the ungrateful. Your good action remains in obscurity. You enjoy it alone. Nobody detracts from your merits. Nobody says, that your kindness was ill-bestowed. Nobody plagues you for others. Therefore, I do right to love the ungrateful."

Amongst the men of talents and learning, of whom the constant society of Madame Geoffrin was composed, we may mention, without reckoning such as are still living, the list of whom would be too long to insert here, Fontenelle, Montesquieu, the abbé de St. Pierre, Mairan, Hume, Algarotti, Helvetius, Maupertuis, Count Caylus, Mariette, Bouchardon, Vanloo; in short, all that were of note in the several departments of arts and literature. Persons of the first quality courted her acquaintance, and the number of them was very considerable. The present king of Poland always called her his mother. The empress of Russia wrote her a great many letters, full of the most flattering testimonies of her esteem and affection. The frankness with which Madame Geoffrin answered her on a critical occasion brought on a coolness and put a stop to the correspondence. Madame Geoffrin, without being required, sent back all the letters, not even keeping a
copy.

copy of any one of them: a kind of sacrifice of which an elevated soul alone is capable, and which vanity would never have made. The empress queen and the emperor received her, on her return through Vienna, with the most gracious tokens of esteem. The emperor paid her a visit when he was last at Paris, though she had then been for several months labouring under a very painful distemper, which entirely exhausted all the energy of her spirit. We may add to the number of great personages who went to visit her, the late king of Sweden, and almost all the princes of Germany who travelled to France.

Early in life Madame Geoffrin discovered her satisfaction in the society of literary persons. At Madame de Tencin's she made acquaintance with several of the most famous men of the times, and thought them the best part of the legacy left her by that elegant lady. Fontenelle, Montesquieu, Mairan, &c. made it a rule to meet once a week at her house; on Wednesdays she gave a dinner to the literati; and every evening her doors were open to all that were worthy of such company and of such a distinction. In these respects she was so exact and regular, that she very rarely left Paris, and when she did, she was sure to be at home punctually at the hour appointed for the company to meet. The artists also found her a great friend to them. She interested herself in the success of their performances, went to visit them in their work-rooms, and procured them opportunities for displaying their talents. Her apartments were decorated with their most finished pieces. Paintings and sketches by Vauloo, Greuge, Vernet, Vien, Grence, Robert, heads by St.

St. Moine; articles of furniture and bronzes executed in the highest taste; all announced her affection for the arts and artists. The day appointed for the artists to assemble at her house was Thursday. When any one wanted to purchase a painting or any other performance of art, it was sent on that day to Madame Geoffrin's, where it was submitted to the judgement of the masters in that department. M. Mariette commonly brought with him a great number of drawings by the principal masters, which afterwards composed that large and valuable collection which he left behind him at his death. Persons of rank, amateurs, and others, who had access to these meetings, here became personally acquainted with the artists themselves, and were thereby the more readily induced to set their talents at work. It may with justice be affirmed, that the Geoffrine Thursdays contributed greatly to the execution of the major part of the performances of the modern french school, which are now the ornaments of the cabinets of Europe.

Not only all that had any pretensions to taste and good company in Paris met together at Madame Geoffrin's, but likewise all foreigners, whom business, or an attachment to the arts and sciences and to the charms of society, had brought to that capital. The ambassadors and ministers from the several courts, foreigners of fashion, travellers of distinction, all strove for admission into a house, where they were received with a noble hospitality, and where the most respectable and celebrated geniuses in every department of the arts and sciences, and a great number of persons of the first rank, were continually resorting. All these together formed so
complete

complete a society as might with propriety be termed the only one of its kind; and the like whereof will perhaps never be seen again.

Order, neatness, good taste, and conveniency, were characteristics of her domestic œconomy. Her apartments bore somewhat of a resemblance to her own character; they had something peculiar, though nothing affected; and something elegant, though not in violation of simplicity.

Every one was received by her with politeness and affability, with indulgent and amiable manners; which her great knowledge of the world enabled her to adapt to every disposition and character, without giving up any of her wonted honesty and frankness. If she cherished any passion, it certainly was not that of an inordinate thirst of fame, of which there were not wanting several that were ready to accuse her, and to which they maliciously attributed her journey to Poland; no, it was a wish to acquire respect and esteem, a wish that rises surely from the noblest of all kinds of ambition, and necessarily supposes virtue and merit in such as hope for success in the pursuit.

Madame Geoffrin was born in the year 1699, and died in 1777.

I will conclude this account of her life with mentioning what of itself will prove that she had extraordinary endowments and substantial merit: She was slandered, hated, envied. — But

Quid virtus et quid sapientia possit

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar.

Horat.

OLYM-

OLYMPIC DIALOGUE.

BY MR. WIELAND.

JUPITER. NUMA. AFTERWARDS TO THEM

A STRANGER.

Jupiter.

HOW comes it, Numa, that for some days past we have not seen thee at the table of the gods?

Numa.] The news that Mercury brought us lately from Rome, allowed me no rest till I had seen with my own eyes how the matter stood.

Jupiter.] And how didst thou find it?

Numa.] I say it with a heavy heart, Jupiter; though probably I tell thee nothing new: but thy consequence among mortals seems to be irrecoverably gone.

Jupiter.] Hast thou not heard what Apollo lately said at table?

Numa.] He was lavish of his consolations to thee, Jupiter — and yet all this comfort in the long run turned merely on a play upon words. It was exactly as if a chaldæan soothsayer, on telling the great Alexander at Babylon in the midst of his conquests, that he was to die ingloriously of a fever, should endeavour to console him by the assurance that two thousand years after his death a noble descendant of the great WITTEKIND should wear his likeness in a ring. Such a sentiment, as long as a man is in prosperity, may be

be very agreeable: but for the loss of one of the first thrones in the world it is but a poor recompence.

Jupiter.] I should have thought, friend Numa, that thy abode in Olympus would have rectified thy ideas on such matters.

Numa.] I know very well, that a decree of the senate of Rome cannot deprive thee of the influence thou hast on the world below: but —

Jupiter, smiling.] Speak out in plain terms what thou thinkest! — my ears have been for some time past extremely patient — *but what?*

Numa.] Yet this influence can be of no very particular consequence, or I do not comprehend how thou canst suffer thyself to be degraded from the divine authority, and the high prerogatives thou hast enjoyed for such a number of ages throughout the roman world, without moving a finger to prevent it.

Jupiter.] If my Flamen cannot comprehend any thing of the matter, that may be endured. But thou, Numa! —

Numa.] To speak sincerely, Jupiter, — though I may pass in some measure for the founder of the old-roman religion, yet it was never my design to give more nourishment to the superstition of the rude Romans than appeared indispensably necessary to their civilization. I altered indeed nothing essential in the service of the deities whom an antiquated vulgar belief had long put in possession of public worship: at the same time my view was constantly directed to keep open, if I may say so, the way to a purer knowledge of the Supreme Being; and at least to prevent the grosser species of idolatry, by not permitting the deity to be repre-

represented in the temples either under an animal, nor even under a human form. I already then considered the several persons and names which the belief of our ancestors had elevated into deities, either as *symbols* of the invisible and inscrutable prime energy of nature, or as *persons* whom the gratitude of posterity for signal services in social and civil life had raised to the dignity of publicly worshiped patron-spirits.

Jupiter.] And the event has taught thee, that at least in this latter notion, thou wert not much mistaken; though as to what concerns the images of the deities, I am not of thy opinion.

Numa.] Had there been a Phidias or an Alcamenes in my time in Latium, probably those artists would have occasioned even me to alter my sentiments.

Jupiter.] Therefore if thou didst never hold us for any thing but what we are, where is the wonder that we could calmly let it come to pass that the inhabitants of the earth should proceed such lengths as to hold us for nothing more?

Numa.] Perhaps it may be owing to the habit of living among you, and of seeing you for such a long time in the uninterrupted possession of the adoration of mankind. These have placed you in an awful chiaro-oscuro to my view, and perhaps imperceptibly given me too high an opinion of your nature and sublimity — in short, I confess that it will cost me some trouble, Jupiter, to accustom myself to a different way of thinking.

Jupiter.] I am almost inclined to step forward out of the chiaro-oscuro, and throw aside the covering of the mystery of my family, about which so many honest

people on the earth have been unnecessarily splitting their brains.

Numa.] I am persuaded that thou wouldst lose nothing by it.

Jupiter.] One always gains by the plain truth, friend Numa! — Thou knowest that none of us Olympians, how long soever we have been here, and how far soever our sight may reach, can point out a period when this immense *whole* began to be, the very being whereof is the most convincing proof that it never did begin: whereas it may be affirmed with greater certainty, that of all the visible parts of it, not one has always been as it is at present. Thus, for example, the *earth*, which we once dwelt upon, had already undergone several great revolutions, some notices whereof have been partly preserved by tradition among the people of remotest antiquity. Of this sort is the report current with the nations of the north, in common with the Indians and Ægyptians: that there was a time when *the earth was inhabited by deities*. In fact the inhabitants of the earth in that first period, if they can be properly called *men*, were a kind of men, who, in comparison of the present, were as the Jupiter Olympius of Phidias is to the fig-wood priapuses which the countrymen set up as the keepers of their gardens; so far did they excel in majesty and beauty of form, in bodily strength and vigour of mind, the men of later ages. The earth, *with them and through them*, was in a state of perfection worthy of its inhabitants: but, some thousand years afterwards great revolutions ensued. A part of the posterity of its primitive inhabitants degenerated in the various climates, in
which

which their increase had necessitated them to disperse. Unusual events, earthquakes, volcanos, inundations, produced alterations in the figure of that planet; while whole countries were swallowed up by the ocean, others gradually sprung up from the waves: but the greater part of the antient inhabitants perished amidst this dreadful subversion of things. The few that remained wandered about bewildered, dejected and alone amid the ruins of nature. Chance indeed brought here and there a Deucalion and a Pyrrha together; but their descendants, from want and misery, soon sunk into brutal ferocity. In the mean time the earth was gradually recovering from the chaotic state which was the natural effect of those dreadful convulsions, and becoming from day to day more adapted to afford lodging and nourishment to its new inhabitants. The fresh progeny with which it was again peopled, procured themselves a scanty support from the fishery and the chase: and, where these were wanting, they lived upon acorns and other fruits of the forest; they mostly dwelt in woods and caverns, and in general were so rude as to be ignorant of the use of fire. Happily, on the lofty tops of Imaus, a stem of that first race of more perfect men were still remaining, with their original prerogatives, and in the enjoyment of all the benefits arising from the arts and sciences discovered by their ancestors. Compelled by similar catastrophes to abandon their hereditary abodes, they spread themselves to the south and the west; and in all places whither they came, their arrival was like the appearance of beneficent deities. For, together with a language already formed and gentle manners, they brought with

them all the arts of which, among those savage men, no traces were remaining, and the want whereof had degraded them to this inhuman barbarism. Thou conceivest, friend Numa, that they would be received by these poor wretched beings as so many gods; and by the favours they communicated, by the arts of husbandry, of breeding cattle, and of plantation, whereby they were the creators of a new earth, by the civil societies of which they were the founders, the cities of which they were the builders and lawgivers, by the amiable arts of the muses, by which they disseminated milder manners, more refined satisfactions, and a more delicious enjoyment of life — thou comprehendest, I say, that by all these benefits they rendered themselves so meritorious to mankind, as after their death, to be revered as patron-gods by a grateful posterity (of which their ascension in this purer element was the natural consequence). Neither wilt thou find it less comprehensible that those who once got themselves such fame by the many and great benefits they had done to mortals, should likewise, after their transit into a superior mode of life, still find joy in continuing to adopt the concerns of beings who had received from them *whatever made them men*, and in general to care for the *preservation* of all that which in a certain sense they were the *creators*.

Numa.] Now all is plain and clear to me at once, Jupiter, which I have hitherto only seen as in a cloud.

Jupiter.] And now I hope it is also clear to thee, why I said, that I could with perfect complacency allow it to happen that mankind should get so far enlightened as to hold us for nothing more than what we really

really are. Superstition and priestcraft, powerfully supported by the poets, the artists, and the mythologists, by degrees changed the homage they paid us, and which we approved merely on account of its beneficial influence on mankind, into a foolish idolatry, which could not and should not be of long duration; which was necessarily undermined as civilization increased, and, as is the nature of all human things, at length must fall to the ground. How could I require that any thing should *not* follow, which according to the eternal laws of necessity, must follow!

Numa.] But these fanatical innovators are not content with *purifying* your antient worship which was founded on such great and beneficial acts, — they destroyed, they annihilated it! They even deprived you of what was absolutely your due; and, so far from reducing the ideas of the nations concerning the gods of their fathers to the standard of truth, they carry the nonsense of their vicious presumption to such a length, as even to declare and to treat you as evil dæmons and infernal spirits.

Jupiter.] Repress thy zeal, good Numa! must I not, while my altars are yet smoking, be pleased with every dull and indecent tale with which the poets divert their clapping audiences at my expence? what concerns it me what they below are pleased to say or think of me, when once the point of time is come at which the worship of Jupiter has ceased to be beneficial to mankind? Shall I force them with my thunderbolts to have more respect for me? Of what consequence can it be to me whether they assign me Olympus or Tartarus for the place of my abode? Am I not here in

perfect safety from the effects of their opinions about me? or does Ganymede present me on that account with one bowl less of nectar?

Numa.] But it is of consequence to them, Jupiter, not to deprive themselves by the removal of all communion between thee and them, to which they are inclined, of the advantages which the world has hitherto enjoyed under thy government.

Jupiter.] I thank thee for thy good opinion of my administration, friend Pompilius! There are block-heads there below, who have not so high a notion of my influence on human affairs; and, all things properly considered, they may not be entirely in the wrong. One can do no more for people than they have capacity for; as to *miracles*, I have never dealt much in them; and, therefore, commonly every thing takes its natural course, — madly enough, as thou seest; but yet upon the whole, so as that one may make shift with it. And I think that even for the future it may be suffered to go on as it is. What I can contribute to the common good, without quitting my repose, I shall always do with pleasure: but to fume and torment myself for ingrates and fools, that is not Jupiter's business, my good Numa.

[*The unknown person appears.*]

Numa.] Who, pray, may that stranger be, yonder, who is making up to us? or hast thou any knowledge of him, Jupiter?

Jupiter.] Not that I can recollect. He has somewhat in his look that bespeaks no ordinary person.

The unknown person.] Is it permitted to take part in your discourse? I confess that ye have drawn me hither from a tolerable distance.

Jupit. r.

Jupiter, aside.] A new species of magnetism! — [*To the unknown.*] Thou knewest then already what we were talking about?

The unkn.] I possess the gift of being wherever I will; and where any two are searching after truth, I seldom fail, either visibly or invisibly, of making a third.

Numa, shaking his head a little; softly to Jupiter.] A singular sort of a chap!

Jupiter, regardless of Numa, to the unknown.] Thou must be an excellent companion! I am happy in the opportunity of making thy acquaintance.

Numa, to the unknown.] May one ask thy name, and whence thou art?

The unknown.] Neither are any thing to the purpose concerning which you were talking.

Jupiter.] We were conversing merely of *matters of fact*; and these, thou knowest, appear differently to every spectator, according to his point of view and to the construction of his eyes.

The unknown.] And yet each matter can only be rightly seen from *one* point of view.

Numa.] And that is? —

The unknown.] The *centre of the whole*.

Jupiter to Numa.] Under *that* is either *very* much, or nothing at all. — [*To the unknown.*] Thou understandest then the whole?

The unknown.] Yes.

Numa.] And what dost thou call its centre?

The unknown.] That *perfection* from which all things are equally distant, and to which all things tend.

Numa.] And how does each matter appear to thee from this point of view?

The unknown.] Not piecemeal, not what it is in single places and periods, not as it stands in relation to this or that thing, not as it loses or gains by being immersed in the cloudy atmosphere of human opinions and passions, not as it is infected by folly or by corruption of heart: but as it relates to *the whole* in its beginning, progress and termination, in its own inherent impetus, in all its forms, movements, effects, and consequences; that is, how much it contributes to the eternal growth of its perfection.

Jupiter.] This is pleasant enough!

Numa.] And how, from *this* point of view, dost thou discover the subject on which we two were conversing on thy coming up to us? the grand catastrophe which in these days has overthrown, without deference or distinction, whatever has been for so many ages held as venerable and sacred among mankind?

The unknown.] It necessarily follows, as having been long ago prepared; and at last there is no more wanting, as thou knowest, but one additional gust of wind for completely overthrowing an old, crazy, ill-constructed building, and raised withal upon a sandy foundation.

Numa.] But it was such a handsome edifice! so venerable from its antiquity, so simple with the greatest diversifications, so beneficent from the shelter which humanity, the laws, the security of governments for such a long series of time had found beneath its lofty roofs! Would it not have been more adviseable to repair than to demolish it? Our philosophers at Alexandria had drawn such elegant plans, not only to restore it to its former dignity, but even to endow it with far greater splendor, and especially to give it a symmetry, beauty, and convenience which it never had before!

It

It was a *Pantheon* of so vast a compass, and of so exquisite a style of architecture, that all religions in the world — even this new one, if it would but be tractable — would have found room enough in it.

The unknown.] Pity that, with all these specious advantages, it was only built on a quicksand! And, as to tractability, how wouldst thou contrive that, in a matter of such great importance, truth and imposture should agree together?

Numa.] It would do very well, if *mankind* would only agree together; mankind, who are never more grievously deceived, than when they think themselves exclusively in possession of truth.

The unknown.] If to be deceived be not their destination, — which yet thou wilt not assert? — yet it neither will or can be their *lot* to wander everlastingly in blindness and error, like sheep without a shepherd. Between darkness and light, dawn and twilight are doubtless better than total night, but that only as a passage from darkness into the pure all-clearing light of day. The day is now arisen; and thou wouldst lament that night and dawn are past?

Jupiter.] Thou art fond of allegory, I perceive, young man; I, for my part, love to speak in plain round terms. Thou wouldst probably say, that mankind would be happier under this new regulation? I wish it with all my heart; but I must confess it has but a very unpromising aspect.

The unknown.] It will infallibly prove better, and infinitely better for poor mortals. The truth will put them in possession of that liberty which is the indispensable condition of happiness: for truth alone makes free—

Jupiter.]

Jupiter.] Bravo ! That I heard already, five hundred years ago, in the Stoa, at Athens, till I was tired of it. Maxims of this sort are just as incontrovertible, and contribute just as much to the welfare of the world, as that great truth, that once one — is one. As soon as thou shalt bring me word that the simpletons there below, since a great part of them have believed differently from their forefathers, are become *better* men than their forefathers, then will I set thee down for a messenger of very good news.

The unknown.] The corruption of mankind was too great to be removed at once by even the most extraordinary methods. But most surely they will be better when the truth shall once have made them free.

Jupiter.] That I believe too ; only it seems to me as if that meant no more, than if thou shouldst say : as soon as all mankind are wise and good, they will cease from being foolish and corrupt ; or, when that golden time is come when every one shall have his belly-full, none will die of hunger.

The unknown.] I see the time really coming, when all who do not purposely shut their hearts to truth, shall attain by it to a perfection, of which your sages never had the least surmise.

Jupiter.] Hast thou been initiated in the mysteries at Eleusis ?

The unknown.] I know them as well as if I were.

Jupiter.] Thou canst tell then what is the ultimate aim of these mysteries ?

The unknown.] *To live cheerfully, and to die in the hope of a better life.*

Jupiter.] Thou seemst to be a great philanthropist : dost thou know any thing more beneficial for mortals ?

The

The unknown.] Yes.

Jupiter.] I shall be glad to hear it, if I may be so bold.

The unknown.] To give them *really* that which the mystagogues at Eleusis *promise*.

Jupiter.] I am afraid that is more than either thou or I can do.

The unknown.] Thou hast never tried it, Jupiter.

Jupiter.] Who is fond of speaking of his own merits? However, thou mayest easily imagine, that I could never have arrived at the honour that so many great and polished nations have shewn me, without having had some merit.

The unknown.] That may be some while ago! He who does no *more* for the good of mankind than he can do without *interrupting his repose*, will indeed do them not much good. I must own that I have found it a more arduous task.

Jupiter.] I am pleased with thee, young man! At thy years this amiable enthusiasm, of sacrificing thyself for others, is truly meritorious. Who could sacrifice himself for mankind without loving them? and who could love them without thinking better of them than they deserve?

The unknown.] I think neither too well nor too ill of them. Their misery distresses me; I see that they may be succoured, and — *they shall be succoured!*

Jupiter.] That is exactly what I say. Thou art spirited and generous; but thou art still young; the folly of the terrestrials has not yet fickened thee of such conceits: at my age thou wilt sing a different tune.

The

The unknown.] Thou speakest as I might have expected.

Jupiter.] It seems scandalous to thee to hear me talk in this manner; does it not? — Thou hast conceived a grand and beneficent plan for the benefit of mortals; thou burnest with eagerness to put it in execution; thy whole heart and soul are in it; thy far-seeing eye beholds all the advantages while it overlooks all the difficulties of the undertaking; thou hast made, as it were, thy whole existence to depend upon it: How shouldst thou ever dream that it may not succeed? but — thou hast to do with *mankind*, my dear friend! Do not take it amiss of me if I tell thee plainly what I think of it; it is a prerogative of age and experience. Thou seemest to me like a tragic poet, who should design to represent an excellent piece by a company of actors made up of cripples and dwarfs, of limping and crooked persons. Besides, my friend, thou art not the first who has attempted to accomplish something great with mankind; but I tell thee, that, so long as they are what they are, nothing will come of such attempts.

The unknown.] For that very reason *new men* must be made of them.

Jupiter.] New men! — [*laughing*] That is excellent! If thou canst do *that*! — Yet I think I understand thee. Thou wouldst re-compose them, give them a new and better form — the *model* is at hand — thou hast only to frame them *after thyself*. However this is not so soon done as said. Nature has furnished thee the *clay* for thy new creation, and *that* thou must take as it is. Mind my words, good sir! After taking all possible

possible pains with thy *pottery*, when it comes out of the oven, it will be to thy disgrace.

The unknown.] The clay (to proceed with thy metaphor) is in itself not so bad as thou imaginest; it may be purified and rendered as pliant as I want it for the composition of new and better men.

Jupiter.] I am glad to hear it! Hast thou ever made the trial?

The unknown.] Doubtless.

Jupiter.] I mean—in the gross? For, that, of a thousand pieces, one may succeed, is nothing to the purpose.

The unknown, after some hesitation.] If the experiment in the gross does not succeed to my mind; yet, at least, I know *why* it could not happen otherwise. It will do better in time.

Jupiter.] In *time*?—Yes; one is always apt to hope the best from time! Who, without this hope, would attempt any thing great? We shall see how far *time* will correspond with thy expectations. For the next thousand years I can promise thee little good.

The unknown.] I see thou measurest with a short rule, old king of Crete! What are a thousand years to the period requisite to the completion of the great work of making the whole human race into one sole family of good and happy beings?

Jupiter.] Why, that is true! How many thousands of years have the hermetic philosophers already been labouring at their *stone*, without having brought it to effect. And what is the work of the wise masters in comparison with thine?

The

The unknown.] Thy pleasantry is rather unseasonable. The work that I have undertaken is not less possible than for the seed of a cedar to grow up to a great tree : only that the cedar indeed does not come to perfection so quickly as a poplar.

Jupiter.] Accordingly thou mightest have as much time as thou wouldst for the performance of thy task, if that were all. But the certain and enormous evil by which mankind for so many ages long must purchase the hope of an uncertain good, puts another face upon the matter. What is one to think of a plan, designed as a benefit to the human race, and in the execution should so ill succeed, that a very great part of them, during a period of which the end cannot be seen, would be rendered incomparably more wretched, and (what is still worse) more depraved in mind and heart, than ever ? I appeal to facts ; — and yet all that we have seen since the murder of that honest enthusiast Julian is but a slight prelude to the immense series of mischiefs which the new hierarchy will bring upon the poor race of mortals, who are easily lured, by every new tune that is piped to them, into the unsuspected gulf.

The unknown.] All these calamities which thou lamentest in behalf of mankind, — thou, who in general art but little moved by their misery ! — are neither *conditions* nor *consequences* of the great plan of which we are speaking : the *obstacles* to be feared are *from without*, and against which the light will have to struggle till it has completely got the better of the darkness. Is it the fault of the wine, if it be spoilt in a musty cask ? As it is now the nature of the case, that man-
kind

kind can only by imperceptible degrees advance in wisdom and goodness; as such an infinite number of adversaries from within and from without are continually at work against their improvement; as the difficulties increase at every conquest, and even the proportionate means, merely because they must pass through *human heads* and be placed in *human hands*, would be farther impediments;—how can it surprise thee, that it is not in my power to procure the intended happiness to my brethren at a lower price? How gladly would I remove all their misery at once?—But *even* I can do nothing in opposition to the eternal laws of necessity:—suffice that the time will come at last—

Jupiter, a little impatiently.] Well then we will let it come; and the poor blockheads, towards whom thou art so well disposed, may in the mean time see how they can make shift to proceed!—As I said before, *my* sight does not extend far enough to enable me to judge of so extensive and complicated a plan. The best is, that we are immortal, and therefore entertain the hope to outlive the developement, how many platic years soever it may require.

The unknown.] My plan, great as it is, is in fact the simplest in the world. The way by which I am sure of effecting the *general happiness* is exactly the same by which I lead *individuals* to happiness; and what vouches for its infallibility is—*that there is no other*. In fine, I shall conclude with repeating, that it is impossible not to be deceived while we consider things partially, and as they appear in particulars. They are nothing *really* but what they are in *the whole*; and the *perfection*, the *centre*, that *connects all to ONE*,
whither

whither all things *tend*, and *wherein* all will ultimately *rest*, is the sole point of view from whence all things are rightly seen. — And now, farewell ! [*He disappears.*]

Numa to Jupiter.] What sayst thou to this phænonon ?

Jupiter.] Ask me that fifteen hundred years hence.

CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE LEARNED.

ONE of the good effects of the sound philosophy and the useful sciences by which our times are distinguished, is this, that the idle rage for pompous titles does not so commonly turn the heads of men of great erudition as it did in the days of Caspar Scioppius. This famous, or rather this noted man, had certainly a claim to one of the foremost places among the great geniuses of his age, if his boundless ambition and conceitedness had not made him an object for the tongue of slander. He was another Pietro Aretino, only with this difference, that the latter did not content himself with the empty sound of a title for sparing the great. The pope made him a patrician at Rome, and knight of St. Peter; the emperor and the king of Spain, a privy counsellor; and the lawful heir of the Ottoman throne, Sultan Jachia, raised him to the dignity of count of Claravalle, and, *risum teneatis amici!* —

prince of Athens, and duke of Thebes. This latter circumstance is not generally known. But a few years ago the original of the diploma, or patent, given him by the said sultan Jachia, was found amongst the archives of count Pierucci at Florence, wherein the investiture of the abovementioned territories is granted to him.

Jachia was a son of the grand-sultan Mohammed III. by the sultaneſs Elpara of Cyprus, who was ſprung from the imperial family of the Palæologi. While a child ſhe had ſecretly conveyed him into a greek monaſtery, for ſecurity, where he was brought up in the chriſtian religion. When Achmet, his younger brother, aſcended the imperial throne, to which he thought he had a nearer right, he quitted Greece, in order to ſeek aſſiſtance from the chriſtian princes againſt the uſurper. He landed in 1609. at Leghorn, and found a very favourable reception with Coſimo II. grand-duke of Tuſcany. Coſimo not only provided him with money, and honoured him with magnificent preſents, but actually fitted out a fleet for his ſervice, to procure him at leaſt a territory in Aſia. But, as this force was too ſmall, he returned to Europe, and implored ſuccours from France. Here, as may well be imagined, being only amuſed with empty expectations, he ſhewed himſelf as liberal in reciprocal promiſes, the fulfilment whereof depended on a fortunate event, of which he himſelf made but little account. Of this nature is the document, wherein he not only promiſes to reward Caſpar Schoppen, who was held in great eſteem by ſeveral princes, eſpecially by the pope, with Attica, in the capital whereof, Athens, he intended

tended to found a university, with Bœotia and the city of Gonna in Theffaly, together with the paradisaical vale of Tempe: but likewise, in pursuance of an ancient custom of oriental princes, when they were obliged to fly for succour to those of roman catholic persuasion, vowed to all christendom that he would raise the catholic church in the empire he was to conquer, to the utmost of his power, and rule the eastern empire by humane and rational laws, without any mixture of despotism. The diploma is written in the italian tongue; which I translate as follows:

“ We Sultan Jachia, by the grace of God lawful heir of the empire of the East, give you, Caspar Sciopius, our dear friend, hereby to know, how much satisfaction and comfort we have drawn from meditating, since your departure from us some days ago, on your pious conversations, founded on reason and holy scripture, upon that sentence of the apostle Paul, where he boasts, with so much truth: *Signa apostolatus mei facta sunt supra vos in omni patientia, in signis et prodigiis et virtutibus, semper mortificationem Jesu in corpore meo circumfero, et vita Jesu Christi manifestatur in carne mea. Stigmata domini Jesu in corpore meo porto.* And yet he promised himself no happy effects of his pains and preaching, without the concurrent prayers of holy persons; as he teaches us in the following passages: *Fratres orate pro nobis ut sermo Dei currat et clarificetur* *. — *Vigilate in omni instantia et obsecratione pro me, ut detur mihi sermo in apertione oris mei cum fiducia notum facere mysterium*

* 2 Theff. iii.

evangelii, ita ut in ipso audeam prout oportet me loqui *. — Orationi instate, orantes simul et pro nobis, ut Deus aperiat nobis ostium sermonis ad loquendum mysterium Christi, ut manifestem illud ita ut oportet me loqui †. Hence we believe, that, to the desired accomplishment of our sacred and glorious enterprize, the deliverance of Europe from the impious Mohammedans, and the extension of the catholic, the alone orthodox, religion of Christ, we have need, not only of troops of valiant soldiers, but also chiefly of the prayers of holy and religious people, who, with Moses, lift up their hands to God on the mount of contemplation, while we, like Joshua on the plain, fight with the Amalekites; and, forasmuch as we know that, for many years, you have sojourned in divers monasteries, and have written, more than any other, in defence and in praise of the monastic life, whereby you have got the acquaintance of many holy and pious monks; we therefore earnestly intreat you to procure us their assistance. To the end that the business may terminate in success, we vow to God and you, in the present writing, that if God shall favour our undertaking, and we shall obtain of God and justice our rightful possession of the oriental empire, we will immediately fulfil the following particulars, to the glory of God, to the exaltation of the catholic and orthodox religion, to the deliverance of so many millions of souls, and to the benefit of the whole human race.

“ I. We will introduce no despotical, but a fatherly government, which shall be entirely calculated for the

* Ephes. vi.

† Coloss. iv.

welfare and falvation of our people, according to the rule prefcribed by Chrift: Scitis, quod reges gentium dominantur eorum, et qui poteftatem habent fuper eos (that is, who rule defpotically and with violence) benefici vocantur. Vos autem non fic; fed quicunque voluerit inter vos major fieri, erit vester fervus: ficut filius hominis non venit dominari, fed miniftrare et dare animam fuam redemptionem pro multis. This we hereby vow to do, and to be a fworn foe to all tyrannical and violent government.

“ II. All bifhoprics fhall be filled with religious, who have exercifed themfelves for feveral years in their monafteries in the virtues required of bifhops by St. Paul. We will make it an invariable law, that no one fhall be capable of being a bifhop, who has not been a long time a monk, and well verfed in the holy fcriptures.

“ III. We will provide, that, in conformity to the canon-law, the due epifcopal and archiepifcopal fynods, and the provincial, national, and general councils fhall not be neglected; and we vow to be obedient to the fynodal decrees, and to fubmit our children and defcendants to them by a law, in fuch manner, that, if we depart from the chriftian conftitution, and (which God forbid!) become tyrants, we forfeit the imperial dignity, and our people fhall be abfolved and free from all obedience.

“ IV. We will, in like manner, make it our concern to encourage the military, and to promote the fciences, particularly theology, in our dominions, that our reign may become famous by a multitude of people who fignalize themfelves either in the art of war by fea and land, or in the arts and fciences; for the holy
fcripture

scripture faith : *Lingua sapientium fanitas est* *. And : *Multitudo sapientium fanitas est orbis terrarum* †.

“ V. The renowned city of Athens, the mother of so many heroes, we will again convert into a seminary of every art and science, that valiant warriors, prudent counsellors, able artists, excellent philosophers and divines, may there be formed for the service of all future times. To this end, we will institute three colleges there, and endow them with sufficient revenues. The first, which is to be dedicated to St. George, will serve as a school for children of titled and noble persons, who have proved their nobility ; where they will learn the greek, latin, sclavonian, arabic, and, according to the capacity of the scholar, other languages, and the art of policy, both in the affairs of war and peace. The second college of St. Basil shall be devoted to the instruction of the greek monks, and the third, that of St. Benedict, a school for the latin monks. In both colleges none but persons of great capacities shall be admitted, to be taught the hebrew, greek, latin, sclavonian, and arabic languages, together with theology, philosophy, and mathematics, that they may afterwards be distributed into the monasteries of their order, for disseminating the knowledge they have acquired in their college at Athens.

“ VI. As this university will be our greatest and dearest treasure on earth, so it is but reasonable, that we should commit the inspection of it to a man who is not only particularly acceptable to our person, from a similar way of thinking, but likewise attached to the

* Prov. xii.

† Sapient. vi.

catholic faith, to theology and other sciences, in the highest degree. Therefore, we believe that God has selected you, and given you to us, to lay the foundations of a work of such importance to the welfare of our empire, and of the universal church. We accordingly declare you, by virtue of these presents, prince of Athens and director and conservator of the said university, and promise you, in verbo regis, that, so soon as we are in possession of our empire, we will entail upon you and your sons, whether begotten or adopted, and all your legitimate descendants, the principality of Athens, with its whole territory, which was antiently called Attica, as also the dutchy of Thebes, the antient Boeotia. To your innocent recreation we will grant you likewise the famous vale, which extends from the city of Gonna, in Theffaly, to the golfo di Salonichi, the Tempe of the antients *. We declare you count of that vale, including the city of Gonna, like as we have declared you prince and duke, that it may be manifest to all the world, how highly we esteem your qualities, already famed throughout all christendom; and how much it is incumbent upon us to reward your attachment to our person by a return of affection.

“ VII. As we have received information from you, how much all Europe owes to the holy father Benedict and his order; so we shall take under our peculiar protection an order so highly prized by you, and restore to it all the monasteries it formerly possessed in our

* The sultan in the record having called this vale, famosa e chiara valle, it gave occasion to the fiction of an earldom or county of chiaravalle or claraval.

dominions; in order that the christians of the latin church may not be wanting in an opportunity of attending their worship.

“ All this we promise and vow to perform as soon as possible, so help us God and all his saints ! In confirmation whereof, we have subscribed the present record with our own hand, and signed it with our ordinary seal.

Given at Turin,
this 15th of October, 1633.

“ Sultan Jachia,
an Ottoman.”

OF THE ESTHONIAN AND RUSSIAN BATHS.

IN A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

DURING my stay in Esthonia and St. Petersburg, I had an opportunity of studying the nature of these baths. In many respects they are singular in their kind, and totally different from what persons unacquainted with them in England, France, Germany, and other European states, would form an idea of. The use of them is not reserved to particular persons, but it is universally a national custom. The Esthonian frequents the bath as a species of luxury, the Russian as an indispensable requisite. On account of their various influence on life and health, they are highly important; and therefore the regulation of them is an affair of the police. The hasty traveller has often treated of them unjustly and imperfectly. For these

reasons I will here briefly describe the bathing-houses according to their internal construction, the utensils belonging to them, and the manner in which they are made use of, and thence extract some probable consequences in relation to the beauty of the other sex.

By the expression, "to bathe," in Esthonia nothing else is meant than to go and sweat in the national baths. Bathing in a river is what they would not understand; as they have no other term for this practice than "swimming." None but foreigners, unacquainted with their language, ever confound these words.

Swimming is there but very little in use, and that mostly among foreign fishermen and sailors. Whereas the bath is frequented if possible once a week by every Esthonian, with his wife and children, commonly on Saturday. It is not so general among the noble families of the country, and rarest of all among the German merchants and handicraftsmen in the cities of Reval, Vefenburg, Pernau, and Narva.

The bath is a room, not lofty, furnished with a large oven, several rows of benches at different stages of elevation, and a large tub of water.

The oven is constructed of stone or brickwork, within which are cross-bars of iron, whereon great flints, or, for want of these, large stones of any kind, are placed in such manner that the flames may entwine between them. Instead of stones, which sometimes emit an arsenical effluvia, they make use of solid iron-balls. The ovens of the common baths of the boors have no chimnies, so that the smoke remains in the room.

The

The benches or shelves are in the form of a scaffold, the uppermost stage of which is not more than a yard and a half from the top of the place, so that one cannot stand, but must lie down upon it. This scaffold reaches from one wall to the other, and is divided into a greater or smaller number of compartments by partition boards. The depth inwards, towards the hinder wall, of each stage is about three feet, or enough for a person to lie and turn upon at ease. In these compartments or stalls fresh straw, or a mat, is laid, and covered with a sheet for the convenience of the bather.

The bathing-room thus prepared is strongly heated. In winter I know that it is begun to be heated eight or ten hours before it is wanted for use. The degree of cold in these parts of the world, and the thickness of the oven, make this necessary. One of our pottery ovens would not stand this degree of fire, but would burst. When the oven is glowing hot, water is thrown on it, from time to time, that a vapour may be produced to fill the room. Where the oven has no chimney, the water is thrown on the flints. This process is repeated for hours together. By the humid vapour thus raised, so thick a cloud of dew ensues, that the people within cannot see one another. The hot moisture extends to every part of the room; and, if one is not quite naked in going in, the cloaths are in a few minutes wet through and through, as if they had been soaked in hot water. The boarded ceiling, the walls, and generally the windows, are constantly dripping with water. And yet the attendants do not cease from
casting

casting wood into the oven, and pouring water on the stones.

The thick watery vapors drive out the fumes and the smoke; and till this is done one must not venture into the room; lest, as the natives say, the agreeableness of the vapour-bath be infected with the poisonous fumes.

When you are entirely undressed in an antichamber, you go into this hell — and, for thoroughly enjoying it, you must mount up to the highest region of the benches; where, like Satan on his throne, you find the quintessence of the sweltering glow concentrated. Here you lie quietly as long as you please, five, ten, or more minutes. All the pores of the body open, and water streams from you on all sides. Now comes the woman of the bath, or the man, with the bath-brush.

The bath-brush is usually a bundle of birch twigs, with the leaves on. For this purpose, in the spring season, whole roods of young verdant birch twigs are cut and tied together at one end for bath-whisks or brushes. Before using it in the bath, it is commonly dipped in water to render it the more soft and pliant.

With this bunch of twigs the naked body is well flogged all over, so that the humidity runs in streams from it, and the strongly agitated watery exhalation is collected about the bather. At certain intervals the skin is rubbed with a sponge, or with linen cloths, and all the parts and members of the body, particularly the most fleshy, are pressed and kneaded with the hands of the bath-wife. She then proceeds to pull the joints of the arms and fingers, legs and toes, till they snap, and scrapes the soles of the feet with scraping irons, or her
finger

finger nails. For continually keeping up a fresh vapour, the throwing of water on the hot flints is not neglected. These and the like manipulations are so long continued, till the man lies, as it were, without spirit, or rather in the most voluptuous languor. In this condition, in a gentle relaxation of all his powers, he is now left for some time to reek; and then is brought down from the shelf, and put upright in the tub of water, where he is softly washed with soap, and buckets of water are successively poured on his head, which produces the finest sensations over all the body. — That he may be thoroughly cleansed, it is usual to finish the process by licking out the impurities of his eyes. This is an experiment for which some of the bath-wives are peculiarly famous. She makes her tongue quite pointed, then bores it under the eye-lid into the socket of the eye, and turns it round and round about the eye-ball.

If I had been witness only once to this mode of cleansing the eyes, I should have been tempted to doubt whether the tongue was actually turned about within the eye. Though I at various times made use of the bath according to the universal practice of the country, yet I never could bring myself to submit to this experiment. But an unpleasant accident obliged me once to undergo it; and therefore I am in every sense an ocular witness of the fact. I was travelling one very hot summer's day in an open carriage, and got, I know not by what mischance, some particles of dust in my eye. Every means, such as wetting the corner of my handkerchief, taking snuff to promote sneezing, &c, were tried in vain. The eye grew red
and

and became quite inflamed; I felt the most violent pain, and could no longer open it. In this condition, baron Siedelmann, who was with me, sent to Jurgensburg for the bath-wife, whom he, and several other persons, affirmed to be expert in this sort of cures, by the easiest and speediest method. The woman happened not to be at home, but another female doctor was presently found, who at all times, with red woollen threads, with powder of injection that had had certain words muttered over it (according to the prevailing superstition of the country) performed miraculous cures both on man and beast. To her I resigned the treatment of my eye. Without feeling any other pain than what was already occasioned by the dust or sand that had got in, and which raged continually, she instantly bored her tongue under the eye-lid into the cavity of the eye, and turned it several times round the ball. Notwithstanding the unusualness of the circumstance, the introduction and detension of a foreign and large piece of flesh into the eye, yet I found the strange guest by no means troublesome; for the woman had the art of expanding, and, consequently, of flattening her tongue in such manner as that the pressure could not be very great on any one part. — The female practitioner assured me that she had extracted some grains of sand, yet that she felt several more behind. The same operation was now repeated for the second time, and I immediately felt a great alleviation of the smart. The redness went off, and my eye was well. Disgusting as this operation may appear, yet a great value is set upon it by many in the bath; to which I now return.

When

When the face and the whole body is in a perfect glow, and all is full of heat, they either pour cold water on themselves, or jump into the river adjoining; or, if it be winter, roll themselves about in the snow before the bathing-house door. However, in this particular the Esthonian is far excelled by the Russian. Among the latter not only the common people do this, but also persons of quality, and those of far more delicate manners otherwise. Thus I have frequently seen Russian officers go from a dancing room into the yard, to cool the boiling stomach, as they phrase it, by the application of snow within the bosom of their shirt. — Of the sudden transition from a glowing heat into intense cold, a common soldier, in his language, expresses himself thus: “It strengthens the heart!”

Great as the resemblance is between all the bathing-rooms in essentials, yet there is a wide difference between those of the poor Esthonian peasants and such as are appropriated to the use of their feudal lords. Those of the vassals are extremely miserable and dirty. They, no more than their dwellings, have any regular windows. A small hole in the wall, of a foot square, generally supplies their place. Nor is this always provided with glass. It is for the most part stuffed with a wisp of straw, in some degree to prevent the too great draft of the outward cold. An eternal night most commonly reigns within. The bath-benches are not always parted off for each individual; but the bathers lie close together, and under one another, both sexes and all ages. Modesty and decency come into little or no consideration here: they are not violated; they are not thought of.

The

The bath-rooms of the rich and opulent are generally very neat and commodious. An antechamber or two are set apart for undressing and dressing, which usually contain beds, for going into on leaving the bath. After such a fatigue one has great need of repose. From this violent agitation of the blood, sleep comes uninvited, and with it new vigour, and a really new life. In regard to cleanliness and order, the bath-rooms constructed for the Russian foldiers cantoned in Esthonia, are as it were in the middle state between the two kinds before-mentioned. Prudent and humane proprietors of seignories always provide such for the foldiers that are quartered in their domains. Where bathing-houses are wanting for the military, the common men go into those of the boors, and the officers frequent those of the owner of the estate. Considerate people do not willingly approve of the former, partly on account of the too familiar intimacy thence arising with their female vassals; partly because, (as I know to have been the case in several manours between Reval and Narva, on the Road to Petersburg) a few foldiers will spread the venereal disease in an incredible manner throughout whole villages.

In the cities of Reval, Vefenberg, Pernau, Veisenstein, &c. the bathing-houses generally have a completely wretched appearance. They are the property of private persons, but stand under the inspection of the police. They are all heated regularly every Saturday, some likewise on Fridays and Wednesdays. The customers pay a small matter for admision. In a large bathing-house at St. Petersburg, which I shall presently describe,

describe, the price of entrance was one copeek, for the bundle of twigs a denufhka, for the place where the cloaths are kept likewise a denufhka, and for a pail of warm water the same sum. As several of the English, French, Germans, in short, the foreigners who live in St. Petersburg, wish at times to bathe according to the fashion of the place, and cannot bring themselves to resort to the public baths of the natives, bath-rooms for hire are constructed in the out-skirts of the town. Here you have the advantage of bathing decently and alone, by sending word to have it heated for your use against the time you please to appoint. The price for heating such an extra bath at Katharinenhof, about a verst* from Petersburg, was, in my time, from 60 copeeks† to a ruble. Of late, however, it has got up to two rubles.

The concourse of people to the public baths is on stated days extremely great. But no where did it strike me more than in the great bathing-house on the Fontanka-canal. I know not whether it belongs to the crown which farms it out, or whether it is the property of some private person who draws an annual revenue from it: I know that the scene is uncommonly striking to an English spectator. A friend of mine, tutor in a Russian family in the Morskoi, who accompanies a

* Three versts make two English miles, but in Ingermanland, or Ingria, the versts are somewhat shorter.

† A ruble contains one hundred copeeks, a copeek is worth two denufhkas, and a denufhka is equal to two pollushkas. The ruble, reckoned at four shillings, as it at times has been, makes a copeek to be about the value of a halfpenny.

couple

couple of his pupils hither every week, took me to this rare spectacle. The house has two entrances; we went in through that on the left hand. The other is appropriated to the fair sex. Just behind the door sat a man, to whom my conductor gave a few copeeks for himself and for me. When we had passed through the fore-house, we came into a spacious quadrangular yard; which to the left and facing us was bounded by two long low buildings, and inclosed to the right by a wooden fence, or sabore, about five feet high. The whole yard was filled with human beings in the dress of paradise, only without the fig leaves. One part employed in various ways, others reposing. But, before I proceed to mention their employments in the yard, I must give some description of the two buildings I just now spoke of.

The house on the left hand is fitted up within side like our stables of the better sort, where each horse stands separated from the next by a wooden partition. In each of these stalls stood a bench and a small table. Here they laid their cloaths who were going to bathe; in the keeping of a guard. To these buildings an overseer is appointed, to see that nothing is embezzled or exchanged. For such a stand each person pays a denushka, or half a copeek, and is in perfect safety in regard to the property he brought with him. In case any thing should be missing of the articles belonging to him, it must be made good. This is perhaps the only assurance-office, where the assurance-money remains always the same, while the value of the articles assured is as various as possible, and often bears so small a proportion to it.

The

The long building facing us contained the bath-room. On the opening of one of the doors to let me see the inward construction of it, there issued such fumes and exhalations as almost took away my breath. I could see nothing for the density of the vapour, and I could hear nothing but the confused murmurings of human voices, accompanied with the sound of the scourgings with the leafy bundles of birch. According to the description of my guide, for with all my efforts I could not possibly stand within the doorway long enough for perceiving any thing distinctly, these bathing-places are of the same construction, in respect to the scaffoldings, &c. with those of the Esthonians taken notice of before.

The sabore, or wooden fence, on the right hand, divided us from the bathing quarters of the other sex, which are contrived exactly like those of the men. As the height of the fence is not at most above five feet, and as here and there a board has fallen down, and the whole being of the roughest kind of carpentry, every where full of chinks and apertures, the scene lies pretty open, even to such as are not troubled with much curiosity. If the former display be so striking, it may easily be imagined that this is no less so, where old and young, handsome and horrid figures form the most singular groups in the world. In both quarters all the comers go and strip in the cloaths-remise, and then run out of it in all haste, stark-naked, to get a good place on the scaffold in the bath. When the bathing is over, they come out into the yard with fiery faces and reeking bodies, some jumping into the canal that runs by the inclosure, others sitting down provided

with a bucket of warm water for the purposes of the last ablution.

While these are pouring water on themselves, others are wiping themselves with towels. Some recline upon the benches fixed about the yard, others on the bare ground lie basking in the sun. Some frolic about apparently in extatic transports, while others seem enjoying their new vegetation in a state of voluptuous languor. In short, employment and rest, exertion and drowsiness give such an appearance to the whole, that this infinite diversification of attitudes and positions of the human body must interest the delineator of nature as well as the philosophical physiognomist, from their novelty and their variety. A man must be an ocular witness of this extraordinary concourse of his fellow creatures for forming any clear and perspicuous notion of it. — Bathfulness and its concomitant confusion of face, are here quite strange and unknown. That which in our way of life would be equivocal, dangerous, or disreputable, is here, from immemorial custom, nothing like it. Where all are alike immodest, immodesty is not immoral. So great is the ascendant acquired by habit, when men have been familiar with it from their very infancy! An ample and not unfruitful field of speculation for the naturalist and the psychologist. I repeat it again: However commonly dangerous to chastity public baths may at first sight appear; yet nothing can be less dangerous than these. They stifle to a certain degree that delicate sentiment of modesty met with in more polished nations: but bodily sensuality has no place in the bath. If abstinence was founded on the delicate sentiment of modesty, then

indeed

indeed it would have but a frail support: but here it rests on custom. Never let any one shew the slightest irregular dispositions, if he would avoid exposing himself to universal contempt and scorn, and incurring besides a severe chastisement. And actually all allurements cease in the bath. However, it is not to be denied, that such indulgences make it at times more easy to fall at other opportunities; yet the severe censor of morals, should never forget that frailties of this kind in Russia require to be measured by the russian standard; and that this standard is somewhat shorter than that in use with a calvinistical consistory; in other words, the morality of Russia is somewhat laxer on this head than in more polished countries.

By the Esthonians the bathing-house is more frequented in winter than in summer. The cause is not so much that this species of luxury is then less desirable, but because their short summer gives them no leisure for it; as the poor slave is obliged to work the whole week through, day and night, frequently in a very laborious kind of employment. It should likewise seem that the boor in the summer months, could not so well endure it, on account of the strong perspirations he then undergoes, as the sun, in the northern latitudes of Reval, Vefenburg, Narva, &c. remains, during the longest days, about eighteen hours and a half above the horizon*.

* It rises 50 min. after 3. and sets 10 min. after 9. In the shortest days, it rises 10 min. after 9, and sets at 50 min. after 2.

Be the predilection and passion for these baths ever so strong with the Esthonians, it is far stronger with the Russians. Of the regiments that lay in our neighbourhood, both officers and privates used the bath from one end of the year to the other at least once a week. The common people observe this practice more devoutly than the rites of their religion. A Russian will rather dispense with his bread than be deprived of the bath. Nay, examples are not wanting of persons falling sick when they have been prevented from bathing; and they have been well again on resuming that practice.

I will now just add a few remarks by way of conclusion.

I. The Esthonian nation lives in a most deplorable slavery, which is the cause of poverty and indigence, of foul and filthy indolence, of the want of ambition and personal activity; consequently, since, if the landholder chuses, the peasant possesses no fixt property and is absolutely degraded to a beast of burden, it appears that the use of these baths must be actually attended by salutary effects.

But for these bathing houses the nation would outgo the Polish jews in dirt and filthiness, as they even now do what they can to come up with them.

II. As a laic in the art of medicine I do not venture to determine how far these baths have a salutary or pernicious influence on the health. However, it is somewhat curious that the strongest and most robust nations of antiquity, were in the practice of using vapour and sweat baths in common with the most longævous nation

nation of our times. At least the lacedemonian pyriaterium * answers in the main to the description of the ruffian bathing-house. In both an aqueous vapour is excited by means of red-hot flints; in both we find perspiration and friction. Perhaps the same circumstance obtains with both nations, tending to raise those that live to grow up, to an herculean durability and force. Weak constitutions which cannot stand out these and similar horse-breakings, die betimes; whereas those which hold out and are once inured to them, are less sickly afterwards. Hence I may venture to affirm, at least in general, that the Spartan as well as the Ruffian, hardened and steeled against wind and weather, would endure hunger and thirst, cold and heat, in private and in public life, better than others.

III. I have frequently been obliged to remark that the ruffian ladies do not so long retain possession of the youthful charms of face, as the english or even the german. When a lady can reckon up twenty summers, the roses of her cheeks are already faded, though she be otherwise strong and healthy. This is so much the more striking, as the young shoot from its firm texture, colour, and strength, seemed to promise a longer bloom. Together with brandy-drinking, early marriage, and immoderate enjoyment of love, the frequent use of the sweating-bath may be one of the principal causes of it. For this must necessarily very much widen the delicate channels of perspiration, deprive the cheeks

* Balneum laconicum, with the hypocausto, asseum, assa seu sicca sudatio per ignitos lapides, &c. See Strabo, lib. iii. Vitruv. de Archit. lib. v. cap. 10.

of their elastic plumpness, and by frequently perspiring render them flaccid. Wrinkles are then the unavoidable consequences. To this must be added, that at every bathing the blood is forced by the heating into the extremities. By this glow the skin is parched in winter just as much as it is in summer by the heat of the sun. Hence proceeds a certain burnt redness, which has considerably more of the coppery than of the rosy hue.

IV. Might not bathing-houses or bathing-places be brought into our parts of Europe likewise; and are there no physical and political reasons for such introduction? Is not the want of them a defect in the arrangements of police in behalf of the health and cleanliness of the poor? Might not many a youth be saved alive, who now finds his death by river-bathing, to which his constitution is not hardened? What kind of bath (vapour and sweat-bath, warm or cold water-bath, river-bath, &c.) would be preferable locally and personally for us? How should then that which is the most preferable be best constructed? The discussion of these and other questions that readily occur, I leave to those who are more able to do them justice; as in the answering of them I should be afraid of committing mistakes. However, they appear to me not unimportant, the result of them seems not impracticable, and withal easily reconcilable to the views both of the politician and the moralist.

Concerning the use of the bath, which the Greeks and Romans so much esteemed, and which the Hebrews and muhammedans exalted into religious observances, I shall

I shall subjoin an old inscription found engraven on a stone :

Balnea, vina, venus, conservant corpora nostra ;

Corrumpunt vitam, balnea, vina, venus.

Philostratus says :

Γηρας ανθρωπων τα βαλανεια.

Erasmus, out of Lucian :

Senecta hominum balnea calida.

THE FAMOUS HISTORIAN,

PIETRO GIANNONE.

PIETRO GIANNONE was born in the year 1676, at Ischitella, situated in Capitanata, a province of Naples. In his 18th year he repaired to Naples, to complete the course of his studies. The progress he made in civil law under Domenico Anlifo, and the penetrating eye he discovered on other important subjects, procured him access to Santano Argento, afterwards president of the royal council, in whose house, as in an academy, the men of the greatest abilities in the kingdom were wont to assemble. Here he conceived the design of writing a history of the kingdom of Naples ; wherein he likewise purposed to treat of its laws and police. As he only worked at it in such hours of leisure as the profession of an advocate allowed him, it was twenty years before he finished the work.

In order to elude the censures of the clergy, which would have stifled the book in its birth, he had it privately printed in the printing-office of the advocate Ottavio Ignazio Vitagliani, which the latter had set up at his estate of Dueporte, not far from Naples. It appeared at the beginning of the year 1723, under the title of *Istoria civile del regno di Napoli*, in four quarto volumes, with permission of the collateral-council, who had entrusted the censure of it to a judicious person of the name of Niccolo Capasso. This precaution, however, did not secure him from the persecutions of the clergy; whose pretended rights were attacked in the work. They persecuted him to the grave. The monks preached publicly against him; and sought, by every means they could devise, to blacken him with the people as the greatest profligate alive. In vain did the viceroy and cardinal of Althan employ all his authority to pacify the monks; and in vain did the town-council of Naples appoint him advocate of the city, with a present of 135 ducats, as a token of their approbation of his history. The populace, spurred on by the monks, insulted him in the public streets; the archbishop banished him from the church, and at Rome his book was solemnly burnt. To provide for his personal safety, he was forced, in the same year that his work came out, to leave Naples, and take refuge at Vienna. The emperor, Charles VI, looked on him at first with a sullen aspect, but shewed him more complacency afterwards, on having perused the history during his residence at Prague, at the recommendation of prince Eugene, the grand chancellor von Zinzendorf, the famous count de Bon-neval,

neval, and other persons of high distinction, and granted him an annual pension of 100 guldens, out of the revenue of the secretariship of Sicily. But he could never be induced to promote him even to the smallest post.

At Vienna Giannone wrote two severe sarcastical pieces against the excommunication of the archbishop of Naples; though he had been immediately absolved from it by cardinal Pignatelli, at that time also archbishop, and against the papal prohibition of his book. By the advice of his friends, however, he only circulated them in writing. Patronised by the grandees of the court, and in favour with numbers of the learned, he here also wrote several other works; of which his *Triregno* (the name he gives the papal crown) stands foremost in reputation. He employed almost 12 years upon it at Vienna, and finished it at Geneva. It abounds with protestant principles.

In the year 1734, when the kingdom of Naples and Sicily fell under the dominion of Don Carlos, he had the misfortune to lose his pension and with it all hopes of returning to his country. He left Vienna; and went to seek his fortune at Venice. Here he found a favourable reception with the grandees of the republic, and all who had pretensions to letters: particularly with the senator Angiolo Pisani; who, beside other tokens of regard, gave him one of his houses to inhabit. He immediately acquired the esteem of the ambassadors of France and Spain, who employed all their interest to procure him a return to his country: but they, as well as his patrons at the neapolitan court, found every way to this end cut off. The Venetians
offered

offered to promote him to the honourable post of a consultore onorario of the republic, with the assurance that he should be put in possession of the office as soon as ever it was vacant; in the mean time he might enjoy the place of professor of the pandects at Padua. But he honestly acknowledged that he was not capable of expounding the pandects in the latin language conformably to the usages of that university; and therefore declined the professorship. All this while his enemies were doing their utmost to render him suspected of the government, and to complete his ruin. Not succeeding in doing him mischief in regard to what he advances in his history concerning the contested dominion of the Adriatic, as he had prevented them in their attempts by an apology, they brought a charge against him to the inquisitors of state, of hatching, in conjunction with the ministers of France and Spain, whom he frequently visited, some plots against the state. It was determined to banish him the republic. He was accordingly seized by the serjeants in the night of the 23d of September, 1735, and carried in a boat to the borders of Ferrara. At this place, for fear of the papal spies, he took upon him the name of Antonio Rinaldo, and repaired to Modena; where he staid about six weeks, till his son John brought him his papers, and some contributions from his friends at Venice. Hereupon they travelled with great circumspection, through Lombardy, to Milan and Turin. Unable to procure a livelihood in these cities, they steered their course for Geneva; where they arrived the 5th of December, 1735. His reputation here had gained him many friends; the most remarkable of whom were doctor Turretin,

Turretin, the preacher Vernet, and Boufquet the bookfeller, who were all very bountiful towards him. They exerted themselves to the utmost to procure him a permanent support.

During the few months that he remained there he wrote a considerable supplement to his history; which, with the improvements he had made at Vienna, would have composed a fifth volume. But neither this part, nor Lewis Bochat of Lausanne's french translation of his history, were ever put to press. Boufquet would not by himself undertake the expence of printing; and an accident happened that frustrated at once all expectations of benefit to the author. Pietro Giannone, in the midst of protestants, zealously adhered to the romish worship. This was the circumstance his adversaries made use of to get possession of his person. A pretended friend inticed him in the year 1736 into a catholic village of the name of Visna, belonging to the king of Sardinia, for the purpose of keeping his Easter communion. Here the king, in order to ingratiate himself with the court of Rome, had him arrested, and confined in the castle of Miolan. From thence he was brought to Turin, and lodged in the citadel there; being thus for ever separated from his son. In the year 1738 he retracted in prison, at the instigation and in the presence of pere John Baptist Prever, of the order of the fathers of the Oratory, all that he had written against the romish church. But he did not regain his liberty by his recantation. In 1741 he was brought to the fortress of Ceva, and in 1745 to the former citadel; where, pining with grief and tedious sicknesses,

nesses, he at length gave up the ghost on the 7th of March, 1748, in the 72d year of his age.

The present king of Naples has not only granted his son a pension of 300 neapolitan ducats, but prolonged it during the lives of his wife, his son, and his daughter. "It would not be suitable to the happy reign of his majesty, or becoming the dignity of the supreme authority, (these are the words of the patent) to leave the posterity of so famous a man, whose equal the present age has not produced, who has asserted the rights of the kingdom with so much courage, sincerity, and learning, and for which he was severely persecuted, without some lasting tokens of our approbation and esteem."

CONFESSION OF FAITH
OF
PIETRO GIANNONE, THE HISTORIAN,
TO THE
JESUIT JOSEPH SANFELICE *.

First, I believe, that the pope of Rome, is lord of the whole world; not only in spirituals but also in temporals. That he has supreme command, mediately and immediately, over the earth, and all that has life and intelligence upon it; and, for promoting the eternal salvation of the human race, may make use of all spiritual and temporal means, such as pecuniary fines, dungeons, banishment, flames and fire.

II. Therefore, all princes and republics are subject to him even in temporal matters. He alone can boast

* Author of *Riflessioni morale e teologiche*, against the writings of Giannone.

of an authority received immediately from God. He, as vicegerent of him who says, by me kings reign, is the source from whence sovereigns derive their authority. He blesses a sword on Christmas-night, which he presents to the prince, in token of the infinite authority he has received from God, in virtue of the words: All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth*.

III. Therefore, I believe, that the pope of Rome has the right to subvert kingdoms, and to establish them again according to his will, in conformity to the words of holy writ, *evellat et plantet*, which he may rightfully assume to himself. Therefore, he can depose emperors, kings, and princes, absolve their subjects from their oath of allegiance, free them from taxes, and authorize them to refuse the new imposts their sovereigns would lay upon them without his consent. Therefore, he can transfer empires and kingdoms from one race to another, and even to foreign nations. New discovered regions and islands, and such as may yet be discovered, he can grant to whom he will, and make them tributary to himself. The roman-german empire is his donative. Therefore the emperor is bound to swear obedience and fidelity to him, and that according to a prescribed form†.

* The Pontificale, lib. i. tit. 7. says at these ceremonies: *Quem postea donat alicui principi in signum infinitæ potentæ pontifici collatæ, juxta illud: Data mihi est potestas in cælo & in terra.*

† Decret. grat. can. cxxxiii, dist. 64. which begins: *Tibi Domino, &c.*

His

His dominion extends not only over the earth, but likewise over the sea and all the islands thereof, as Boniface VIII. has proved by his example in the Mediterranean, and Alexander VI. in the Western ocean. The latter drew a line from one pole to the other, and presented the kings of Castille with the new-discovered world. — I shed tears of tenderness, whenever I read in a lesson for the second nocturn of the anniversary of St. Gregory VII. that, being the son of a carpenter, he was one day, with other children his fellows, playing with the shavings that fell from a piece of timber which a workman was planing; and, though he was not yet able to read, he accidentally formed with them the words of the royal prophet: “*Dominabitur a mari usque ad mare.*” *Manu pueri*, says the breviary, *dictante numine, quo significaretur ejus fore amplissimam in mundo auctoritatem.* Julius III. had perfect right to cause a medal to be struck, which is to be seen in the imperial cabinet at Vienna, with the inscription: *D. Julius III. reipublic. christianæ Rex ac Pater.*

IV. I confess, that the authority of the pope of Rome extends not only over the surface of the earth and the sea; but likewise into the two subterranean worlds, into purgatory and into hell. And herein I follow St. Antoninus, archbishop of Florence, who says; that the pope has so great an authority over purgatory, that by his indulgencies, he can deliver as many of the souls that are tormented there, as he pleases, and immediately place them in heaven and the abodes of the blessed.

bleſſed *. Thoſe queſtions ſtarted by your ſcholastic divines, whether the pope could remove all purgatory at once ? and that other : Whether a pope of Rome is not more gracious than Chriſt himſelf was, ſince we no where read of the latter, that he ever delivered a ſoul out of purgatory † ? — theſe queſtions I anſwer by a plain, yes. Experience ſhews us, that he is far more gracious, yea, above all meaſure gracious ; ſince the popes have been delivering for many centuries paſt, and are ſtill delivering innumerable ſouls, by their indulgencies, from the torments of purgatory. I find therefore not the leaſt difficulty in believing, what is related of the ſouls of Falconilla and others, but particularly of the ſoul of the emperor Trajan, which pope Gregory the great delivered from hell by his prayer, although they were heatheniſh ſouls. I hold them for perverſe and contumacious who have taken upon them in our times to call ſuch true, real, and authentic ſtories into doubt. — Nothing is more true than what the excellent decretiſt Felinus teaches : The pope can as eaſily plunge the ſouls of thouſands into hell, as he can deliver them from it. If it ſhould pleaſe the pope, ſays he ‡, to caſt down into hell whole troops of human ſouls, no man dare aſk him : Why doſt thou ſo ?

* Papam tantum habere tum in purgatorio tum in inferis poteſtatem, ut quantum velit animarum, quæ in illis locis cruciantur, per ſuas indulgentias liberare et conſeſſum in coelis et beatorum ſedibus collocare poſſit. Art. iii. tit. 22.

† An papa poſſit univerſum purgatorium tollere ?

‡ An clementior ſit papa, quam fuerit Chriſtus, cum is non legatur quenquam a purgatorii poenis revocaſſe ?

§ Si papa catervas animarum in inferos detruderet, non tamen cuiquam liceret ex illo quaerere : Cur ita facis ? Cap. Si papa. diſt. 40.

V. The pope's authority is not confined alone to this globe ; it mounts into heaven and extends over the angels. The question you propound in theology, whether the pope has the command over the angels ? I answer in the affirmative without any hesitation ; for all power is given him in heaven and in earth. To this power the famous bull of Clement VI. relates, which, with the best critics, I hold to be genuine. According to that, the pope can exalt whom he will into heaven, and to whatever stage therein he pleases ; and he for whom he has issued a patent for that purpose, cannot be refused entrance into the heavenly paradise, even though all the bishops and cardinals in the whole world should be against his admission. I hold, therefore, with Troilus Malvet, who teaches me : The pope has so much power in heaven, that he can canonize any deceased man, and place him in the number of the saints ; even without the concurrence of the bishops and cardinals *. Therefore, I abhor the rash and seditious outcry that was made throughout Europe, when the present pope ordained Gregory VIII. known in several countries under the name of Hildebrand, to be worshipped as a saint by the whole catholic world. The lessons for his anniversary, in which it is ascribed to him as an heroic virtue, inspired by God, that he deposed Henry IV. from his throne, and absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance, I now no longer hold for a signal to incite nations to take up arms

* Papam habere tantam in coelo potestatem, ut quem velit hominem defunctum canonizare, et in divorum numerum referre possit, etiam invitis episcopis et cardinalibus. Tract. de canoniz. sanctorum, iii. dubio.

against their sovereigns : but highly approve of the incorporating this legend into the Breviary ; that it may be read to the people among the public prayers, and that such salutary maxims may be deeply imprinted on their hearts.

VI. As the authority of the pope of Rome is so great and so perfectly unlimited, he very well deserves to be styled, a vicegerent of God. I read this title every day in all public disputations, and in books that, here and elsewhere, are printed and dedicated to his papal holiness. Therefore, I believe, that the question, long since proposed : Whether the pope be a mere man or, as a god, has the two natures in common with Christ, to be now completely decided *. The antient glossarists of the Decretals, puzzled their learned heads about it, and stumbled at last on the thought, that he is neither man nor god, but a mongrel between both †. Others held him for a vice-god, and believed that this dignity absorbed his humanity ‡. If I were not afraid of committing a blasphemy, I would, with Augustinus Steucus Eugubinus, librarian to the pope, even style him a god: for, if, according to the relation of this author, the great Constantine paid adoration to the pope as a god, why should not I, poor earth-worm, do so too ? “ Hearest thou, says the librarian, that Con-

* *Utrum papa simplex homo sit, an quasi Deus participet utramque naturam cum Christo ?*

† *Papa nec Deus est, nec homo, sed neuter est inter utrumque. Gloss. in præf. Clem.*

‡ *Et in hac parte non est homo, sed Dei Vicarius. Gloss. in cap. Fundamenta de elect. in 6.*

stantine called the pope a god, and held him to be one? This he did by honouring him with that glorious edict [he speaks of the pretended donation]; he then adored him as a god, as a successor of Christ and St. Peter. As such he paid him divine honours as much as he could; he worshipped him as the living image of Christ*.

VII. Therefore I make no scruple to say, with Baldus†, that the pope is a god on earth; with Decius and Felinus‡, that the pope and Christ compose together one consistory, in such manner, that, sin excepted, the pope can do all that God can, and can be judged by none; with the abbot, that the pope does what he does as God, not as man§; with cardinal Parisius, that the pope is a divine being, under a visible form||; with Baldus, that the pope is the cause of all causes, for which reason his authority cannot be investigated; for, of the first cause no further cause can

* Audis, summum pontificem a Constantino Deum appellatum et habitum pro Deo, hoc videlicet factum est, cum eum præclaro illo edicto decoravit; adoravit uti Deum, uti Christi ac Petri successorem; divinos honores ei, quoad potuit, contulit, velut vivam Christi imaginem veneratus est. De donat. Constant. p. 141. edit. Lugd. anno 1547.

† Papa est Deus in terris. Bald. leg. ult. cap. de sent. rescind.

‡ Papa et Christus facient unum consistorium, ita quod, excepto peccato, potest papa quasi omnia facere, quæ potest Deus, et à nemine potest judicari. Decius in cap. i. de constit. Felinus in cap. Ego N. de jurejur.

§ Abbas in cap. Licet de elect. Quod papa facit, facit ut Deus, non ut homo.

|| Papa est quoddam numen, et quasi visibilem quendam Deum præ se ferens. Card. Paris. consil. lxiii. n. 192. l. iv.

be*; lastly, with all the decretists, that it is a sacrilege to doubt of the authority of the pope.

VIII. Therefore, I have no cause to doubt that he can turn evil into good, wrong into right, vice into virtue, a quadrangle into a circle, and a circle into a quadrangle; in short, that he is above all rule, above all natural and apostolical law. I confess, with the glossa of Gratianus, that the pope can dispense with the natural and apostolical law †; with Lewis Gomes, that he can make injustice justice ‡; with Baldus, that the pope is all, and over all, that he may do any thing in opposition to justice §; with di Ostia [Ostiensis], that he can mutually change squares and circles ||. It is therefore no blasphemy to assert, as cardinal Lorenzo Pucci constantly did, according to the account of Varchi, in his history of Florence; that to the pope all things are lawful and becoming, however unjust they may be. I can now decide without hesitation the old questions of the schools: Whether the pope can annul what is prescribed in the writings of the apostles? Whether he can add a new article of faith to the sym-

* Papa est causa causarum, unde non est de ejus potestate inquirendum, quum primæ causæ nulla sit causa. Bald. in cap. Eccles. ut lite pend.

† Papa potest dispensare contra jus naturale et apostolicum. Glossa Grat. cap. xv. q. 6. Autoritatem.

‡ Papa potest de injustitia facere justitiam. Gomes in Reg. cancell.

§ Papa est omnia et super omnia. — Papa supra jus et extra jus omnia potest. Bald. in Leg. Barbarius. de offic. Præt. et in cap. Cum super de caus. es possess.

|| Papa potest mutare quadrata rotundis. Ostiens. in capit. Cum venissent de judic.

bolical creeds? Whether he has the power to enact any thing as truth which is in opposition to the evangelical doctrine? Whether he has a greater authority than Peter, or an equal authority with him? Whether he be the only one among all mankind that cannot err? and a thousand other questions of a like nature with which the monks have filled a prodigious number of books. I answer all these questions with the monosyllable, Yes. I adopt likewise the Dictata of Gregory VII. with the bulls *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII. and *In Coena Domini*, and all of the same stamp in the *Bullarium Romanum*, particularly in that which Clement XI. has lately published *pro regimine urbis et orbis*. In short, I confess, what the great Bellarmine teaches: That even if the pope, by a mistake, should enjoin vices and prohibit virtues, the church would be bound to believe, that the vices were good and the virtues bad, if she would not sin against her conscience; for she is bound, in doubtful matters, to adhere to the decision of the pope, by doing what he commands, and by not doing what he forbids. But, that she may not run the hazard of acting against her conscience, she must hold that to be good which he commands, and that for bad which he forbids *.

* Si papa errasset præcipiendo vitia vel prohibendo virtutes, teneretur ecclesia credere vitia esse bona est virtutes malas, nisi vellet contra conscientiam peccare. Tenetur enim in rebus dubiis ecclesia acquiescere judicio summi pontificis, et facere quod ille præcipit, non facere quod ille prohibet; ac ne forte contra conscientiam agat, tenetur credere bonum esse quod ille præcipit, malum quod ille prohibet. Tom. I. lib. iv. de Rom. Pont. cap. 5.

IX. I confess, that I was in an error, when I believed that the pope of Rome was the shepherd of a flock that belonged to Christ, and that he was the sole bridegroom and lord of his church; and if Paul and the antient fathers have taught this, I say it better, by maintaining not only that the pope is the bridegroom of the church, wherein I agree * with Boniface VIII. but likewise that the church is his maid. Bellarmine, whose oracular decree I have quoted, and the Decretum of Gratianus demonstrate this tenet. The pope, say they, is he whom the whole church must obey †, because he is a god of the earth, for when he dissolves a marriage, it seems as if God alone dissolved it, since a lawfully elected pope is God on earth ‡; and Felinus saith; The pope on the earth fills not the place of a mere man, but of the true God §. Now that I am once in the way of truth that leads me directly to everlasting life, I dispute no longer, whether the pope can err or not? Whether he has the right to command in a general assembly of the representatives of the church? Whether he has the exclusive right to call a general council? Whether he has an unbounded authority over all bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs, so that these are no other than his officers and ministers, to whom he delegates the authority which they exercise each in his several diocese? and whether archbishops can execute their office without the papal pallium, and

* Cap. Quoniam de Immunit, in 6.

† Cap. i. distinct- 93.

‡ Cap. Inter Corporalia de transl. episc.

§ Cap. de jurejur.

without taking the oath of allegiance to the pope? I hold not only all these as indubitable, but also heartily agree that the pope can ordain as many bishops as he pleases over the face of the whole earth, can raise or degrade them as he thinks fit, divest them of their ancient privileges, and reduce them to the lowest offices, not only about his most holy person, but likewise towards the cardinals, who, at present, are the first senators of the general court of the universe, as cardinal Palavicini has plainly shewn.

X. I am now no longer surpris'd at the solemnity of the ceremonies prescribed by the Pontificale to be observed at the election and coronation of so mighty a monarch, the king of kings and lord of lords. They undoubtedly are due to him. As soon as he is elected he repairs to the church of St. Peter, and the cardinal-deacons, who walk by his side, bear up the skirts of his mantle. And who has the honour to hold up the train of this mantle [the pluvial]? The emperor, if he be there; or, in his absence, a king, if one of that majesty be then at Rome; but otherwise the principal laic of the nobility; and eight other noblemen or ambassadors of princes bear the eight staves of the baldaquin or canopy under which the pontif marches*. The acclamation of the people is then the same as that wherewith Charlemagne was formerly saluted emperor. Carolo Augusto, they then called out,

* Caudam autem pluvialis portabit nobilior laicus, qui erit in curia, etiamsi erit imperator vel rex; supra eum octo nobiles sive oratores portant umbrellam hastilibus octo sustentatam, quam hodie baldacchinum appellant. Ceremon. pontific.

a Deo coronato magno, et pacifico Romanorum imperatori vita; but to the pope they call, according to the appointed ceremonial: Domino nostro Innocentio, a Deo decreto summo pontifici et universali papæ, vita! What is called the consecration being over, the pope is mounted on a throne, and adorned with the triple crown; which, as Angelus Rocca teaches, represents the imperial, the royal and the ecclesiastical authority, or the complete and universal dominion over the whole world*. This done, a solemn procession is made; wherein the pope rides on a white horse, finely caparisoned, under a baldaquin, borne by eight noblemen, or the ambassadors of princes. When he mounts the horse, the emperor or a king has the honour to hold his stirrup, and to lead the horse for some time by the bridle; and should it so happen, that the emperor and a king, or some other great prince, should be at Rome together at that time, then the former would perform his office, appointed by the ceremonial, on the right side, and the latter on the left side, being after a certain time relieved in their duty by two laics of quality†. But, should the pope, either

* Tres potestates, hoc est, imperatoriam, regiam et sacerdotalem, plenariam scilicet et universalem totius orbis auctoritatem representantes. Bibliotheca Vaticana, p. 5. Roma, 1591.

† Cum papa ascendit equum, major princeps, qui præsens adest, etiamsi rex esset aut imperator, stapham equi papalis tenet, et deinde ducit equum per frenum aliquantulum. Si imperator aut rex soli essent, id est non esset alius rex, soli equum ducerent cum dextera manu; sin vero esset alius rex, dignior a dextera, alius à sinistra frenum tenerent. Si non sint reges, digniores ducant equum, &c. Ceremonial. pontific.

by reason of his great age, or infirmities, be unable to ride, and must therefore be carried on a chair; then four great princes, or the emperor and kings, if present, to do honour to Jesus Christ, must be his bearers; at least for a little while, till they are relieved by four servants of the pope*. In this procession, as well as on all the journies that he takes, the pope is accompanied by a consecrated host, which is carried in a case on a white horse. When it happens that the emperor dines with his holiness, he is seated at the right hand of the pope, at a separate table, on a little bench; but kings sit among the cardinals, in such manner, that a cardinal takes the first place, and afterwards the kings and cardinals in alternate succession†. The emperor, or a king, shall bring the water to the pope in which he washes his hands, and then shall have the honour to set the first dish upon the pontif's table. The sons and brothers of the emperor and the kings are appointed to wait at the papal table till the end of the dinner‡. If, in my history, I have not displayed this grand idea of the pope, I implore forgiveness.

* Si vero pontifex non equo, sed sella veheretur, quatuor majores principes, etiamsi inter eos imperator aut quivis maximus princeps adesset, in honorem salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi, sellam ipsam cum pontifice humeris suis portare aliquantulum debent. Ibid.

† Rex — sedet in mensa post primum episcopum cardinalem. — Si plures adessent reges, mixti erunt cum primis cardinalibus, primo cardinalis, deinde rex successive.

‡ Nobilior laicus, etiam imperator aut rex, aquam ad lavandas pontificis manus primo ferat. — Primum ferculum portabit nobilior princeps, five imperator five rex sit. — Pontifici servire solent nobiliores qui sunt in curia, laici, etiamsi sint fratres aut filii regum, præsertim in illorum præsentia.

COLLATERAL ARTICLE.

FROM your *Reflessioni morali e teologiche*, I thoroughly comprehend, that the bishops, priests and deacons, and other degrees of clergy wherein the hierarchy of the church consists, must be of little importance to us. In the sight of so great a monarch and such magnificent senators, they disappear like the stars in the brightness of the sun, and are nothing but their officers and their satellites. By the present hierarchy I perceive you mean nothing more than the orders of monks, whom you justly style, the lights and pillars of christendom. I cannot deny that they are the tremendous legions whereon the romish monarchy has always been supported. Who has ever trumpeted forth the papal power with greater zeal than they? With their own-invented pietisms they have fascinated the whole catholic world. As the aggrandisement of the papal authority, and the splendour of the grand court of christendom is their laudable aim, I lament that I have ever written a word against them. — I have therefore nothing to say against the rosary of the Dominicans, against the rope of the Franciscans, against the girdle of the Augustines, against the scapulary of the Carmelites; neither can I find in my heart to laugh at the wonderful names, *Conversæ*, *Tertiariæ*, *Biguinæ*, *Corrigiatae*, *Mantellatae*, *Pinzocheriae*, *Canonissæ*, *Jesuitissæ*. Only I cannot comprehend, how one order can carry their dislike to the devotions and
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brotherhoods of another so far as that frequently law-suits have been instituted when any one of them has intrenched upon the other. May not self-interest be the cause of it? At least it is certain, that in the kingdom of Naples this spiritual trade is openly carried on in shops in the towns and even in the churches, and that a tribute is demanded monthly from the fraternities. The right to follow this pious traffic is granted in the monasteries to the highest bidders of the monks; and no rascally trick is too infamous for them to commit, not only in collecting the proffered sums, but for obtaining besides a surplus for the gratification of their licentious passions. They threaten the simple with everlasting death, and carry on their game with timid women so far, that they either rob their husbands or brothers of the money, or sell their honour to the sturdy collectors. All these things, which I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, incensed me formerly against the holy brotherhoods; but now, since I know their superior aim, and you, o holy father, have shewn that the holy founders of the orders themselves established the same devotions, I lament my fault, and confess:

I. Not only the infinite value of the rope of St. Francis, but likewise the ineffable miracle of that saint, of which I formerly doubted, to the great peril of my poor soul. This principally relates to the five wounds which St. Francis received after the example of our Lord. Since you have proved to me this fact, vol. ii. p. 148. and it is confirmed in the books of conformity authenticated by several popes, I can no longer doubt of it without subjecting myself to the charge of heretical

tical obstinacy. Quare hoc est firmissime tanquam verum tenendum, et oppositum tenentem ut hæreticum ab omnibus despiciendum; thus speaks the infallible oracle of the forementioned book. I therefore believe what is said in p. 228. First, that the hands and the feet of the above-said typical Jesus, were not only transfierced by the nails, sed conclavati, ita quod clavi in eis apparerent. Secondly, that the heads of the nails were black, cum tamen carni vel nervis similes esse deberent, ex quibus facti erant. Thirdly, that the heads of the nails were longish and flattened, cum tamen martellus nec ictus affuerit. Fourthly, In loco offoso et non molli stigmata sunt impressa. Fifthly, Licet clavi essent carnei vel nervei, adinstar tamen ferri erant duri et fortes et solidi. Sixthly, Ipsi clavi non erant breves, solum acumina habentes et capita, sed erant longi ad partem aliam resultantes. Seventhly, Recurvati, sic ut digitus intra recurvationem arcualem istorum immitti voleret. Eighthly, Cum clavi essent facti ex carne vel nervis et ex utraque parte pedum et manuum resultarent et excederent, profecto non erant nec pedes, nec manus deformatæ vel contractæ. Ninthly, Clavi erant circumquaque a carne alia reparati, ut peciæ circumcirca ponerentur propter sanguinis restrictionem. Tenthly, The nails were moveable, and yet they could not be drawn out, with all the vigorous efforts made by St. Clara and others. Eleventhly, The nail-holes were not infected by corruption in a space of more than two years. Twelfthly, The wound in the side was exactly like that in the side of Christ. The greatest miracle was, that St. Francis, from the pain he felt on the opening of the wounds,

and

and the constant emission of blood from them, which lasted for upwards of two years, did not give up the ghost." Thus is this miracle described in the book of the Conformities of St. Francis. In full confirmation whereof it cites the infallible testimony of a devil cast out at Ravenna. Compelled by the exorcism of a priest, he said through the mouth of a woman called Zandese: There are two marked with nails in heaven, Christ and the choleric Francis. Christ, knowing that he should give this choleric man the bull of his wound-marks, would not that he should receive a bull from the pope, fabricated by human hands. No less infallible are the testimonies of the popes, some of whom, as eye-witnesses, confirmed it by bulls. Of Gregory IX. it is said in the above-mentioned book of Conformities, p. 234. *De sanctitate B. Francisci, et de ejus stigmatibus plures bullas fecit, in quibus asserit B. Franciscum stigmata domini Jesu veraciter in suo corpore impressa a Christo habuisse, et hoc tenendum mandat fidelibus et credendum, et sub nota hæresis puniendum oppositum sapientem.* Of pope Alexander it says: Dominus Alexander IV. qui stigmata vidit propriis oculis B. Francisci, ipso B. Francisco adhuc vivente, qui in bulla sic loquitur: stigmata in ejusdem sancti corpore, dum adhuc vitali spiritu foveretur, viderunt oculi fideliter intuentes et certissimi contractantes digiti palpaverunt.

II. I no longer doubt in the least concerning the miracles which the Franciscan rope has wrought on those who have worn it about their loins. For what cannot be brought to pass through the intercession of a saint, who has his abode in heaven, not among the
choirs

choirs of angels and other saints, but in the bosom of the Saviour himself? The book of the Conformities, p. 66, relates: One of their devotees, being in an extasy, saw Jesus Christ, with the virgin Maria and other saints, who drew near to Christ in procession to worship him. Not seeing St. Francis with his sons of the order, he inquired of his heavenly conductor where he was; and was answered: *Expecta et videbis*. He had not waited long, when lo! Christ lifted up his right arm, and St. Francis came out of the wound in his side, with a flying banner of the cross in his hand, and after him came out an exceeding great number of monks. Hereupon, the good citizen bestowed all his goods upon the Franciscans, and became one of their fraternity.

III. If the comparison made in this book, authenticated by several popes, particularly by Sixtus IV. and V. between St. Francis and John the baptist, be not a blasphemy, I will let it pass, to shew you my docility. At the 18th page it says: Francis was greater than John the Baptist: for the latter was only the preacher of penance; whereas Francis was not only preacher, but author of penance. The former was the forerunner of Christ, but the latter was the preacher and the ensign of Christ, in which quality he exceeded him no less than in the other; as he converted more people, and in more places, namely, throughout the whole world. John preached somewhat more than two years, Francis preached eighteen years. John received his call from the Lord alone; Francis from the Lord, and, which is more, from the pope. What John the baptist was to be was foretold to his father by an angel,

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the holy ghost, and the prophets; but Francis was announced to his mother by the prophets, by the Lord Jesus Christ, by an angel, and in the form of a pilgrim to the domestics. John prophesied in his mother's womb, and afterwards; Francis did the same in the womb, that is, in the prison at Perugia, where he foretold that he should be great. John was a friend of the bridegroom; Francis was equal to the Lord Jesus Christ. John shewed himself superior to all men in the world through his sanctity; Francis through his conformity with Christ, by the prints of the nails. John was elevated to the Seraphic order; Francis, not only to that, but to the throne of Lucifer.—If this be not sufficient, I will add what is found at the 39th page: Francis is better than the apostles; because these only left their ships, but Francis renounced not only all temporal goods, but even threw away his cloaths and his shirt; and, purified in body and soul, locked himself in the arms of the crucified saviour, which we read of none other of the saints. He could therefore with justice say to Christ: I have left all, and followed thee.

IV. I must not here pass by the Dominicans; as I find also them on a quite separate bench in heaven. St. Antoninus, archbishop of Florence, who is worthy of all belief, relates in the third part of his history, that St. Dominic was conveyed one night into heaven, where he saw Jesus, and at his right hand his mother Maria, who was dressed in a sapphyr-coloured mantle. He looked about him, and perceived an innumerable multitude of monks of all orders and nations, but found not one of his own. He was so much troubled at this, that he fell prostrate on the ground, and wept bitterly.

Christ,

Christ, hearing his lamentations, commanded him to rise, called him to him, and asked: Why weepest thou so bitterly? Dominic answered: Why should I not weep, since I see persons of all orders in thy glory, but of my order I perceive none? The Lord said: Wilt thou see thy order? Yea, Lord, that I long for, answered Dominic. Christ immediately stretched forth his arm, put his hand under the scapulary of his mother, and said: Thy order I have given in custody to my mother. But Dominic was not satisfied with this: he would see the sons of his order. Then, said the Lord: Wilt thou then absolutely see them? Yea, Lord, that will I, answered Dominic. And, behold, the mother of the Lord was so complaisant to her son, as to open her magnificent mantle before her weeping servant Dominic. It was so spacious that it comprehended the whole celestial kingdom. Beneath this guardian mantle, in this bosom of love, the seer saw the sublimest things a mortal eye could see, and the mysteries of Christ, and an innumerable multitude of the friars of his order. And his mourning was turned into joy; his wailings into jubilation.

V. How can I still call in question, what you, my dear father, are pleased to affirm, in the first volume of your excellent work: that Dominic himself received the rosary from the hand of the mother of God; that he armed the soldiers of the count of Montfort with it, who slew, by its virtue, above a hundred thousand Albigenes? No demonstration of the efficacy of the rosary can be more convincing. Who would not trust the salvation of his soul to the order of so great and mighty a patron? To him hath God granted the
authority

authority of his son Jesus Christ. The holy Antonius assures us of this, in his above-cited book, at the 187th page: The Lord said: All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. This power over heaven, earth and hell is imparted to St. Dominic in no inferior a degree. For he had angels in the service of himself and his friars. They brought him bread in human shapes. As to the elements, the fire forgot its power. Rivers, earth, rain, and wind obeyed him at the sign of the holy cross. How great his authority in hell! At his nod the devils trembled, and were forced to obey his commands. This was evidently seen, when he led the devil, in the shape of a monk, about the monastery, through the ailes, the choir, the refectories, the parlour, the chapter-hall; and asked him of all that he got by the monks, and forced him to confess the truth. — The way he pointed out to his sons of the order leads more surely to heaven than that of the apostle Paul. St. Antonius relates, that, before St. Dominic was born, his picture was seen painted in the church of St. Mark at Venice, with a lily in his hand, together with the picture of St. Paul. Under the latter stood the words: Hoc itur ad Christum: but under the former was written: Hoc itur facilius ad Christum.

VI. What you relate, pious father, of the miraculous energy of the scapulary of the Carmelites, I no less heartily subscribe to. Simon Stoccus visibly received the scapulary from the hands of the mother of God. She hung it about his neck, and said: My dearest son, receive the scapulary of thy order, as a token of my fellowship, as a prerogative to thee and all Carmelites, that, whoever dies with that upon him, is safe from
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the everlasting fire. It is the token of salvation, deliverance in dangers, a band of peace, and of an everlasting covenant. — As I can perfectly rely on the word of the virgin Mary, I will stick by the scapulary, and however I am oppressed by the burden of sins, I will never fear hell. Perhaps it may likewise defend me from purgatory. At least, our civilians say : He who promises the greater, grants also the less : because the smaller sum is comprized in the greater. What can confirm me more in my hope, than what you tell me of the miracles wrought by the scapulary, especially that of the soldiers in the army of Louis XIII. I only wonder at the stupidity of that king, in neglecting immediately to provide all his soldiers with that scapulary : in a very short time he would have got the mastery of the world. I do not allow myself to be disturbed by the contradiction of M. Launoi and your Papebrochius, who call in question the apparition of the mother of God, and the granting of the scapulary : for pope John XXII. and, after him, seven other popes, have confirmed this truth by infallible bulls, as you inform me in your moral and theological reflections. To the first the mother of God even appeared herself, and recommended to his care the scapulary-friars. I believe the pope more than a thousand witnesses and experiences, though they proved the contrary as clear as the sun. In this I resemble him, who, when it was palpably proved to him, that the nerves do not take their origin from the heart, but from the brain, shut his eyes, and said he could not believe it, because Aristotle taught the contrary.

VII. As you only touch slightly, dear sir, on the merits of the rest of the monastic orders, I accordingly follow your example, but admire beyond all the others, the Theatins [Cajetanians] whose institution is to put their hands in their bosom, and, without seeking alms, or possessing any goods, to rely on God's providence. How tender-hearted were our Neapolitans, in praying the first founders of this order to enrich themselves by force!

VIII. Herein they followed your example. The general made it a law with you Jesuits, except professed houses to admit of no foundation of new colleges. Yet, by an incomprehensible miracle, the number of your colleges is so much increased that they cannot be counted. God forbid that I should impute this to your exertions to lord it over the consciences, and to get possession of the houses of the nobility and burghers, to your confraternities established for all ranks, to your morality adapted to the passions of your votaries, to your commerce (for you trade at Naples in hogs, foreign cloths, cheese, wines, and keep banks of exchange both at Rome and at Naples); your riches are rained down upon you by supernatural and miraculous means, from heaven. It was the greatest of all the miracles that were wrought by St. Ignatius after his death (for during his life he wrought none), to enrich a society, the chiefs whereof should take all possible pains to avoid being rich.

IX. In order to enrich yourselves, you do not, indeed, like the monks, open sacred shops. Your morality saves you this trouble. Yet you do not omit

to trumpet up certain formularies of devotion as infallible preservatives from eternal damnation. Of this class are particular prayers to the mother of God, and your dogma that it is impossible for a worshiper of the mother of God to be damned. For (thus I am told by pere Francis Mendoza) be he never so much subject to sin, she will yet obtain so much grace from her divine son, that he shall not finally persist in sin *. I, a poor sinner, heartily subscribe to this opinion. My passions may carry me as far away as they will from the path of virtue; I am sure that, at last, I shall arrive in the port of never-ending bliss.

This, and all that you, my dear father, and the papal church can ever command me to believe, I believe as infallible truth; and conclude my confession of faith by the solemn asseveration that I desire nothing else than that we may all be actuated by one mind and one heart.

* Viridarium sacræ et profanæ eruditionis ad libr. ii. de Floribus sacris. Problem. ix. n. 52.

ON THE SPEECH OF BRUTES.

READ TO A LITERARY SOCIETY.

THAT we cannot deny speech to all brutes is at present an incontestible truth. But the question, wherein the pre-eminence of the human above the brutal consists, may perhaps be not so easy to answer. The most usual is this: The human is articulate, the

brutal not. Homer, so long ago as his times, asserted this distinction. And the commentators are fain to extol him highly for having found an excellent epithet for man, by frequently styling him μέροπαις ἄνθρωπος, i. e. man who can divide his voice. Consequently, we deny the brutes the capacity or faculty of dividing out their sounds.

This is by no means to be understood in its full extent, and without limitation, since daily experience is in manifest contradiction to it; which teaches us that brutes can very variously divide their sounds. It must therefore be understood of particular tones; and we should say: The tones of brutes cannot, like human words, be dissolved into syllables and letters.

But here too the matter is susceptible of a two-fold meaning. It may signify: The brutal sounds are in their nature indissoluble into syllables and letters. But it may also signify: Mankind know not how the brutal sounds are to be dissolved into the syllables and letters known to them. If we adopt the latter signification as the true one, then the consequence is by no means that the human speech has a pre-eminence above the brutal. Only thus much follows: Mankind understand not the speech of brutes; which is more to their disgrace than that of the brutes; but the brutal speech is as little degraded below the human, as the finest composition of a musical air is debased, by being rendered more agreeable to the undisciplined ear of an ignorant person by the manner of singing of a ballad-woman.

Should then the human speech have a pre-eminence above that of the brutes, because the former and the latter is not; then must the first signification be admitted;

ted; that is, we must affirm that the brutal sounds are naturally indissoluble into syllables and letters.

And in this sense Homer, and all who follow his opinion, may well have taken the matter. I have lately had occasion to reflect on this subject; and it appeared to me as if Homer, and all his successors in that way of thinking, were mistaken. Whether I myself am not rather mistaken, I hope to be informed by you, gentlemen, if you please to vouchsafe me a little of your attention.

My doubts arise from the known experience, by which they were also occasioned, that when a person is singing a song, the text whereof is unknown to us, it frequently happens that we cannot distinguish the words, much less the syllables and letters of it, while we do not know the text; but, so soon as this is known, we immediately think we plainly hear the words, the syllables and letters. I say we think we hear, because it would appear a sophism to advance that we actually hear better, after the text is known, than we did before. A well-formed ear can never acquire more faculty of hearing from the text; but, as the eye is deceived when the straight staff appears crooked to it in the water; so, in my opinion, the ear is deceived, when, after the text is known, it seems to hear syllables, letters and words, whereas it previously heard only notes. The ear continues to hear only notes, but it is the consciousness of the words, syllables, and letters that adds them to the notes. Thus it is, on hearing unknown languages, and especially such as are unlike those that are known. I hear, for example, a Pole, a Hungarian, &c. speaking, without knowing his language; I can
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neither distinguish words, nor syllables, nor letters, unless they have accidentally some agreement with the words, syllables and letters known to me in my own language. Nay, even the merely different enunciation in known languages, renders all the syllables and letters either totally unintelligible or not plain, if it deviate considerably from the habitual enunciation, especially when the words are delivered somewhat hastily. I might here appeal to the Jewish enunciation of the Hebrew, which renders that language unintelligible even to those that are versed in it, without changing syllables and letters. But I will adduce a general and more familiar example. Do not the people of the Northern counties speak the same English as the Londoner? and yet the Londoner will not always understand them, till he is accustomed to their dialect.

I cannot here indeed speak from my own experience, but perhaps, I may not greatly err in supposing, that in this, or any other provincial dialect, there may be tones in which the unpractised ear can discover neither syllables nor letters. Do such people therefore speak somewhat of the animal language in inarticulate tones?

There are likewise languages, as is universally known from the accounts of travellers, to the pronunciation whereof the letters in use with us are not competent; and whose speech is therefore compared by the traveller to the noise of certain animals, e. g. to that of the turkey-cock, for the sake of giving an idea of it to their countrymen.

Thus, I should think, some tones of the brutes might be expressed by certain musical instruments. Consequently, they could be expressed by notes. Consequently they could be written down, and if they
were

were written, would not every one versed in the notes, know all the names of the notes directly on seeing them, and read them to others at pleasure? But a language that admits of being written and read, cannot properly be called an inarticulate speech. As little, in my mind, as music, regularly composed, can be called inarticulate.

But music is no language, it will perhaps be objected. I grant it is not so with mankind. But can it not therefore be so with brutes? Why may not ideas be connected with facts composed of particular notes, as they are with words composed of syllables and letters? Cicero, at least, says, that no music is equal to a well-composed speech, supported by an elegant pronunciation; and I flatter myself, that if I was but master of some skill in music, it would not be difficult for me to prove this matter by sufficient evidence. In Germany there is a well-known story of an expert organist, who, knowing that the celebrated Bach was among his auditors in the church, but wished to be concealed, made the organ, by a delicate touch, speak the word BACH, which was immediately understood by the great musician below. Probably it may not be the nature of the animal tones that renders this impossible, but our ignorance, or rather the names which we could or should give them. Had I been in company with the famous Bach, on the above occasion, I should not have dreamt that the organ pronounced his name. But would it therefore have been the less pronounced? or should I not have heard what Bach heard?

Before I conclude, I must crave leave to offer a question which perhaps may only prove my ignorance

in music, but appears to me highly relevant to the subject. It is this: Would it not be possible, and worth while, to attempt whether the brutal tones, which are not expressible with the letters known to us, might not be written, and, consequently, read, by the notes which are already known, or others to be invented for that purpose? Were this possible, I, for my part, should have no doubt remaining, that we might learn to analyze the brutal speech into articulate tones, to ascertain them distinctly, and, in incomparably more cases than we have hitherto been able, to understand them.

CONTINUATION OF THE LETTERS ON PARIS,

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

Paris, Sept. 6, 1789.

YOU complain of my not gratifying your impatient curiosity concerning the palais royal. In answer to which, I have only to say, that my not beginning to attempt it till now is not owing to negligence, but to the desire of sending an account of it that should be somewhat satisfactory. This wonderful palace has so much of the attractive and so much of the peculiar, that it alone would employ one for some months; and a description of it superficially given, would be a sort of affront to the enterprising spirit of man, and the culture of the human mind. Allow me therefore to
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take a little turn to remind you by a suggestion or two of what it was, that you may feel more sensibly the description of what it is. In the first place, I must tell you, that it was projected by pride, and executed by arrogance; that despotism at first here held her court, and that the sentiment of freedom here first broke loose.

The cardinal de Richelieu, of politic and despotic memory, in the year 1629. laid the plan of a palace on the ruins of the hotels Mercœur and Rambouillet (as he was never better pleased than when he could build on the ruins of nobility), a palace that, for those times was very magnificent, and the building whereof employed seven years. The founder of the Academie Française had the vanity to place upon it, at the expence either of the french language or of ecclesiastical humility, the plain, and yet at the same time obscure inscription, PALAIS CARDINAL; and in these two words found so much employment for all Paris, and especially the parisian literati, that they for a long while forgot their patriotism, and minded nothing but this inscription; instead of thinking of the vast sums of money requisite to the raising of the magnificent structure, and the sources from whence they were to be drawn: which, had they done, it might have made the despotical Mæcenæ more inclined to uneasiness than to laughter. The question in all companies was, What is the meaning of Palais cardinal? to which people answered as well as they could; or rather as well as they ought, considering that the places in the academy he was instituting were at his disposal. Doubtless they might have said, that Palais cardinal, taken in the same sense

sense as *vertu cardinale*, for example, must signify the cardinal palace, but never the palace of a cardinal. This however, they thought might be too odious an explanation for him who was always in the right, or who made his wrongs pass for right. It is no longer the palace of a cardinal, but therefore it is become the *palais cardinal* of all Europe. Forgive me, my friend, for once, this little play upon the words, I am probably the last person that will ever waste a syllable about them.

This politic minister well knew, that the Parisians must be amused, if he wished them not to rebell; and that the principal writers of the nation must be gained over, if he would avoid the necessity of hearing disagreeable truths. Accordingly, he caused a superb theatre to be constructed in his new palace, and kept several great wits in pay for his domestic use; among whom the most conspicuous were the elder Corneille and Rotrou. When once plays were given in the palace of the cardinal, the palace itself was soon forgotten; but the Parisians soon likewise forgot the cardinal, when once they got into the *parterre* of his theatre. In the *parterre* even a Parisian never was a slave; in defiance of the bearskin-caps that stood there, he whistled or clapped, though he dare not drive the actor from the stage.

The cardinal composed theatrical pieces himself, and procured others to compose them who were complaisant enough to let them pass for his. One tragedy in particular, entitled *Mirame*, his whole heart was set upon, perhaps because he had the chief hand in composing it; and principally for the sake of this representation it was,
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that he had built his sumptuous theatre. He employed in the getting up of this piece, as it is reported, above a million of livres ; and, during the performance, was no longer the awe-commanding minister, but shewed the spectators his gayest looks, could not sit still in his box, and as often as the choicest passages occurred, winked and nodded to the parterre to raise their attention. All this, however had no effect, except during the first act, on the curious Parisians, who were transported with pleasure at the condescension of their despot ; but they soon recovered from their extacy. In the second and third acts the clappings considerably abated ; and, towards the end of the fourth, they were heard from none but the sycophants. In short, the piece was damned before the illustrious author's eyes, in his own palace, in due form, which made the cardinal say to Desmarets : Parbleu les François n'auront jamais du goût pour les belles choses : ils n'ont point été charmés de *Mirame*. Probably he had even heard the voice from the middle of the parterre bawling out : Hélas, ce n'est pas là une piece cardinale, mais d'un cardinal. This singular nation will quietly submit to be stripped of all other privileges, so that they retain the right of eating dry bread, of bantering and murmuring. Thus here, in the indifferent poet, they forgot the cruel despot, and under this character they could not abhor him, since under the former he made them laugh at his expence.

As the cardinal, in whatever he did, would have it thought that he was only working for his king ; in all that he founded and built, only founding and building for his grandeur and advantage : so he had political self-

self-denial enough to make over his palace, scarcely three years after it was finished, to Louis the thirteenth; however, he lived in it till his death, and permitted all Paris, without exception, to take part in the plays and festivities he gave there. So that this palace, from its first foundation, has always been a place of recreation for the inhabitants of Paris. After his death, and that of Louis XIII. queen Anne of Austria took possession of it, in exchange for the Louvre. Louis the fourteenth inhabited it with her; but, on its being represented to him that it was derogatory to the dignity of a king of France to live in a palace, the inscription on which betokened it to be the mansion of a subject, he had the words effaced, and called the palace, the Palais Royal, which denomination it has retained to this day.

On the introduction of the opera into Paris by cardinal Mazarin, the theatrical salon of the palace was devoted to their representation, and they kept possession of it till he built a house in the neighbourhood, expressly for that purpose. Thus the palace always continued a public place of resort for the Parisians.

Louis XIV. not long after evacuated it for his brother; and then made it a present to the duke of Chartres, his nephew. Since which time it has constantly remained to the family of Orleans. As therefore it has passed through the hands of several possessors, you will easily imagine that there can be but little left of its primitive design, and that it must have been not only altered but beautified every year; but all its possessors have successively left it and its gardens open to the public.

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Its situation in the centre of the city, has rendered it always a place of rendezvous both for the natives and foreigners. The shady walks of its gardens, its refreshing lawns and bowers, on the verdure whereof the eye is recreated after beholding the black walls and dirty streets of the town; the decent freedom of conversation and carriage that here prevails; the safety from the attacks of a suspicious police; these, together with other advantages, formerly made the old gardens of the palais royal a favourite walking-place with people of the professions as well as pedestrians of all denominations, and have produced around them shops and warehouses of all kinds, for bodily and mental enjoyment, in gay diversity.

One still hears the old Frenchmen speak with raptures of the gardens of the palais royal, in the state wherein they knew them when they were boys; particularly of a large walk of chestnut-trees, which took up the whole length of the garden on one side. Under these a man was in perfect security from the most violent heats, as well as from the most impetuous rains. From eleven in the morning all was brisk and lively. Whatever was beautiful and fine in Paris was sure to be met with there. On each side were benches, which never were empty of people of all ranks, from all quarters and countries of the world. Near about the middle of it stood a tree, under which the croud was thicker than in the other parts of the walk. It was the rendezvous of all the politicians, and, under the name of l'Arbre de Cracovie, was more famous than any tree in the world. Beneath the shade of its majestic boughs all the affairs of the world were adjusted,

adjusted, and decisions passed on the proceedings of government, the measures of the minister, and the exploits of the generals. This was of old the tree of liberty with the Parisians, and it furnishes us with some helps to explain how the palais royal has come by degrees to play the shining part in politics it does at present.

As a tribunal was erected here for politics, so likewise was there one for the fashions. The company that frequented these gardens formerly being the most select and polite of all the public places of Paris, accordingly hither repaired all such as either wanted to hear or to pass judgments in matters of taste in the dress both of ladies and gentlemen, The beaux and belles of Paris had seldom invented any thing new, but they made the first display of it here ; and if they were happy enough to secure the approbation of the frequenters of that place, it never failed of becoming in a short time the general mode. Here we see the origin of that influence which the palais royal has at present in this particular.

Till about two in the afternoon the company in the gardens did not begin to disperse. When the clock struck two, they for the most part adjourned and went to dinner. Till the time when the opera used to begin, the walkers were not very numerous ; but then the company flocked in afresh, so as to fill the different allées, though not with that brilliancy of dress as in the forenoon ; for the people of the first fashion attended the opera. About this time likewise the cyprian train regularly made their appearance ; at least such damsels and dames as thought they had no particular reason for
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shunning the day-light. After seven their sisters of the inferior orders entered, who were conscious that their charms shone best by twilight or in the absence of the sun; and as their numbers increased so those of the walkers who did not come merely on their account, diminished. All people of sedate character then left the gardens; and of both sexes only such staid behind as had none, and thought it not necessary to pretend to any; and therefore allowed themselves in such gallantries as often drew upon them the animadversions of the Suisse du palais, who accompanied his lectures with sound lashes of his whip, as they drove them before him; still oftener they were more severely punished by the gallantries themselves. We see then, that even in this respect too the antient gardens of the palais royal were the prototype of the modern.

The various interests which such numbers at that time had in the palais royal made it desirable to live near it. Accordingly lodgings were much dearer in the vicinity of it than in any other quarter of the town. As the gardens were particularly much resorted to by foreigners, so several hotels were fitted up and furnished purposely for strangers. A first floor in one of these hotels even then cost fifty new louis-d'ors per month; and though there were so many of them, yet they were seldom empty. A house within a small distance from the palais royal at that time brought in fifty per cent more than it would have done in any other part of the town; and the articles of trade that were much called for about this spot, fetched a far greater price than in the remoter quarters.

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We come now to the period when the palais royal is to take quite another form, and to unite to the captivating advantages of the old, a thousand new ones, more magnificent and refined.

It is pretty publicly said at Paris that the new disposition of the palais royal is a mere speculation in finance of the duke of Orleans; and every appearance is so much in favour of this assertion, that I shall not presume to advance any thing to the contrary. The idea was so natural, that a head acquainted with the paris public, its humours and longings, must have fallen upon it of course. This head however was not that of the duke of Orleans, but belonged to one of his cash-keepers, who well knew what sums of money his master was in want of, how little his old rents were adequate to the supply of his incredible expences, and how profitably every square foot of ground behind his palace might be employed in augmenting his revenue. Hence proceeded the plan by which the garden of the palais royal, now become indispensably necessary to the public, was made to furnish them with every thing in addition to those delights it already afforded: I mean ready-furnished hotels, tradesmen's shops, gaming-houses, coffee-houses, eating-houses, bookseller's shops, shows; in short, gratifications for all the senses in the greatest variety. Four wings, as an enclosure to the garden, would comprehend all these, and even form a little town within the city, which should afford whatever could be had in the city, and even of a superior quality and in a finer taste. The greatness and novelty of this plan were imperceptibly

ceptibly at variance with the motives that gave birth to it, but when once the execution was seen and understood, they were no longer thought of.

In the year 1781, the opera house at the palais royal was burnt down, and the violence of the conflagration was so great as to threaten the whole pile with destruction. The Parisians were inconsolable on the loss of their magic world; till it struck the fancy of a porter who was sitting on a cart loaded with the dresses and properties of the theatre which had been rescued from the flames, to put on his head the helmet of Alexander the great, or some other hero of antiquity, and to throw an imperial mantle over his shoulders, and thus equipped, brandishing the thunderbolts of Jove in one hand, and waving the petticoat of a nymph in the other, to cause himself to be drawn about the principal streets of the city, accosting all he met with some new stroke of humour. The fellow with his buffooneries raised such a general laughter, that the fire, the danger, and the damage were presently forgotten; and the next day the ladies wore ribbons and silks couleur de feu d'opéra. But the loss of the palais royal in brilliancy and vivacity was not the less for all this drollery.

This, however, was only the prelude to another misfortune; and which, in fact, must have been as grievous to the Parisians as the former. The scheme of building round about the garden was now come to maturity; when all at once some hundred of axes and saws were set in motion, and the grand chefnut allée, with all the others, were in a few days felled to the ground and extirpated. The lovers of walking were quite in an uproar, which was the more violent, as

the duke had not thought proper to advertise them of it, or to tell them what his intention was to do with the whole. They vented their rage in absurd conjectures, witty conceits and fatirical couplets, but regularly came every day to see what was to arise from this devastation. In the mean time they bestowed upon the duke the name of the Egorgeur des Ombres.

The rapidity with which it was destroyed and built up again is incredible. In the year 1782 the work was begun, and in less than three years afterwards two of the great wings were completed, in which, while as yet the walls were scarcely dry, shopkeepers of every denomination took up their abode. On each side a long walk of chestnut trees was planted afresh, and the walkers, who till now had frequented the Tuilleries, came back in numerous multitudes. In the space of four years the palais royal was brought to the state in which it is at present, and the public began to forget the old garden in admiring the pleasantness of the new. Upon the whole they were gainers; but particular persons, especially the proprietors of the hotels circumjacent to the garden, suffered considerable damage: for the buildings of the palais quite hid their houses. They made heavy complaints against the duke; but got nothing by them, except a slight compensation, which has not been fully paid them to this day. The prospect from their windows, which overlooked a cheerful and pleasant garden, was now lost in the narrow avenues that were formed by the new erections.

The principal entrance to the palais royal is from the street St. Honoré. The square before it is incessantly thronged with carriages, chiefly fiacres, and crowds of people.

people. The street St. Honoré, which is the most frequented in all Paris, runs through it; and three others, which are not of the least considerable, but are narrow and dirty, the streets Fromenteau, St. Thomas du Louvre, and Chartres, abut upon it. The square itself is neither spacious nor elegant; and one must have very great luck to escape being squeezed in the croud, bruised by the fiacres, or run down by the coaches driving in and out of the palais. On the whole, the place is well enough, considered as the point of union of a large capital, but not as the seat of the most refined enjoyment.

If any one is desirous of taking a view of the palace without being in danger of his life, though not without having half a dozen elbows crushing his ribs, he must place himself over against it, before what is called the Chateau d'eau, a building that contains the reservoirs for the palais royal and the Tuilleries, in front of which runs a terrace, which elevates the spectator above the croud in the square. Here you have the whole façade before you. Two pavilions, with ionic and doric columns, and ornamented with frontons and statues of pajou, are connected together by a wall, perforated with pillars, and on both sides adjoining to the three entrances to the palace. This wall some think too high for the building, which is scarcely as high again, and therefore has not the effect, which, from all that is said and written about it, is usually expected.

If we have been so fortunate as to force through the croud into the first court, two wings open upon the sight, which are likewise decorated with ionic and

doric pilasters, as is the avantcorps itself which is crowned with a circular fronton, wherein two figures are seen supporting the arms of the house of Orleans. This work is also of pajou. We now enter the vestibule, which leads from the first court into the second, termed la cour royale. Vast doric pillars are here raised on both sides, whose effect however is very much injured by the shops and stalls inserted between them, so that it is next to impossible for a man to get through the colonnade.

This part of the palace is properly the dwelling of the duke of Orleans. The ascent to it is formed by a magnificent flight of steps, and all decent persons are allowed to enter in and to be shewn by his people the treasures of art, of nature, of antiquities, and luxuries, with which the apartments abound. Painting was for a long time his ruling passion, and he spared neither expence nor trouble, to get together a collection of pictures, which is become one of the finest in all Europe. There is not an antechamber, a room, a cabinet, in this part of the palace where there is not to be seen one or more of the master-pieces of the most celebrated painters. It is permitted to young artists to copy what they please from these pieces, and there are several rooms devoted to their use in prosecuting their studies. So likewise the collection of gems stands open to every one; as well as those of natural curiosities and models of every species of art and mechanism. Some of the rooms that were shewn me, exceeded every thing I had seen in my life, in magnificence of hangings, carpets, tapestry, costly furniture, entablatures, cielings, curtains, beds, toilettes, lustres, and
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in the elegant arrangement of the whole ; and you will have some standard to form your judgment upon if you please to recollect that the duke of Orleans is one of the most exquisite voluptuaries, and the most ambitious spend-thrift in the world, and that he lives in so exalted a station, wallowing in gold, in the midst of Paris, the parent and inventress of all refinements in sensual and moral luxuries. So much the more striking is the contrast on entering the apartments of his two sons, the duke of Chartres, and the count of Beaujolois ; where we see none but the most common ornaments, plain furniture, matted chairs, and mattraffes on the floor in which the two princes sleep. It is in fact as if the sybarite father had a mind to bring up his children Spartans. Thus frugality, like virtue, seems always to extort her grandest triumphs from those who scorn her most.

After these two views, I leave you, my dear friend, to your own imagination and to your own reflections for whatever relates to the owner of the palace. It is not my design to give a description of him, but of his house. We descend into the second court, termed *la cour royale*, for coming into the scene of business and bustle : for all that I have hitherto been saying is only exordium or introduction.

The *cour royale* is larger than the first court ; but it is not by far so much built upon. One half of its area still serves as a building place for the new theatre des variétés amusantes, and for the fourth wing of the new disposition of the palace. The court is to be twice as large as at present. The vestibule through which we come into it, is to be lengthened ; and, facing that magnificent flight of steps another is to be made, en-

lightened by a cupola. By this the entrance is to be into the apartments of the dutchefs of Orleans, and from thence into a spacious gallery; where the paintings that now are difperfed about the walls are to be hung up together. This gallery is to extend along the whole of the fourth wing, fifty toifes in length, and over it a quadrangular turret, refting on fix rows of doric columns, is to rife majeftically above it; which gallery is to form a public promenade. The plan of this difpofition has been long ready; and, notwithstanding the difturbances that have fince arifen, the works preparatory to the execution of it do not ftop.

At prefent, as this court is not built upon, it has ftill a defolate appearance. On the left hand, within it, are feen ftones lying upon ftones, and a fwarm of workmen employed upon them. Before thefe, crofs-wife, runs a wooden platform, which is to be made into fhops of every kind, and ere we can arrive at them, we have to prefs through a wildernefs of ftalls, where pamphlets, flowers, and paftry, are fold. On the right hand ftand remifes and coaches crouded together, fo that one is obliged to ftoop under the heads of the horfes, and to be always in expectation that two or three of them are going to drive out furiously to take up their company. Behind thefe, at the foot of the palace are fhops for bookfellers, picture-dealers, &c. which take up all the trottoirs, and in front of which are constantly ftanding troops of gazers. Here likewise are plenty of fhoe-cleaners with their ftools and kettles, to put you in mind that you are going to enter the cleaner part of this enchanted caftle.

Into this we now proceed through the paffage made by the above-mentioned platform. We are now in the
garden

garden of the palais royal, and have all its glories round us. It is almost impossible not to be dazzled by the grand, brilliant, pompous effect which the first view makes on the beholder, and not to be seized with a palpitation, wherein what he has previously heard, read, and expected of it, has no less share than what he now has actually before his eyes.

The three wings which bound the horizon, are the new buildings of the palais royal. The two side wings extend to the length of 117 toises, and that opposite, the breadth of fifty toises. All three are of equal height and uniformly ornamented. Fluted pilasters of the composite order are carried round and support a ballustrade on which stand vases, which top the whole circumference of the edifice. Level with the ground a vaulted gallery runs round it, intersected by 180 arcades; between which, at the distance of every two, hangs a large reverberatory lantern, and which on either side run into elegant vestibules adorned with pillars. Festoons and bas-reliefs form the decorations of the interstices, and give the whole a cheerful, pleasing, and diversified appearance; greater than one should be led to expect from the uniformity of the structure. Over the arcades rises the first story, with lofty windows becoming a palace, above this the second, with lower windows, and over this the mansarde, before the windows and outlets of which runs the ballustrade, and partly hides them.

The space enclosed within these three wings is the garden of the palais royal, but which in fact has no other resemblance to a garden than from the trees, and even these but small ones, that are planted there in re-

gular order. It is covered with gravel, and kept well rolled. Nothing is to be seen of any grass-plot or garden-beds. Four pavilions indeed are left standing, but they serve the purposes of a coffee-man, a marchand de modes, a bookseller, and a lecturer in natural philosophy. The chestnut-trees which form a double walk on each side of the wings, are still very small, afford but little shade, and towards the middle of the summer their leaves are quite dried by the reflected rays of the sun. A fountain that plays to a considerable height, is railed in with iron rails and marble pillars, and has no more of a rural effect than all the rest of this once famous garden. It is all so manifestly the work of art, that it cannot deceive one into the idea of any thing like nature.

However, the builder was determined that even in the midst of luxury and art, nature should shew her head, that no sense, no humour, no disposition should depart unsatisfied from his magnificent edifice.

In the middle of the garden, a narrow long building runs almost its whole length, inclosed all about with lattice work, round the bottom of which run pleasant rivulets, and at the top is crowned with a ballustrade, where is seen from below a fresh and variegated verdure of curious plants, flowers, shrubs, and trees, both foreign and domestic, waving in the wind. This is the superterrene part of the celebrated circus; the subterranean is of a kind entirely opposite. As the former is intended to be a display of nature, so in this is shewn the highest efforts of art; but it was impossible to make both so independent on each other, that art in the former, and nature in the latter, should not appear in contrast.

traft. Thus, as we stand before the hanging garden it is impossible to prevent the eye from taking a glance at the doric columns; and when we are within them we cannot avoid casting a look through the elegant skylight, on the natural beauties of the plants and flowers and shrubs over-head. But it may be that this very contrast, according to the ideas this nation has of nature, was the triumph of architectural art. Besides, as this place is called the garden, one is forced to look out for every thing for which that name is conferred upon it; and, to do it justice, we must confess, that even in this particular, nothing is omitted that the human invention and genius could produce.

Transport yourself in idea with me, my friend, into the crouds that are passing to and fro in the walks, and let us for a while defer our survey of the stores of luxury and festivity that shine from between the arcades. At present it is impossible to do justice to the whole. The novelty of the sight still dazzles our eyes too much to allow us to go through the particulars, and to observe their characteristics. In the mean time we must acknowledge that what appears on all hands, is really splendid, grand, noble, rich, and diversified, and that we here behold the refined genius of our species in all its activity, but likewise in all its ostentation.

Paris, Sept. 7, 1789.

IT would be an easy matter to pass one's whole life in the Palais Royal, without feeling the necessity of going one step beyond its walls. There is no want,
either

either natural or artificial, no appetite, of the grosser or more refined order, no wish for the cultivation of the mind or decoration of the body, no sensual or spiritual humour, which would not here find food and gratification and perpetual variety. No station, no age, no sex, no temper could ever leave it, without an ardent desire to return. The sight is first caught, and the other senses follow it in rapid succession.

Let us, in the first place, hastily run through the arcades, to take a general view of what they contain; and then we will examine more at leisure how these various articles are disposed, at what price they may be had, and for whom they are provided. To do this we shall find a pretty tight day's work.

The vaulted gallery, supported on arcades, which runs along under the three wings of the palace, is appropriated to shops of all kinds, and these are stowed and hung about with every species of the finest, the choicest and most fashionable commodities. Should you come at once into this place with nothing on except your shirt, but with both hands full of money, you would be able, in the space of an hour, to equip yourself, from top to toe, in a dress as rich, as elegant, and as fashionable as any in Paris. Were you so lucky as to get the capital prize in the London lottery, and should come to the Palais Royal in the design of laying it out in the wisest or the unwise manner, in two hours you might disburden yourself of it to the last liard. Should you come, as the most finished man of taste, with the strongest or the weakest body, with the acutest or the dullest senses, in the desire of finding charms, recreation, or enjoyment for them, according to the dictates

dictates of the most fantastic humour, you would still find more than you could have required. Should you come as the most delicate epicure, whether to please your appetite in meats or drinks, you would have your most capricious longings gratified. Should you come — but enough: you will presently see how all may provide themselves with whatever they want, whether they come in cabriolets, in whiskies, or in state-coaches, or even on foot. And please to observe, all this is to be found beneath the arcades, without stirring a step upwards or downwards.

The vaults are numbered; let us therefore begin with number 1. This is occupied by a bookseller of the name of Defenne, and engrosses two arcades. It is the largest and most splendid in the Palais Royal; and, whether you ask for the oldest or the newest, the most useful or the most pernicious book, you find it with him. Swarms of celebrated and uncelebrated authors in every department are every day and every hour in his shop, and dilettantis and critics are hovering round it. I have here passed many an agreeable and instructive hour.

As Defenne provides a supply for the wants and the luxury of the intellect, so his neighbour Poixmenu, with his jewellery-shop, which fills up three arcades, supplies the demands of the poorest as well as the richest vanity. He has little gold rings for a poor bride, and bracelets of brilliants for the richest dutchess. Whatever can possibly be executed in gold, silver, steel, and all other materials of the jeweller's art, you meet with at his shop; and you have only to give him a short notice before-hand, if you would have any ornament

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or trinket made after the likeness of any thing of the kind that has ever been fashioned, or presented, or stolen since the beginning of time. His splendid shop, irradiated in the day time by the beams of the sun, and in the evening by fifty wax-candles, presents a sight, that is dazzling to the eyes even of those who are most accustomed to such glittering objects. An immense looking-glass serves to multiply the rays that are darted from every article, and to reverberate the magical play of their colours. One cannot pass by it without astonishment; and, before one is aware, the hand is already at the purse, perhaps as often to buy something as to preserve oneself from the first fascination of the eyes.

On going farther, you come to an arch where a *marchande de modes* has erected her throne. Every thing that can be constructed of ribbands and silk and gauze and feathers, here presents itself to view. Five or six young damsels, airily and fashionably dressed, here sit among the heaps of delicate materials, sewing, with no less delicate fingers, the artificial edifices together, of which some are to be waisted as far as Russia, and others sent to decorate the ladies of Turkey. Their looks are alternately directed to the needle and to the passengers, who are frequently enough invited in to buy — what cannot be paid for when it is denied, and is of no value at all when offered. These milleners' shops have often been compared to *seraglios*, but the comparison fails in the most important particular: for here whoever chuses and pays is sultan, and the usual guardians of *seraglios* would be refused admittance.

Farther on you see a shop that is crammed with the finest cloths and silks, in short with whatever is necessary

fary for furnishing out in a few moments, either a fashionable or a substantial, a magnificent or a plain and neat wardrobe, with whatever limitations, for whatever length of purse, for whatever taste, and to whatever extent you please. The newest and finest stuffs and patterns of all kinds are here displayed to allure the eye.

Hard-by is an arch containing nothing but buttons, of genuine and of false diamonds, of Wedgwood's compositions, of porcelain, of brilliant steel; in short, of every thing whereof buttons can be made, in the most diversified variety of designs, and in the most astonishing abundance.

Advancing onward we come to several shops which are so many repetitions of Poixmenu's rarities, which glitter in the shew-glasses, and again in the mirrors behind them. Watch-chains of gold and steel, sword-hilts of silver and steel brilliants, lie here in radiant lustre displayed to view, and the young shopwoman invites you with her looks, but never with words, to come-in, and at least to see and admire, though you should not chuse to buy.

A little farther, you enter an arch, which has long before enticed you by its fragrant atmosphere. It is the odoriferous seat of a perfumer, who is ready to sell you, in any quantity you please, gloves that smell like jasmynes, pomatums of the odour of violets, cosmetics that diffuse the scents of lilies and roses, tooth-powder impregnated with the flavour of jonquils, hair-powder that gives you the various sweets of a whole parterre at once, waters with the fragrance of may-blossoms, &c. and articles of the like nature without end.

Now

Now the attention is arrested by the confused murmurs of an elegant coffee-house. The hurry and bustle within, and the diverse expression of jarring opinions among the wise and the foolish, the agreeable familiarity of the spruce and powdered waiters, who twist and wind themselves among the croud without spilling a drop of the liqueurs or coffee they are handing about, and without injuring the tender towers and monuments of ice they present to the several guests; the serious mien with which the landlady from her bar surveys the throng, hearkens to every request, observes every comer-in, and watches every goer-out, and the facility with which she comprehends and answers the handsome things her customers occasionally address to her. All these objects entice you in; and what you find you may drink without thirst, you may eat without hunger, you may see without coveting, and you may hear without approving.

Beyond this you come to the shop of an artist, whose principal business it is to disguise every production of nature. He is a confectioner. He makes you houses of flour, he models fruits and flowers in sugar, gives them their natural taste and smell, turns ice into butter and cream, makes it taste, at his pleasure, either of coffee, of chocolate, of raspberries, &c. exorcises the universal spirit of corruption and decay, by essences and sweet rinds, and gives you almonds to drink and milk to chew. There is nothing in nature from which he cannot extract a fyrop, or change and disguise it at his will.

You now approach a spacious arch containing every thing that a man can wish to possess in furniture of the larger and smaller kinds, in the most exquisite taste,
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and of every denomination, be his desires as capricious and extravagant as they may. Tables, chairs, writing-desks, boxes of all sizes and sorts, looking-glasses, and all other articles of furniture, which, for the supply of convenience or luxury, can be made out of all the woods of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; to which the most lavish prodigality, with the assistance of all the productions of nature; to which art, with its polishing tools, varnishes, lackers, and colours; to which fashion, in its most wanton moods, has ever given birth, elegance, currency, and vogue: all this you find displayed within this shop, and about its front, in such variety and abundance, that the uses of numbers of the articles are often as much unknown to you as their names.

Close by this vault is the entrance to a playhouse, which runs along between the stately columns of a majestic vestibule.

I have now gone with you along one entire wing of the palace; but you are not to imagine that I have shewn you all. Before the smaller arches, in which are exposed to sale books, laces, and muslin, pies, and all kinds of pastry, children's toys, hats, feathers, candies and sweetmeats, watches, canes, mathematical and optical instruments, ready-made cloaths for women and children, fruits, sausages, liqueurs, works in wood and bone, flowers, ruffles, false-tails, and wooden shoes, pincushions, and a thousand other things of a thousand other kinds: all these I lead you by, that I may not repeat myself and weary you. However, I must needs say, that all we meet with here, though I omit to specify it by name, is not less nice, exquisite,

exquisite, elegant, inviting, and captivating, than all the others which I have mentioned only by their most prominent features. I do but endeavour to give a sort of footing to your imagination: and, if you ever happen to come hither, you will see that I have not previously painted to your mental eye these objects in too shining colours, or borrowed from the regions of fancy the hints I give you of the nature, diversity, and arrangements of the whole.

The shorter cross-wing contains, in no less a variety, coffee-houses, shops of restaurateurs, bookfellers, pastry-cooks, dealers in cloaths and frippery, and others, terminating at the extremities of the two long side-wings, through a second magnificent vestibule, at the pillars whereof are seen fruit and flower women, dog-fellers, and pamphlet-fellers, errand-boys and valets de place, in motley groups.

The second long wing comprises every thing that has raised your attention in the first, and still some new objects more. You find here, for example, arches full of masterly drawings and paintings, glass-shops, cutlers, buckle-fellers, cake-shops, glovers, sadlers, masons, seal-cutters, miniature-painters, lottery-offices, and bankers' shops, in the most miscellaneous succession: and all this must necessarily be here to make good what I have so often repeated to you, that no sense, no want, no whim, need depart ungratified from hence.

You recollect from my former letter, that the fourth wing on the new plan is not yet finished, and that, in the mean time, a wooden gallery is erected, where six rows of doric columns are soon to raise their lofty capitals.

capitals. This gallery is double, and has shops on each side, similar to those under the arcades, and where all articles of convenience and luxury are exposed to sale. By day this gallery is deficient in light, but on evenings it shines with the light of thousands of lamps and tapers, though it must be confessed the smoak of them is somewhat offensive. The first story of the palais royal is allotted to objects of another kind, in a still more elegant style, and on a more extensive scale. Here are large cabinets of pictures, magazines of furniture, gold and silver plate, and pieces of mechanism of various kinds, select societies, clubs, halls for lectures and the arts, for chess-play, for billiards, furnished chambers for foreigners, halls, and apartments for restaurateurs, &c. in the greatest diversity. Let us run over them.

Numbers 4 to 12 are taken up with what is called, *Magazin de confiance*, where the commodities are sold at a fixed price without abatement. The parisian tradesmen, from the greatest to the least, ever set a price upon their goods higher or lower according as they suppose the customer to be acquainted or not acquainted with the true value of the article; but never less than one third above what they would take for it. A foreigner, ignorant of the real worth of things at Paris, is in a disagreeable situation in this respect; as he seldom comes out of their shops without having been cheated. This is in a particular manner the case with Englishmen and Germans, who are unaccustomed to this Jewish mode of dealing in their own countries, or bring a kind of false generosity with them to Paris, which ought to make the cheat ashamed; but he cares only

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how he may fleece the stranger of his money, and laughs at him as soon as he has turned his back. If a man resolves to act from the dictates of a mistaken gallantry, and gives the handsome wife or the pretty daughter of the shopkeeper whatever she asks, without requiring abatement, then he may be sure to be cozened to a threefold degree: for this is certain, that the women are on this head three times more Jewish than the men; and that, when they have once perceived that it is a pleasure to the stranger to be served by delicate hands, they make him pay fifty per cent. upon the commodity for this satisfaction. This spirit of imposition is universal in all the shops of the palais royal; but especially in the jewellery and trinket shops.

This abuse, which was loudly cried out against, gave rise to the Magazins de confiance à prix fixe. Every article in them has a ticket affixed to it, denoting the price; and there is no chaffering about it. The proprietor of the magazine abovementioned has accumulated whatever is most elegant of its kind; so that a million of livres might be laid out in a short time there, and yet no great vacancies would afterwards be discernible. However, you are not to imagine that this shopkeeper (his name is Verrier) has collected together this sumptuous magazine with his own money; or even upon his own credit. The mechanism of it is as follows:

Artists, workmen, and in general people of all descriptions, who have an elegant piece of furniture, an ingenious production of art, a new invented machine, &c. to dispose of, bring it to this magazine. A book

is regularly kept, wherein are entered the name of the seller, and the price of the goods deposited, for which he at the same time takes a receipt. For the commission he pays so much per cent. in stated proportions adjusted to the price of the articles, whether high or low. If, for example, it is sold at 100 to 300 livres, then he pays 4; at 400 to 600 livres, he pays 2; from 600 to 1200 livres, 1; from 1200 upwards, only one half per cent. Out of these premiums the undertaker provides the room and all other necessaries. This plan is found to be very convenient for artists of all sorts, and by no means burdensome: for many grand productions of industry and ingenuity would otherwise lie in garrets, where it would require great pains to find them out; whereas now they are brought and placed amongst others of the same class, and set off to the best advantage.

The sight of this extraordinary magazine is one of the most showy that can be imagined; and the survey of the various performances of every kind affords no small entertainment to the man of taste.

There are still two or three other magazines of the same nature in the Palais Royal; but neither of them is upon so extensive a scale, and they are maintained at the proper charges of the proprietors.

At some distance farther is a warehouse of another kind, no less remarkable: a warehouse of liqueurs. All the sorts of liqueurs that can be distilled from any thing in nature, all that can be impregnated and coloured by any means, are here to be had in bottles of any size; and the whole is disposed and displayed in so much order and taste, as cannot fail to keep one in

a perpetual smile. The gaudy and parti-coloured effect being heightened by the decorations of sugar-work and confectionary placed about them, which likewise belong to the department of this artist; the whole forming a magazine of the most fantastical shapes and colours that can be conceived.

On the same side stands the room of the chess-society (*Société du Sallon des Echecs*), which is known over all France; and frequently chess-players come hither from the most distant provinces to look for their master, — and often find him. The company is select, and no one can be admitted without the unanimous consent of the members; though strangers may be introduced for once by any one of the society.

Farther on is the room appropriated to the Olympic society (*Société Olympique*), which is at the same time a society of free-masonry. Their principal object is the encouragement of music; and persons of high rank, both men and women, frequently come hither to display their talents as vocal or instrumental performers. The number of their members is unlimited; but they receive none who are not masons and distinguished by rank, station, and elegant manners. Strangers, who possess these qualities, are welcome here, if introduced by a member. In the second story the society has a lodge very elegantly decorated.

Proceeding on our course, we come to the apartments of another society, which, by way of eminence, is called the club; the entertainments of which are confined to conversation and parties of play. Admittance is here to be had without the unanimous consent of the members, and even without a chaperon. The

company is more variable than the former, and indeed more entertaining. There is no subject which is not here brought into discourse, and well discussed ; as no age and no system has any prescriptive right of dictation over others. Politics, as often as I have been there, made the main subject of all conversations ; and this small circle is properly the oracle and exemplar of all the others, which, during the revolution, have shewn themselves most busy and impetuous in words and actions.

Another society likewise possesses several rooms on this story ; which bear the name of Salons des Arts. You here meet with men of letters, with artists and dilettanti of every denomination ; and I have constantly found their conversation brilliant, witty, and improving. Every brochure that comes out, is brought hither and read ; and in a gallery apart, the newest productions of good artists are placed for exhibition. To foreigners, this and the last-mentioned society are the most agreeable of all, in regard both to information and amusement.

Besides these there is still a Société Militaire, mostly composed of veteran staff-officers ; and none are admitted but military men. Lastly, there is a Société des Colons, into which none are received who have not a possession on one of the american islands. For a stranger, who is neither a soldier nor a planter, these are the least instructive or amusing ; but to a person that is either the one or the other, they afford great satisfaction.

You see, how even these mottley institutions tend to the improvement of the mind ; so that there is no field

of human knowledge and of human enjoyment that remains uncultivated within this miraculous enclosure. For my own part at least, I can think of none, that is not attended to in one part of it or another.

The remaining rooms of the first story are partly appropriated to works of art of all kinds, for example, wax-figures, porcelain, crystal and glass wares, &c. or made use of as billiard-rooms and apartments for foreigners and travellers. But one must have good store of money for hiring the latter. A couple of chambers usually cost two new louis-d'ors per day, and a suite of rooms fifty louis-d'ors by the month. Accordingly they are for the most part taken only by young Englishmen or Hollanders, who travel but once in their lives, and therefore are determined to travel, in their opinion as they ought, in mine as they ought not. People of this sort are the most profitable customers that frequent the Palais Royal, as they deny themselves nothing they have once a mind to, and therefore throw away their money with both hands as long as they find it convenient to stay. The arrival of english lords, and every Englishman that comes here is a milord, makes them happy; and if the being incessantly called my lord can make a man happy, it must be confessed that his happiness here is complete; though he pays very dearly for it.

The second story of the Palais Royal is inexpressibly inferior to the lower in point of magnificence. It is partly fitted up for the reception of strangers, and partly as lodgings for the cyprian corps, whose lodging-rooms are for the most part uncleanly, and poorly furnished, but their visiting-rooms are kept clean and
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in good order, and especial care is taken of the canapées and beds. The restaurateurs have their cabinets on this story, where snug confidential parties meet; and where persons of gayity can give a treat to reputable women of their acquaintance. But more of this, when I come to speak of the restaurateurs.

The mansardes have nearly the same kind of inhabitants; here likewise artists dwell in retirement, who are content to prosecute their studies and to earn their bread without noise or shew. The prospect from above is the finest in the Palais Royal; the air is pure and wholesome; the chambers are roomy; and, if not cheap, yet are fifty per cent cheaper than in the second story. Old batchelors have here fixed their abode in great numbers.

In the very roof, the architect, who well knew how profitably every square foot in this palace, whether in the air or upon the earth, might be employed, has found means of contriving numerous nests of apartments. They receive their light through a trap-door, which is lifted up that the day may steal in by a square window. If the trap-door falls, the darkness of Ægypt reigns in these rat-holes amidst the lustre of the noon-day sun. In spite of this, they are all inhabited; as is every corner in the Palais Royal. The shopkeepers' servants, the waiters belonging to the coffee-houses, to the restaurateurs and to the taylor, live here on good terms or on bad, with common girls of the inferior classes; and there alſt receive few other visitants than such as are compelled by urgent necessity to climb those aerial abodes: in plain english, the privies are all in this region.

We have now gone over the whole circuit of the palace, on its new plan, above and below; somewhat hastily to be sure, but what I have yet to tell you of the whole, will enable you the better to form a judgment on the characteristic of all its parts, and furnish you by degrees with a complete representation of the whole. Farewell.

Paris, Sept. 8, 1789.

I MUST now proceed to give you a more ample description of some institutions which principally serve as points of confluence to the multitudes of walkers in the Palais Royal. The most remarkable are the restaurateurs and the coffee-houses.

That class of victuallers who are termed restaurateurs, have only been in vogue for a few years past; that is since the new erection of the Palais Royal. They have this peculiarity, that they furnish a table at any hour of the day, from nine in the morning till after midnight. This circumstance already implies, that one must pay more for eating at their houses than any where else. They must keep a fire constantly burning for their pots and kettles.

The restaurateurs in the Palais Royal, are by far the most famous and most frequented; their larders are the choicest, their bill of fare the longest, and their dining-rooms the most elegant in all Paris. They are three in number, all that now remain of the six that opened houses here at first. One of these three, that kept by
Huré,

Huré, must soon shut up, as one never sees any great number of people there. The other two, Bouvilliers and La Barriere, are rivals to each other; but the balance very conspicuously inclines to the latter.

The house of the restaurateur Bouvilliers is extremely well fitted up. His two principal dining-rooms are on the first story, ornamented with elegant paper hangings in the chinese and arabesque taste; and are lighted in the evenings with globular lamps. The tables are of the finest sort of acajou-wood; the bar, where the landlady sits as it were enthroned, is of marble; the chairs are in a good taste, the linen, table-cloths and napkins, are very fine and always clean; the vessels for drinking not less so, the plates, forks, and spoons, and the handles of the knives of silver, the dishes of handsome stone ware: in short, the whole exterior is elegant and fashionable. The company is genteel, and for the most part is made up of young persons of good circumstances and behaviour, who are just entering the world, travellers, monied men, superannuated officers, and the like. There are tables for one, two, three, to six persons; so that it is always at your option whether you will dine alone or in company. You have likewise the choice of more than a hundred dishes, of above twenty sorts of desert, upwards of twenty kinds of wine, and more than twenty species of liqueurs.

Notwithstanding all this, the number of the frequenters of this restaurateur is daily on the decline; and I must tell you what I take to be the causes of it. The wine is tepid when it comes to table, and requires to be first cooled with ice, which is brought in a wooden bowl: this is inconvenient, as it obliges one to stay

stay some time till it is ready. The waiters are not so brisk and alert as one could wish them; at least they are not so quick and lively as those at La Barriere's. The cook, or rather the cooks, are not so expeditious, and one is obliged to wait too long for any particular dish. Unpardonable negligences in a house where every thing is paid for at such an extravagant rate. There are yet two other reasons which operate as much as the foregoing; and these are: that people must go up two flights of stairs to come at this restaurateur's, whereas La Barriere has his principal room on the ground floor; and secondly, before one gets to Bouvillier's dining-room one has to pass by the kitchen, from whence you are struck with such stifling fumes arising in disgusting commixture from a hundred various meats and vessels all reeking at once as must deprive of all appetite a man of delicate nerves or a weak stomach; then again, the shocking sight of joints of meat, garbages of fowls and fish, mangled flesh and raw cuttlets lying amidst blood and bones; a man must have the maw of a cormorant that can brave all this.

At La Barriere's you not only meet with none of these inconveniences, but instead of them a hundred satisfactions. His situation, in the first place, is extremely prepossessing. His grand room is on the ground floor, among the arcades of the cross wing, and from large cheerful windows gives you a prospect of the main promenade of the garden on one side, and the other looks into the lively Passage du Perron. At his house I have constantly made my meals, when not otherwise engaged, ever since I have been here; because I chuse to be always in the centre of the revolution, and

and because the Hotel d'Angleterre et de Russie, where I live, is only about a hundred paces distant. By this means I have been able to gain a thorough knowledge of his housekeeping; and a circumstantial account of it cannot fail of being novel and agreeable to you.

The scite of his house takes up three arcades, with the cellaring and the first, second, and third stories over them. The chief hall is under the arcades, at least ten paces wide and thirty in length. Along both sides stand tables at a proper distance asunder, and down the middle runs another row. The tables are no bigger than for two persons to eat at them. They are not covered with linen, but have a green wax-cloth thrown over them, which may very easily be kept clean. The not covering them with linen, makes an annual saving to the proprietor, as he told me, of 9948 livres, exclusive of the capital requisite for the purchase of the table-linen. Were he once to lay the cloth on them, they must be changed so often in the day, that there would be nothing but running about from morning to night for that purpose alone. A napkin costs two sous the washing; so that supposing them to be changed only ten times every day, the washing alone for one single table only for one day, would come to twenty sous, or ten-pence of our money. Now there are thirty tables in the large room below alone, this then would amount to five shillings a day, and that in the year to no less a sum than ninety-one pounds, five shillings, merely in washing. Do you begin to conceive, my good friend, to what an extent this undertaking may reach? However, we must not let this matter detain us.

The

The hall itself is simple, but prettily decorated, and we see no fewer than eight mirrors, neither of which is short of five feet high. In the centre stands a large stove, ornamented with porcelain and looking-glasses. This warms the room in winter, and in summer keeps up a gentle draught.

The bill of fare that lies before me mentions in all one hundred and fourteen dishes, including the soup, and what are called the entremets, which are served after the roast, and which we comprehend among vegetables, puddings, &c. The important catalogue begins with the potage, and of these I find no less than seven sorts; then come the patisseries of several kinds; next the fish, and these are of six species; after them the entrées to the number of two-and-fifty; then follow the hors d'oeuvres, consisting of citrons, pickles, green olives, &c. next come the roasts, and of them are eight sorts; to these succeed the entremets, of which there are eight-and-thirty; then the deserts, full twenty in number; upon them follow the wines of nine-and-twenty denominations; and lastly, the liqueurs of which I count fifteen various sorts. You may shake your head, if you please; I shall bring the bill with me.

On your entering the hall, the waiters immediately watch in which quarter you take your seat. There are six of them, and each has a certain number of tables under his care. No sooner are you seated, then one of them comes skipping up to you, saying, as he hands you the mighty bill of fare: *Voilà la carte, monsieur.* You take it, and in a moment what you order is before you. You chuse from among the dishes whatever you please, and even the most delicate and troublesome is

in ten minutes smoking under your nose. Every thing is served in single portions. The wine is cool, the water fresh, and the beer excellent. You will be as quickly and as complaisantly served if you order only a soup, as if you ate your way through the whole list, quite to the desert. The plates, and spoons and forks are here likewise of silver, the dishes are of fine stone ware, the glasses and decanters as clear as crystal. The bread is of the finest wheat flour. If any thing, when served, is not to your taste, or you have any objection to the dressing, it is as obligingly taken back again, as it was brought. With the wine and beer it is just the same, if they happen not to please you.

The mechanism of the whole is briskness and memory. During the hours from twelve to four o'clock, two hundred persons usually take their dinners here, and all sit down contented with the different humours and caprices of all, without rancour, without moroseness, without loss of time. They may order and eat of ten several dishes within any hour; but they all follow quick and close on one another.

The kitchen is under ground, spacious and kept in good order. Pots, spits, pans, are here in eternal heat and motion. On the evening all is prepared for the following day. The dishes that are in most request, or that admit of being got ready before hand, are there with all their appurtenances, and only wait to be set on the fire. Each of the cooks, and there are eight of them, besides kitchen-boys and girls, has his peculiar department, and each his particular waiter above in the hall, whom he knows by his voice. This latter calls through an opening in the floor for what he wants; and
he

he presently has it. The cook pays the same attention to his commands as the waiter shews to the orders of the guest. In this manner the business regularly proceeds, maugre the vociferations of from twelve to sixteen throats at once, in spite of the confused noise that must naturally arise from the gabble of eighty or a hundred people in a public house; and it is a very extraordinary accident if any dish is forgot, or a wrong one brought. One person calls, Garçon here, another is calling Garçon there; and frequently several at the same time, and yet the polite and spruce lads are ready with their answers to all; Oui, monsieur! — A l'instant, monsieur! and none of them seem weary of being called and bandied about backwards and forwards for three or four hours together. I am convinced that the french nation, in point of waiting and serving, has not its equal in all the world.

But it is not enough, that such a lad has received all your commissions and punctually fulfilled them; he still knows how many changes, and what dishes you have had. When you want to pay, you say: Garçon, mon compte! and he runs to the bar, dictates your reckoning to his mistress or his master, brings it to you; and you may be very sure, that he has not charged you with a plate either too much or too little. You have only to compare it with the bill of fare, and there, against every thing you have had you see the stated price annexed.

And now what makes all this miracle feasible, my good friend, is money. In fact a man must pay pretty dearly here for satisfying his appetite. The lowest article you can have here is a pear, and that costs four sous.

fous. The dearest, for instance a quarter of a pullet, you have for 2 livres and 5 fous: therefore, a pear comes to two pence, and a quarter of a pullet to almost 2 shillings! a pickled cucumber three pence, a soup sixpence, a dish of pulse or vegetable of any kind, a shilling, and so of all the rest. — Suppose therefore, as a very moderate eater, you have:

	Livres.	Sous
1. A soup	-	12
2. Three small tarts or dumplings	-	18
3. A pint of ale	1	5
4. Fricandeau	-	18
5. Roast veal	-	18
6. A pickled cucumber	-	6
7. Vegetables	1	4
8. A pear	-	4
9. A half pint of table wine of the ordinary fort	-	5
Total	6	10

and behold you have ate and drank to the amount of about five shillings and eight pence, and are scarcely satisfied, and have been more saving than those who sat at the same table with you. You now see somewhat plainer, how La Barriere is enabled to defray the enormous expences of his great undertaking. But let us enter into a little closer examination of this matter.

We will suppose, that daily from morning to midnight only 250 persons eat at his house, and that each spends no more than 4 livres, which is stating the supposition very low. Thus his daily receipts amount to

1000,

1000, and consequently his annual to 365,000 * livres; or £15,208 6s. 8d. This would indeed be a monstrous expence. Let us now inquire a little how this may stand:

	Livres	£.	s.	d.
His house-rent yearly	8,000 or	333	6	8
He keeps 20 persons in the kitchen and in the dining-rooms, each of whom, on an average, costs him 500 livres	10,000 or	416	13	4
Washing of napkins only	10,000 or	416	13	4
Wood and coals	12,000 or	500	0	0
Broken, stolen, worn out vessels and utensils in the kitchen and rooms	5,000 or	208	6	8
Suppose the profit 50 per cent. on the dinners he dresses, his income amounts to	182,500 or	7,604	3	4
<hr/>				
Total -	227,500 or	9,479	3	4

There remains to him a surplus of 137,500 livres, or £5,729 3s. 4d. Deduct from this sum what he employs in the maintenance of his family, together with the interest of the capital invested in the undertaking, the lodging and board of his people, the purchase of furniture, &c. and at most there will only be a remainder of 10,000 livres, or £416 13s. 6d. cer-

* In reducing the french money to the sterling denominations I take the livre at ten pence english.

tainly a very moderate compensation for the hurry and bustle and the sleepless nights he experiences from one end of the year to the other. Accordingly, he is not rich, though he indulges in no kinds of extravagance.

Thus you see, how, by the incredible dearness of living in Paris, one may spend a handsome fortune, and how the greatest receipts are always attended by proportionable expences. Thus it is with all the other institutions of this kind in the Palais Royal. All of them take monstrous sums, and yet no one is rich.

By the way, you are not to imagine that you will here find entertaining and lively company. Every one is busy in eating his portion, and but rarely does a man enter into conversation with his neighbour. Before the revolution a man was never sure that a joke or a bold sentiment might not presently conduct him from the restaurateur's to the bastille; and therefore he chose to speak but little to people with whom he was not on an intimate footing. At present it is somewhat more animated; but a general conversation is not to be expected, unless with some acquaintances you have brought with you. The people here are far more egoistically than divertingly inclined; and by reason of the swarms of adventurers of every species, who know how to conceal their true character under a very decent and reserved exterior, and of the danger one runs of being ensnared by them, it is always better to keep to oneself in all public places, and to take no notice of one's neighbour.

But the snug dinners and petits soupers among friends and acquaintance that are had here by appointment in private rooms, are exceedingly chearful and lively. Even

families that are settled here frequently treat their friends at this place, if they chuse to save themselves the trouble of making an entertainment at home. They pay no more than in the great room, where ladies are never admitted. The same rule is observed at the house of Bouvilliers.

Small licentious parties, however, not unfrequently make this their rendezvous. A young or old beau that has been smitten by a pretty-faced girl in the walks, entertains her here, and makes her a handsome present. It is to be understood, that these females are of the higher classes of such persons, and that the laws of decorum must be observed, at least under the eyes of the waiters: otherwise, they will be politely told, that messieurs and mesdames can have no supper there. Such a party is not made for less than three or four louis d'ors each person.

The restaurateurs likewise furnish entertainments, with all their appurtenances, that is, plates, dishes, &c. out of doors. This, however, as you may suppose, costs much more than at their own house. Neither must it be at too great a distance. The victuals are better dressed as well as better of their kind, than are to be met with any where else in Paris.

By this time I think, my dear friend, you have a good notion of the restaurateurs of the Palais Royal: in my next I shall tell you something of the coffee-houses.

Paris, Sept. 1789.

THE coffee-houses form the second point of meeting for the multitude who do not go merely for taking a walk, or who chuse to recreate themselves after walking. There are six of them, which are all more or less elegant and roomy, lively or otherwise. Each has its stated customers who frequent no others, and who are found there at the usual hours of the morning and afternoon; frequently the whole day long, and who compose the main body of the company, and give the ton. Thus every house has its own public, and its own characteristic topics of conversation.

The quietest is the coffee-house Valois, under the arcades of the long wing, towards the street des bons enfans. The boxes here are indeed always filled, but mostly by elderly persons in silk cloaths and with swords, who keep together in various groups, and talk and dispute tediously, without asperity or heat. I call them, The quiet in the land.

More noisy, and of late the most noisy, is the coffee-house du Caveau. Its situation, spaciousness, and antiquity, (for it had long been in being during the old garden) cause it to be generally full, lively, and famous. It occupies four arcades, is splendidly ornamented with marble tables, and large looking-glasses which reflect the whole length of the garden, with all the swarms it contains. On abrupt columns stand the busts of Fortune, Sacchini, Piccini, Gretry, Phillidor, &c. who, as the opera was hard-by, used to come here and draw after them a numerous resort of customers. Before the arcades, in the garden, this coffee-house has a large

tent, of an elegant form, and ornamented with taste; within and without which are a great number of tables and chairs, that, like those in the great room, are never vacant. One may venture to say, that from about nine o'clock in the morning, till about eleven at night, excepting the hour that people take for dining, there are constantly to the number of two hundred persons in the hall and under the tent. Eight waiters are incessantly on the wing.

On my first entering the Palais Royal, I observed, from the frequenters of these coffee-houses, that the French were no longer the same people as formerly. I already found in them companies that were talking over the state of the government, and the obligations, duties, and administration of it, with a freedom and warmth that frequently broke out into clamour, acrimony, and indecent impetuosity. However, some were under apprehensions for the speaker, while others laughed at him; though the bulk of the audience were soon animated by the same ardour, and even among them new orators arose. This was about the beginning of June; there were constantly several hundreds of persons within doors and without; and the numbers increased every day. The greater they were so much the more prepotent was the third estate. Here it was that the republican principles first broke out.

The coffee-house de Chartres, which, like the former, is in the cross wing of the additional buildings, and occupies three arcades towards the garden, but on the other side in the magnificent vestibule, looks towards the entrance of the theatre des petits comédiens, was always more quiet than the fore-mentioned, and

continues

continues to be so. Its customers consist mostly of foreigners, particularly English and Germans, who here can peruse the newspapers of their own countries. The political proceedings and concerns of the Parisians do not touch them so nearly; and they talk and laugh over them in their own way, and according to their own ideas. It is very handsomely fitted up, and one is as well and as quickly served as in any of the rest. Before it, without the arcades, in the garden, it has likewise a great quantity of tables and chairs, and, after the *cassé du Caveau* and *de Foi*, it is the most frequented of any in the Palais Royal.

The coffee-house de la Grotte Flamande has nothing remarkable, which the others have not in a greater degree. Its public is the least numerous of all, and its locale the smallest. It has its name from an artificial grotto constructed in the cellars, and which a restaurateur made choice of for his mansion. It is now gone to ruin.

But the greatest and liveliest of all the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal is the before-named de Foi. It takes up no less than seven arcades. The halls are furnished with marble slabs, and the walls are handsomely wainscotted, against which are lofty and large looking-glasses. The tables are large slabs of grey-sprinkled marble, and the tabourets are covered with red Manchester. In front of it, with the arcades, in the allée, are tables and an incredible quantity of chairs. This place is the rendezvous of the genteeler sort, who take coffee, liqueurs, limonade, or ices. Here, in the forenoon about ten o'clock, we meet women of the politer ranks, in fashionable negligées, at the chocolate parties.

ties; and, from five in the afternoon till midnight, taking ices of various sorts. The latter are presented in these coffee-houses in a perfection and diversity that I have never met with any where else.

Old financiers, military men and magistrates, men of letters, persons in office and abbés, form the main body of this public, and young officers, beaux and belles of every sort the brilliant part of it. Among them sit old ladies, some of them already with shaking heads, who here meet again the adorers of their youth, descanting on the present times and men and manners, and taking a review of the past. Into the hall itself no female enters; what they ask for is carried out to them by the waiters.

To this coffee-house likewise belong two of the little pavilions, in the garden, opposite to it. These are the continuation of the great one; and we always meet with company in them.

This coffee-house played no insignificant part in the revolution. Previous to it, every one here, as you may imagine, spoke up for the first and second ranks, while they were raving for the third in the *café du Caveau*. A sort of jealousy thus always prevailed between the two, and they were as long in coming to an agreement, as the three parties in the national assembly. But, as the two first heads that were cut off were carried through the Palais Royal, the terror that was felt at the shocking spectacle, drove here, as it did at Versailles, the first and the second ranks, without conditions, to the third; and I perfectly well remember that, for some days after, the coffee-house de Foi was uncommonly empty. The most furious orators staid
away,

away, as arguments and eloquence were of no avail while heads were rolling about. After the first transports of violence were over, they returned to their wonted station; but with very different political maxims, because, of all the things that a man cannot dispense with, his head is the most indispensable. They found all resolute for the third estate, and therefore they either spoke on that side, or did not speak at all. In the sequel that company was formed which sent deputies to the national assembly, made motions, and alternately inflamed and quieted Paris: the mass of understanding, experience and knowledge they had to produce, got the upper hand over the tumultuous excesses of the *café du Caveau*, and its preponderancy was decisive, and is so still.

The sixth and last coffee-house is the Italian [*café italien*] and it is as peaceable and quiet as the *café de Valois*. The nation for which it is chiefly designed, frequent it the most; and there visibly reigns in it a certain gloomy, suspicious air, that did not please me, accordingly I never went into it above twice.

In your last you made inquiries about the celebrated *café mécanique*. It exists no more; like a multitude of other institutions that have nothing but novelty to recommend them, which at first attract great notice, are much frequented, and presently forgotten. The mechanism, however, of this coffee-house was pretty enough. I will therefore, in few words, give you an idea of it.

The tables in it stood on hollow shafts of columns, which had connection with the cellar below. Ask for what you would, and before you were aware, there

sprung up an iron trap, horizontally level with the table, and through it entered a plate with what you had called for upon it. A speaking trumpet fixt in the bar of the landlady, told the waiter below what was to be sent up. The whole had a pretty effect; and, as long as it was new, drew a great deal of company to the house. At present the hall is occupied by a tradesman as his warehouse, and the cellars are turned into what is called a *berceau lyrique*, i. e. a cellar where people go to drink english ale and eat sausages, and have their ears tickled by a tolerably vulgar music. This music is the lyric part of the entertainment of the cellar.

The commodities, as well as the prices of each, are alike in all the coffee-houses of the Palais Royal. Coffee, limonade, orgeat, bavaroise, liqueurs; ice, are to be had in all of them, and of equal qualities. A dish of coffee costs six sous; a glass of liqueur, a tumbler of limonade, orgeat, or bavaroise, just the same. A glass of ice, twelve sous. The proprietor of the *café du Caveau* is in very good circumstances, the proprietor of the *café du Foi* is very rich. Their waiters are as neatly dressed and frisé, as obliging, ready, and nimble as their brethren at the restaurateurs.

Notwithstanding the incessant bustle in these houses, no one is ever asked for his money before hand, as is the practice in public houses that are greatly frequented in Germany; and which I felt as a very disagreeable piece of incivility which honest men are obliged to submit to on account of some that are not so. When you have had what you wanted, if you do not chuse to call, *Garçon!* you lay your money beside the cup or glass and go away. If any one should accidentally forget it, he is in no danger of being called after, or even when

he comes another time and does not then recollect his mistake, of being put in mind of it. Ah, monsieur, vous êtes bien fur, or, vous êtes bien bon, say the garçons, when a man recollects it of himself, even though they have never seen him before in their lives. Yet I would never advise any one to trust so much to this politeness as to repeat often this sort of forgetfulness. They have a very sharp fight, from long habit; and, after reiterated omissions, when the person required something again, they would not fail to say, with an obliging shrug of the shoulders : Pardonnez moi, monsieur ! and bring him nothing ; but proceed to no farther explanation. I must acknowledge that I find true delicacy and complaisance in this behaviour : the cheat, by this method, is not put to open shame, and the person cheated avoids the aspersions that a public noise about such trifles might bring upon him. It is the same in all the other coffee-houses, with the restaurateurs, and the ordinary eating-houses in Paris.

The coffee-houses of the Palais Royal are most lively and gay in the morning from nine to eleven, in the afternoons from three till six, and in the evenings from eight till eleven. The contented Frenchman generally makes his supper at the coffee-house, which consists in nothing more than a tumbler of limonade, or orgeat, or bavaroise, to which he adds half as much water, dipping into it a little roll or two, for each of which he pays a sous.

Paris, Sept. 20, 1789.

IT was natural to imagine that the propensity of the Parisians to spectacles and shows, must here, where so many thousands of them are daily assembled, require gratification and variety. Accordingly, the walls of the detached new buildings were scarcely dry, before theatres, great and small, of all kinds were opened. Marionettes and children were the only performers at first; and it was thought, that, as they had already the opera, the *théâtre françois*, and the *théâtre italien*, no new stage could be supported in Paris of full-grown actors; but it was not long before the *Variétés amusantes* sprung up, and this stage is become no contemptible rival of what are called the three principal theatres. They act there every day, and it is every day full.

The second of the larger theatres is occupied by the *petits comédiens*; who are always full, as they have some particularities that are not found in the *Variétés amusantes*. I shall give you ample accounts of them both, when I come to the theatre and the theatrical affairs of Paris.

The *Ombres Chinoises*, that are here likewise exhibited, have been shut up this whole summer, till a few days ago, when they recommenced their exhibitions. They are no longer in that vogue that they enjoyed at first; as people in general are soon satiated with the frivolous amusements that attract more by their novelty than by intrinsic merit. A Mr. Seraphin is the founder and director of this theatre, which is a very elegant hall, but instead of an orchestra, has only a harpsichord, for filling up the pauses between the acts.

The

The performers are marionettes, from ten to twelve inches high; but for elegance of figure, flexibility of joints, and close imitation of nature, they far exceed every thing I have ever beheld of this kind. The little scenes they represent have at times much attic salt and spirit; and I must confess that every time I have been there I have laughed heartily, and never found it tedious for a moment. The grave and solemn airs of these little beings, which they never lay aside in all their strokes of humour, and sallies of wit, has the drollest effect imaginable. The whole of the matter is this, that, in their representations, the imagination of the spectator is kept in continual play. It was the first theatre set up in the Palais Royal.

It succeeded so well, that it was soon followed by two other marionette-theatres. The one of Italian Fantoccini, the other gave its puppets the name of *Pygmées françois*. They were both soon dropped; making way for a third, that attempted something higher. It was likewise Fantoccini, which represented the best operas of Anfossi, Paisiello, &c. and had a capital orchestra. But of this too the public soon grew tired.

Besides these, here was for a long time la *Musée des enfans*. This was a representation of little scenes by children, interspersed with lectures in natural philosophy, history, geography, &c. and parents, who came hither as spectators with their children, could let the latter engage in a competition with the little actors. There is now no longer any trace of it to be seen.

Thus it fared likewise with the *théâtre des Menus-plaisirs du Palais Royal*, a puppet-show for children and nurses.

When

When the theatrical performances are over, the curiosities of art and nature are here to be seen for money; which have a run for a time, and then are no more heard of. The cabinet of wax figures, kept here by a German, named Curtius, seems to succeed, and even to meet with great encouragement. It occupies two arcades, and exhibits a great number of remarkable persons of both sexes, elegantly intermixed with children, flowers, fruit, &c.

A giantess also made a shew of herself here all this summer for money. The hand-bill styled her *la jolie géante prussienne*, because every thing, we may suppose, that is said to be worth seeing here must be *joli*, whatever objections might be made to the contradiction in terms between *jolie* and *géante*. I found a tolerably large, but by no means a gigantic female figure, with an ugly wen over the left eye, and as ugly a rotundity, no longer to be concealed, under the muslin chemise, which very plainly announced the approaching appearance of a *joli géant*. She and her attendant told me a parcel of stories of high patrons, of country parties, &c. in the pomeranian dialect. On combining all circumstances together, it seemed to me very probable that the renter of the Palais Royal, whose taste in certain matters is a little distorted, might have fallen on the conceit of indulging his humour with this giantess, and it seemed to me as if, every time she spoke of her exalted patrons, she let fall her eyes with great complacency on the exaltation of her chemise.

On one of the first days of my being here, I was shewn, under the wooden galleries, the beautiful Zulima, a half-naked female figure, which, with flesh-coloured

coloured paint to imitate the natural skin, and flowing hair, lay as if sleeping on a couch. A part of her bosom was slightly shaded by her disheveled ringlets, the rest of her body, as far as below the knee, was covered, if covering it may be called, by a waving drapery. The work was a surprising imitation of nature both in shape and colour. It is however at length dismissed from the Palais Royal as an immoral and indecent object.

A jugler was also here some time ago, who at once gave lessons in his art, and sold the necessary implements.

In recounting the curiosities of this nature, I must not omit to mention the artificial cannon, which, the moment it is noon, goes off of itself, and by which thousands of clocks and watches are regulated every day. In the middle of the cross wing in the new buildings a meridian is fixed, which proclaims noon by a cannon shot. The touch-hole of the cannon is half a line broad and two inches long, and placed in the direction of the meridian line. Two alidades, or cross-rulers, stand vertically on a horizontal disk, holding a burning-glass, which, by means of them, is turned every month according to the sun's height, in such manner that the focus of it every time falls on the touch-hole of the cannon. So soon now as the concentrated rays of the mid-day sun enter on the line that forms the touch-hole of the cannon, the powder is immediately fired, and the report is made. The inventor of this new species of clock is a M. Roufféau.

It must already have occurred to you, my dear friend, to ask whether, among all the contrivances for ease and luxury

luxury with which this place abounds, there are no baths? No, there is not one. Our dress and the manner of parcelling out our time, seem throughout Europe to militate against the pleasure of the bath; to which may be added the nature of our climate. In the oriental countries the delight in bathing, and the art of making baths, have continued through all ages; and, if the antient Romans transplanted them both in Rome, it seems rather to have been from a fondness for imitation, luxury and prodigality, than any real want; for, with the modern Romans, bathing is no longer a necessary of life, like eating and drinking.

However, that nothing might be sought for in vain in the Palais Royal, about a couple of years ago undertakers were found who constructed and opened an Hotel des bains de S. A. S. mgr. le duc d'Orléans. This undertaking employed eight arcades, was examined and approved by the Société royale de médecine; had, both on the ground floor, and above, closets richly ornamented, with bathing-tubs, very fine linen rubbers, neat couches, and supplied the customers with cold, tepid, warm, hot, simple and compound baths; but notwithstanding all this, it could not support itself, and was at length given up, with great loss to the proprietors. Such as come to the Palais Royal are for the most part sprucely dressed: whereas people who want to bathe chuse some still and retired place, where they may come and go in an undress, and without observation.

Paris, Sept. 28, 1789.

TWO particulars indispensably necessary to the enjoyment of life were wanting in the Palais Royal: music and dancing. These were not to be overlooked; and thus arose the Circus. Whatever else was there already, were only collateral considerations, though useful. But, as this vast pile could not be filled entirely with concerts and balls, therefore, as you will presently see, some useful institutions were connected with them.

In one of my former letters I told you, that the outer part of this great plot, above ground, is so disposed as to give the Palais Royal even the charms of rural nature, as far as they consist in a verdure refreshing to the eye. That this aim has not been reached, I remarked, according to my own perceptions; but, reached or not reached, it was no part of the main plan of this curious and extremely remarkable building; for the verdure was only to be its robe. The circus is, as it were, the capital stone in the ring of the Palais Royal.

In the middle of the garden this building stands, in the form of a parallelogram, rounded at both ends, rising ten foot above the level of the earth, and sinking thirteen foot below it. The outside, above the ground, is adorned with seventy-two columns of the ionic order; which, as well as the masonry adjoining to them, are covered with green trellises. Betwixt these equidistant columns are alternately a high window for lighting the inside upper gallery, and a bust standing
on

on a white marble shaft smaller at bottom than at top.

In order that the garden, at least to the eye, might lose nothing in its spaciousness by this erection, the windows on both sides are placed so exactly opposite to each other, that one sees through the circus into the arcades of the palais. This disposition produces the desired effect; especially as the windows are broad, high and clear. The whole is crowned by a ballustrade, elegantly inclosing a terrace, planted with all manner of shrubs, plants, and flowers.

Four avantcorps, whereof two project semicircularly at each end, and the two others in straight lines in the middle, resting each on twelve ionic columns, and decorated with green trellisses, with vases and busts. In every one of them are three doors, or entrances. From one to the other of these avantcorps, run canals six foot in width, full of running water, which is supplied to them by fountains, springing one among another in single and threefold spouts. These canals are furnished on the sides with a substantial and elegantly wrought iron railing.

The middle door in each of these avantcorps leads into a vestibule, with a staircase to the right and left, descending into the subterranean gallery, and into the grand hall. Each of the remaining two entrances conduct to a particular vestibule, leading to the upper galleries, and to a stair by which we go upon the terrace which is over these galleries.

The inside of the building, on the ground level, is a spacious hall, nicely floored, three hundred paces long

long and fifty paces broad. Two-and-seventy strong, channelled, doric columns, stand round the walls, and between them runs a gallery. The columns support a vaulting that springs above the galleries, and approaches to both sides, the whole length, to eighteen foot, which aperture is terminated by an elegant sky-light, by which the hall is enlightened during the day.

Over the architrave of the pillars, the vaulting round is interrupted by seventy-two arcades, running under the gallery on the ground, and forming balconies, from whence one looks down into the hall. Behind, are six and thirty roomy vaults for all sorts of mercantile commodities.

You see from this faint sketch, that architecture has set all its powers at work for producing a structure that should be at once majestic, airy, elegant, and light; and from the above stated length and breadth of the grand saloon, you are able to judge that a very numerous company may assemble there, both above ground and below.

The undertaking was opened to the public only a few days ago. All sorts of conjectures were formed concerning its real destination, till at length a printed paper from the proprietor himself unfolded the plan to the public. I shall take this advertisement for my ground-work, and then tell you how much of what it promises is fulfilled, and how much yet remains to be performed.

Elegant and various pleasures are there offered to the public, which are to be connected with useful institu-

tions; and a select society, not inconsistent with any station, rank, and character, will assemble there.

The quarter of the Palais Royal has always been a place of appointment for foreigners from all parts of Europe; the circus will now be that place; with this difference, that whereas formerly the garden was open to all persons indiscriminately, this can only be entered by subscribers; who, before they can subscribe must shew that they are fit company for such an assembly.

The circus shall stand open, during the summer, from seven, and in winter from eight, in the morning, but in all seasons shall be shut at eleven o'clock at night. From nine in the morning till twelve four several lectures shall be given gratis by able professors. Artists of all kinds shall have permission to exhibit their performances, display their talents, and at the same time to procure the frequenters of the circus new and beautiful works of art, on paying earnest.

A large orchestra, composed of fifty musicians, shall perform every evening in the middle of the grand room the choicest pieces of the most famous masters. Masked and unmasked balls shall be given, in the different seasons of the year, to be every time previously advertised in the public papers. On Saturdays a ball for subscribers alone. Young persons who apply themselves to the art of dancing, may be here introduced, in order that under the eyes of a numerous public, they may acquire that becoming confidence, which is so necessary for dancing well.

A pavillion for a coffee-room is at one end of the great saloon, and a second for a restaurateur at the other.

other. Both are very handsomely and commodiously fitted up, and the former so spacious as to accommodate five hundred persons at a time. The pavillion of the restaurateur is divided into four-and-twenty cabinets, where select parties, unseen by the rest of the company, may sit together, and be supplied with the finest delicacies the season affords. Two billiard tables are to be at the service of the subscribers, in two elegant apartments kept solely for that purpose. Eight large stoves, and five particular fire-places to be kept burning all the winter through, and thick carpets shall cover the floor of the lower gallery, to preserve the feet of the company from cold. In the summer, as the whole disposition of the undertaking shews, an agreeable coolness will prevail, even in the most sultry days. The subscription price for the year is seventy-two livres; a half year eight-and-forty; and for a quarter of a year, six-and-thirty. The subscriber receives a ticket, which however can only admit himself. Tickets of admission may likewise be had for one day, at six-and-thirty sous, which must be given at the door, and for which the person will receive a check containing the word, *Rafrachissement*, entitling him to demand of the restaurateur a carafon of wine and bread, and of the coffee-man a cup of coffee or a tumbler of limonade or orgeat. The subscribers do not receive this check. On days when the court or the duke of Orleans, or other noble personages, chuse to give a fête in the circus, the rights of the subscribers are suspended, as also when the undertaker gives a fête for the benefit of the poor.

You see by this plan what is to be expected in the circus when once it comes into full play. This is not yet entirely the case ; but there is room to suppose that it will very soon become a brilliant place of resort for the best and choicest company of Paris.

It was opened for the first time on the third of this month ; and you may imagine that I was not among the last to be there. I was asked three livres for admission, and at this price it still continues, as the subscription is not yet quite settled. The place of entrance was in the avantcorps, opposite to the wooden galleries. Eight-and-twenty elegant large lustres hung from the ceiling length-wise along the salon. This had an effect incredibly magnificent. The rays of so many lights played against the large sky-light, and so luxuriantly illuminated the extensive and magnificent colonades, that in the remotest corners of the upper and lower galleries it was easy to read any thing written with a lead pencil. The upper gallery was richly filled with spectators, the grand orchestra in full play, and the room itself swarming with well-dressed people of every age and station, part moving among the columns, part flocking about the pavillions of the limonadiers and the restaurateur, part following to and fro in motley mixture in the large area of the hall, part standing in thick multitudes around the orchestra. About nine o'clock the ball was opened, and all pressed forward to the dancers. Towards eleven the croud began to draw off. My expectation was perfectly satisfied.

Hitherto the circus, or the salon national, is opened only twice a week, and the entrance continues fixt at three livres.

livres. The lectures and exhibitions have not yet commenced, and the six-and-thirty vaulted warehouses are still shut. When once the whole is in full swing, and has reached a certain degree of stability, this spot will be the only one of its kind in Europe.

Paris, Sept. 30, 1789.

FROM all I have hitherto wrote, you see that the concourse of people in the Palais Royal is never at an end; and that its public is the most numerous as well as the most wealthy and brilliant of any of the places of resort in this amazing city. The gardens of the Tuilleries, the Luxembourg, the Boulevards, in short, none of the promenades, are to be brought into comparison with the Palais Royal; and if the Boulevards be of greater extent, and are therefore able to contain ten times as many walkers as the Palais royal, yet the company that frequents them is not by far so choice, so brilliant, and so bewitching.

Walkers are to be seen at every hour of the day in the Palais Royal, from nine in the morning till twelve at night; but their numbers are not alike at every part of the day, and their quality not always of the same figure and consequence. In the morning about seven o'clock, you meet with none but people who dwell there and are simply visible. The waiters at the coffee-houses and restaurateurs are now under the hands of the barbers and friseurs; the shops are still shut; the jalousies at the windows are still down; in short, every

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thing wears the aspect of sound repose. Thus it remains till eight o'clock.

Now one shop opens ; presently another ; till all by degrees have laid out their goods in order ; the milliners and tradesmen's wives flock together in troops ; in the coffee-houses the fires are lighted, and the water begins to boil. About half after eight all is arranged as it ought to be, for the day. Now appear elderly gentlemen, singly, and seat themselves behind a cup of coffee ; and young people drop in one by one, in the deepest *négligé*, with their hair in rollers, perhaps come down from the manfards, to recreate themselves with a cup of chocolate. All is still sober and yawning.

But from nine o'clock the coffee-houses begin to fill. The cries of the peripatetic merchants salute the ears on every side ; the newscarrers lift up their voice in the streets, and the fruit-women and flower-women strive to drown it with their's.

About ten o'clock young damsels, in night-dresses of various degrees of elegance and taste, come down to the gardens, to commence the career they have often resolved on before six in the morning. They flaunt to and fro in the walks, or seat themselves at the tables before the coffee-houses, and breakfast with any one that is willing to breakfast with them. The better classes come with their male or female friends, and take their seats before the coffee-house de Foi. Close by them sits the abbé, the veteran officer, the financier, and the parliament-man, and lively conversations commence. The politicians distribute themselves into particular groups, some larger, others smaller ; some more sedate,

sedate, others more boisterous, according as the subject of their discussions agrees or disagrees with their settled notions, and promises more or less to their plans and expectations. These groupes are incessantly increasing and diversifying till towards twelve ; and then, if they began with about fifty disputants, they now amount to some thousands.

About this time the women of the higher classes make their appearance ; and these till past one o'clock form an academy of taste and the newest fashions in regard to *négligées*. They never appear without conductors, saunter up and down the *allées*, or seat themselves in circles in the chairs placed about them, in order to see and to be seen by the passers-by. The parallel walks along the wings, in which the coffee-house de Foy is situated, continue to be the most distinguished and lively ; in the others, on the opposite side, are seen only men and women whose exterior does not suit with the former. In these the chairs too are more thinly scattered.

There are indeed stone benches, round about the spaces before the arcades, but they are by no means sufficient, any more than the quantity of chairs, that stand facing the coffee-house du Caveau, de Chartres, and de Foy. To remedy this defect ; they have added hundreds of chairs, placed under the trees, about the walks, and are let out to such as chuse to hire them. On sitting down in one of them you pay two sous, and for this sum you may sit in it as long as you please ; but you must pay again if you wish to change your place by going to another. Two women make it their business to walk round all the *allées* without exception ;

and you may assure yourself that they do not overlook a single person that has taken a chair, and likewise they will never ask a person for money, that has already paid. Their eye and their memory are no less trained to this practice, than those of the waiters at the coffee-houses are to their's. The chairs are very bad; of common wood, with straw bottoms, frequently worn through and crippled. It is not unusual for a gentleman to hire three or four of these chairs at once, in order to place or lay on each of them some part of his indolent person. On one he sits, on the second he lays his feet, on the third his left arm, and on the fourth his right. But he always pays no more than his two sous, to the great damage of the two poor women, to whom it never occurs to take one of them from him, in order to give it to another that wants it. This mode of lying supinely at one's ease, you will suppose to be not originally french, but more in the english style, yet it is in fact merely egoistic. You may be as weary as you will, and faint with long walking, creep about in search of a vacant chair, and cast a petitioning look to those who have three too many: all the world will perceive that you would be glad of a chair; but not a creature will be polite enough to offer you one, till you have made your advances in form. If once you go up to him in the posture of a suppliant, the being, whom you took for an insensible brute, is at once all complaisance, jumps up from his seat, and offers it you in the most obliging manner in the world, and even does what he can to force you to accept of a couple of others. That winning behaviour, which we comprise under the word politeness, has here been long out of fashion,

fashion, and decried as the virtue of a country-town, as it cannot be practised without some sort of constraint or abasement. Some farther illustrations of this matter I reserve for a future occasion.

From twelve, till two in the afternoon, this promenade is very animated and agreeable. People of the superior ranks in life come hither about this part of the day, and they are the only hours in which women of character can appear in these walks with propriety. The damsels of equivocal callings, therefore, during this couple of hours, do not feel themselves here in their proper place, and accordingly keep quite aloof; besides, the charms of great numbers of them are too delicate to stand against the heat of the sun; and then again they cannot be ignorant that such as venture hither either just before or just after two, are very vitably furnished, *les cherche-diners*.

From two till half past four, the gardens are rather empty, this being the usual time for dining; and one sees only nurses or mothers with their little-ones, playing about the walks, and thus properly take advantage of the pause. This period being over, fresh streams of company flow in. The coffee-houses first, and in half an hour after, the walks are all again full. The throng is more mixed and noisy, and keeps up its number to a pretty equal pitch, till towards the time when the theatres open, which always draw off one part of it; it is still however more numerous than in the forenoon.

At about eight, the *femmes du monde*, of all classes, flock in, and take possession of the middle of the walks, while the chairs on both sides are occupied by the utmost variety of countenances, figures and qualities,

qualities, all together forming a forest, fifty deep, of frifures, hats, caps, bonnets, periwigs, &c. Now the arcades are lighted up. Round which hang eighty-two large reverberatory lamps, one in each arcade, and in the shops within them, tapers before the great looking-glasses, among the brilliant-buckles, buttons, watch-chains, and swords, among the jewellery-trinkets, gold and silver ornaments, and wearing apparel of all sorts, which reflect the dazzling rays in a thousand gaudy colours; at the same time the grand pendent lustres in the coffee-houses and at the restaurateurs, together with their numerous girandoles, form large masses of light, which are multiplied back by the mirrors. This is the time when the exterior of the Palais Royal shews one grand blaze, and gives one the idea of a fairy court, or an enchanted palace; and thus it continues till midnight.

The multitude receives a great accession, when the play-houses are over. Every thing that does not chuse to stay any longer in the Palais Royal, runs thither: these, however, in comparison of the whole, make but a small number, as something or other must necessarily induce each of them to stay. Thus, the hours from nine o'clock till eleven are the more diversified and gay. Conversations and dalliance among the votaries of Venus now rise to their summit of vivacity and licentiousness.

From eleven o'clock the swarm gradually diminishes, and about twelve the Palais royal is as empty as it was at eight in the morning. The cyprian nymphs that have not been in luck, walk slowly and dejectedly along, and persecute the company with petitions for a
visit

visit or a supper. They are the last of all the beings that are awake in the Palais royal. A trumpet sounds twice, and the iron gates to the avenues are shut. A sudden death ensues.

I have already told you, that the walks are kept well-rolled, hard and solid. After a heavy rain of three days the walking here is good. But if the gravel be somewhat soft, the crowd retire beneath the arcades; and here it is sometimes troublesome to get on; the passage is often quite stopt, and one is obliged to turn about, or make a little circuit without the arcades, in order to find a small opening in the throng.

In hot weather the allées are sprinkled three times a day with the machine I described to you on a former occasion. So that one is never incommoded by the dust even when the gardens are the fullest.

Ever since the twelfth of July, war has even taken her abode in this fairy-scene, and has often been the cause of terrible revolutions in the brilliant objects it contains. No mouchard has been dissected, that did not find his tormentors here; no head cut off that has not here been exposed on a bloody pike; no cannon taken that has not been drawn in triumph through the walks. All the shows and processions on account of the surrender of the Bastille, and the giving liberty to the nation, were here to be seen; all news, whether sad or joyful, were here proclaimed, with clamours and trumpets. Cannons were here fired, the patrols went about with their thundering drums, bold and rash resolutions were here taken; men's minds were here inflamed and kept in heat; all the horrors of fury, and rage and despair and terror and amazement, shewed themselves
here

here in their most dreadful and cruel forms ; and tears of joy, shouts of joy, bonfires of joy, and caperings of joy, closed the exhibition of transient scenes that here presented themselves to the gazing and astonished eyes of the beholders.

We have now finished our perambulation, and I shall conclude my account of the Palais Royal with a few general observations and remarks.

As Paris devours the marrow of France, so the Palais royal devours the marrow of Paris. The heaps of commodities and the vast number of all kinds of amusements, that are pressed together in these precincts, would otherwise be distributed over all Paris, conveying to all the markets, streets, walks, and quarters of it, entertainment and life. A great multitude of artists, workmen, and dealers of all kinds, who mostly live by foreigners, are obliged to live in the Palais royal, or in the neighbourhood of it, in order to reap benefit from the prejudices entertained in its favour ; but for this advantage they must pay five times more rent for shop and lodgings, and therefore raise their price in the same proportion, thus acting more like jews than christian tradesmen, in order to be paid for their work so as to enable them only to live creditably. The owners of ready-furnished apartments in the other quarters of the town are considerable losers on the same account ; as all foreigners flock together to the quarter of the Palais royal, and many of them are forced to let out their rooms to natives by the year, which does not bring them the half of what they otherwise would get. The fauxbourg St. Germain, which formerly used to swarm with foreigners, is now scarcely inhabited : and
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if the théâtre françois is always at present so thinly frequented, the cause of it is partly owing to the Palais royal, as people do not chuse to live far from it; because in the other parts of the town they must go and look out singly for what they here find all together in a narrow space.

Dearness of commodities is a second consequence of this fashionable institution. Not only the elegancies, but the necessaries of life that are inquired for in the other parts of the town, are gradually risen in price. The shopkeepers already tell you, on their asking three times more for their commodities than heretofore, “In the Palais royal you must pay dearer for it,” as an excuse for their unreasonableness. At the houses of the restaurateurs and traiteurs in the other parts of the town, for instance, on the Boulevards, in the champs élysées, in the gardens of the Tuilleries, one dines very little cheaper than in the Palais royal, though they have not one third of the rent to pay; and the same observation holds good in all other particulars.

Many commodities and pieces of workmanship, that, formerly, though of the same quality as they are at present, met with a great sale, are now no longer in request; because the same sort of wares have been seen in the Palais royal, more shining and better finished, and therefore the eye and the fancy are not content with the former. This, for example, is the case with the gold and silver works, for which the street St. Honoré and the Quay des orfèvres, were formerly so famous. The shops in both these places continue to shew the same fine work as formerly; but they are not so glittering as in the Palais royal, where the dearness of rent compels

the workman to polish his work to a greater nicety, in order to give it the appearance of being newer; and where, by reason of the more rapid sale, it may in reality be newer, though the work itself does not differ at all from the old patterns. Buckles, watch-chains and the like, are usually bought in the Palais Royal; in the other parts of the town only hard-ware, which does not bring by far the same profit to the feller, as the former trifles, over which the police does not keep such a watchful eye, in regard to their intrinsic value.

The case is the same with the new cloths, stuffs, embroideries, clocks, perfumes, &c. Whatever is new and beautiful in these articles is first seen in the Palais royal; and if they come from the provinces, they are bought up here by the tradesmen at a higher price, because they can get a higher price in the sale of them, than those in the other parts of the town. Thus that profit is swallowed up by three or four, which might be divided among fifty and sixty, but gain only so much as these sixty would have gained, and yet the public must pay dearer by the half for the goods, than they otherwise would. You know already then into whose pockets the pure profit really goes.

Hence it is, that the tradesmen of the Palais royal, notwithstanding their exorbitant prices, are none of them rich. The rents of the shops are so high, and lodgings and provisions are so dear in their quarter, that very little clear profit remains to them, notwithstanding their industry and patience. It frequently happens that a magnificent shop is opened with new commodities of all sorts, and in the space of a month it is abandoned and shut up, because it could not stand out the rivalry of those already there; or because it did not contain

tain those articles which it had previously promised to provide. These cases are become very frequent, especially since the revolution. The foreigners have very much fallen off since that time; and the nation has somewhat else to mind than the alteration of fashion, and the decoration of their persons. The restaurateurs and coffee-house-keepers are the gainers of what the tradesmen lose; for the throng in the Palais royal is greater than ever, and as it is not likely that the ravens will bring them bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening, as they did once to the prophet in the bible, they must procure it for themselves, even though they go without every thing else. The Citherean cohort have suffered no less in their earnings; and during the first days of the political storm, people cared so little about them, that even the best-looking and the best-dressed of them, came with desponding faces, to the frequenters of the coffee-houses, to beg for a cup of coffee, or a caraffine of limonade. So that properly speaking, the restaurateurs and coffee-men are the only people in the Palais royal that can get rich.

The theatres of the Palais royal are no less detrimental to the other theatres, than the shops of it are to those in the other parts of the town. The visitors of the Palais royal are so attached to it by so many different ties, that it is with great reluctance they go to seek a pleasure, at the distance of two or three miles from it, which they may find here among a thousand others. They go out of one entertainment into another entertainment, and from that into entertainment again, and all within the compass of two or three steps. The Variétés amusantes have
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some good actors, and some actresses that are at once good and pretty and obliging, and their performances are pleasing and very diversified. The spectators, however, will be both more brilliant and more numerous when their new theatre is once opened, which is already finished as far as the shell; and, for taste in architecture, in spaciousness and conveniency, will far exceed all the other theatres of the capital. The performances of the *petits Comédiens* are entertaining enough in their way, and draw off a multitude of people from the other theatres. At least, among the large theatres, the *Théâtre Italien* is a great sufferer by the Palais Royal, as it stands quite in the vicinity; and it likewise contributes not a little to the number of people that are either settled or collected about this quarter.

Whoever visits the Palais Royal must be better dressed than is necessary for the other public walks, as there is always here a fashionable and genteel company. This presents gradually a more costly standard for the exterior, as all that come here are eager to vie with one another in dress, and therefore run into greater expences, which, but for this rivalry, would never be thought of. Thus also the standard for all articles of consumption rises by degrees, as every thing by this means grows dearer. People gradually habituate themselves to greater daily expences, as thinking that it is but proper; and thus the necessities of life are increased and enhanced, almost imperceptibly; or if it be perceived, yet if a man be once entangled in the Palais royal, he must pay, though unwillingly, for the brilliancy that surrounds him.

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Hence it is, that living in Paris is become considerably dearer to foreigners, since the Palais Royal has been in vogue. No city or country has such another institution to shew ; consequently, it is novel and attractive to all foreigners, from whencesoever they come. In order to be near at hand, they take lodgings either in the Palais royal or in the quarter around it, and this alone costs them three times as much again, as if they lived any where else. What they want for body and mind, they naturally procure here at a double price ; so that the amount of their expences must necessarily be as high again as it otherwise would. A number of other things, which must be otherwise looked for in the remote parts of the town, and therefore are frequently not looked for at all, they here find together, and they soon become acquainted with abundance of enjoyments, which otherwise would have been unknown and unpaid for. But this dearness is excused, by saying that every thing here is instructive, improving and tending to greater refinement ; and how excellently all this has been taken care of, you have seen from my analysis of the various establishments in the Palais royal.

And in fact, this excuse, if it be mere pretence on one side, on the other it is well founded. Whoever has a sentiment of beauty, taste, art, converse with the world, and observation of mankind, must put up with his additional expences : they will be amply repaid him, if, however, they are not too great for his circumstances. It is an easy matter to find here circles of intelligent and well-bred persons, of whom you will not ask for information in vain. It is very convenient for a young man, who wants to form his exterior, to observe

the behaviour of polished people about him, their dress, their gait, their attitudes and expression, and to apply them to his own improvement. It is very useful to see a thousand critical eyes turned upon them in these particulars; eyes, which no inelegancy, no awkwardness, foolery, or ill-manners, can escape unrebuked. It is extremely profitable to roam about among thousands, in order to learn the art of living among thousands; and it is highly necessary to study a nation in their own capital, and in what may be called their assembly of representatives; that we may get rid of certain prejudices that have grown up with us, as well favourable as unfavourable to them, and see the people as they are, in a place where they may shew themselves as they are; which is not the case even in the liveliest and most numerous companies, that meet together at meals or at cards. In this point of view, the Palais royal has always been an inexhaustible fund of satisfaction to me, one half of which indeed may be owing to my own character, and my disposition to see and to study mankind, and which has been constantly kept on the stretch by the exceedingly remarkable scenes that have crowded on one another during the late surprizing revolution.

By way of conclusion I should be glad to give you a view of what revenue the Palais royal brings in to the duke of Orleans; but accounts I have been able to collect, are by far not so complete, notwithstanding the pains I have taken, as to enable me to make an accurate and satisfactory calculation of the total amount. It appears to me as if the whole of the income was purposely concealed from the public, in order that the duke's reputation for the spirit of finance may not be greater than

than it is. This is certain, that in the whole vast circuit of the new erections, there is not a spot, where a table can be set out, that is not paid for at a rate five times higher, than the same in any other part of Paris; and that in Paris nothing is dearer than space, you know full well already.

If, however, the receipts of the duke be prodigious, so likewise were the first expences of the undertaking. In Paris, where wages, and materials, surveyors and honesty, workmen and industry, are so dear, plans and undertakings of this nature come to three times as much as in other great cities, London itself perhaps not excepted; and with merchants of great capitals the case is the same. The Palais royal has now been flourishing for about six years; but it is very doubtful to me, whether the undertakers have drawn the third of the capital, with the interests backwards and forwards, out of it. He that will gain much here, must lay out much, and the natural relation between expenditure and profit is of uncertain definition. It must be confessed, the idea of the whole was grand, and the execution is every way worthy of the age in which we live.

Farewell.

LETTER OF THE CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU TO
FATHER SUFFREN, A JESUIT, ON THE APPOINT-
MENT OF THE LATTER TO BE CONFESSOR TO
K. LOUIS XIII.

IT having pleased his majesty to make choice of you to be his confessor, it is my hearty prayer, as a well-wisher to your order, and because I know how much good you may do, if you serve the king in that capacity, as you certainly will not fail to serve him ; it is my prayer, I say, that you may so long fill that office, as it shall please God to grant you to this world.

Accordingly, and forasmuch as I think you will have some regard to my suggestions concerning the conduct you should follow in that office, though I am confident that you will not execute it merely from the ambition of keeping yourself at court ; I would yet exhort you to have at heart two powerful motives to the proper discharge of it, the glory of God and the service of the king, to whom you are indebted for it, in having done you the honour of selecting you from so many other worthy ecclesiastics of all the several orders ; and in the next place, I would say a word or two to you, by this opportunity, concerning what I think necessary, as well for your behaviour, as for the honour and preservation of your society, which I have always loved.

Never dabble, I beseech you, in state-affairs ; because, not to mention that they do not belong to your province, you know not the consequences ; and therefore

fore it is impossible you should be able to pass a sound judgment upon them.

Never go to the king, except when he sends for you ; that you may not make yourself too common and cheap, and that what you have once insisted on for his good, may make so much the deeper impression.

Never talk of the affairs of a third or a fourth person, which are merely of temporal concernment. For not only, that is not your business ; but as you cannot make applications in behalf of all who solicit your good word, you will be fatigued with the importunity of petitioners, and diverted from the duties of your station.

Strive not ambitiously to have the disposal of bishoprics and abbacies or other tokens of favour, as they ought always to come immediately and spontaneously from the king ; if you have reason to speak it will be when your conscience tells you that you can do somewhat thereby to prevent the important offices in the church from being filled by unworthy persons.

Let your sermons never exceed at most three quarters of an hour ; for the less devout usually bestow but a short attention to them, and so perhaps, with good hearts, the excellent doctrine you intended to give them may fail of its effect.

As to what concerns your order, have but little to do with its affairs ; and when there is a necessity for application to be made in its behalf, let it be made by some other of your society, that men may see that your order does not seek to obtain any thing from the king through the influence of his confessor, but as a matter of right and justice.

Take care that your fathers shew themselves dutiful towards the lawfully-constituted superiors of the church.

Let them never be moved at the jealousy of other ecclesiastics; for, as these are far more advanced in age, they will bear the less patiently to be treated by you as inferiors. I could wish that your fathers would not so obstinately persist in erecting colleges in places where they meet with opposition; and even that they would not go every where whither they are called. They might content themselves with preaching, hearing confession, catechising and instructing the youth, where they are already established, without being desirous of diving into the affairs of other towns, of private persons, and family secrets.

Try what you can do to prevent your fathers from striving so greedily to enrich their colleges by foreign benefices; for, besides that this is called perverting the view of the founder, by evincing so much sollicitude about accumulating wealth for their houses, it draws upon them the envy of others, and occasions it to be said of them, that they rely less on divine providence than other ecclesiastics.

Let your superiors, I intreat you, take the utmost care that none of your society cause books to be printed, containing bad maxims and such as are contrary to the laws of the state, or assert any thing that may be wrongly interpreted.

If you act in this manner, the king will continue to be satisfied with you, as he already is from the reputation you enjoy, and will maintain both you and your order in that credit, in which they must wish to stand with the world. By this you will constantly more and more obtain

obtain commendation even from the mouth of those who in the main are not your friends. I know, indeed, that you do not care much about that; it is nevertheless indispensably necessary for the benefit of your society.

RESTORATION OF A VERSE IN SOPHOCLES.

BY JOHN HENRY VOSS.

Œdipus on the hill, ver. 1626 — 1649.

S T R O P H E.

1. Εἰ θέμις ἐστί μοι τὰν ἀφανῆ θεον
2. Καὶ σὲ λιλαῖς σεβίζειν
3. Ἐννυχίων ἀναξ
4. Ἀἰδωνεῦ, Ἀἰδωνεῦ
5. Λίσσομαι, μήποθ' ἐπιπόνω,
6. Μήτ' ἐπὶ βαρυαχεῖ
7. Ξένον ἐκλανύσαι
8. Μόρω, τὰν παλκευθῇ κάτῳ
9. Νεκρῶν πλάκα, καὶ Στύγιον
10. Δόμον. πολλῶν γὰρ ἂν
11. Καὶ μάταν πημάτων ἐκνουμένων,
12. Πάλιν σὲ δαίμων δίκαιος ἄξει.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

1. ὦ χθόνιαί θεαί, σῶμά τ' ἀνικήτη
2. Θηρὸς ὃν ἐν πύλαισι

3. Φασὶ πολυζέστοις
4. Εὐνᾶσθαι κνυζεῖσθαι τ' ἐξ ἄνθρωπων
5. Ἀδάμαστον φύλακα παρ' αἶδα,
6. Ὡς λόφος αἰὲν ἔχει.
7. *
8. Οὐ γὰρ παῖ καὶ Ταρῆαρου
9. Καλεύχομαι ἐν καθαῶ
10. Βῆναι ὀρμωμένῳ
11. Νερῆεας τῷ ξένῳ νεκρῶν πλάγκας
12. Σέ τοι κικλήσκω τὸν αἰένυπνον.

When I first read this chorus, I expected at the antistrophe, which denotes the seventh verse of the antistrophe to be lost, a broken construction or a sudden transition of sentiment. But, on passing my eye over it again, I found the sense to be so coherent, that I could not squeeze in an exclamation of only too anapaests. Neither is there in the scholiast, who is here pretty circumstantial, any word that gives one room to suppose the omission of a verse. Triclinius, in his dissertation on the metre of Sophocles, contents himself with saying, that the antistrophe, as well as the strophe, contains twelve verses, without scanning any of them into feet. I therefore wrote the chorus on a piece of paper, verse for verse, marked the longs and the shorts, and compared them.

The sixth verse of the antistrophe was in complete accordance with the seventh of the strophe, when I had brought down to this latter the last syllable of Βαρναχει. I set it in the place of the star, and went back to fill up its vacancy.

The

The fourth verse of the antistrophe made me suspect that it had what was wanting in the foregoing; for he was a whole moloffus longer than his brother in the strophe. I wrote ἐξ ἀνδρῶν apart as a beginning of the fifth verse, and in the strophe struck away the diæresis over Αἰδῶεν.

To the fifth verse the antistrophe returned the tone. For both ἐξ ἀνδρῶν and ἀδαμασον appeared to sound purely; and the fifth verse of the strophe was already suspicious on account of its rapidity, which seemed to me more incongruous with the foregoing longs, and the seriousness of the contents, than I had expected in so great a master of harmony. Neither did I expect the cacophony caused by using ἐπὶ twice so quickly on one another, once in composition with the adjective, and again as a preposition. And what is the meaning of μηπόε? That Œdipus never had made a difficult journey to the regions of the dead? But he was now travelling thither. The scholiast pronounces this passage to be corrupt, as in his copy there was διδς μοι, which he knew not what to do with. On the whole it appeared that the gloss had slipped into the text.

In consequence of this discovery, the first thing I did was to strike out ἐπὶ from before πονῶ. It is nothing new among the lyric poets, for the regent of two words to stand, not before the first, but before the second. Thus: Æschylus, Prometheus, ver. 689. ἐποτ' ἡχομένη ξενῶν μολεῖσθαι λόγῳ εἰς ἀκοῶν ἑμῶν, ὅδ' ὧ δὲ δυσθεάλα. And the viiith Nemæan chorus of Pindar, ver. 70. σοφοῖς ἀνδρῶν ἀεθρεῖς ἐν δίκαιοις τε πρὸς ὕγραν αἰθέρα. Accordingly, the glossator, in the construction, placed the ἐπὶ before

fore $\omega\alpha\upsilon\omega$, whereby they grew together through the fault of the copyist, and thus got into the text.

It was now very conceivable, that a transcriber, to whom the syllable $\omega\sigma$ of $\omega\sigma\alpha\upsilon\omega$ appeared so shining, might make of $\mu\eta\tau\epsilon$, the lection of the scholiast, on my taking away the explicatory $\epsilon\pi\iota$, the word $\mu\eta\pi\sigma\tau\epsilon$.

This done, I had only to turn the well-known $\lambda\iota\sigma\sigma\sigma\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$ into the less-known, and therefore explained by it, $\lambda\iota\sigma\sigma\omega$, and both the verses were equal :

$\Delta\iota\sigma\sigma\omega, \mu\eta\tau\epsilon \omega\sigma\alpha\upsilon\omega$

$\tilde{E}\tilde{\xi} \alpha\tilde{\nu}\lambda\tilde{\rho}\alpha\tilde{\nu} \alpha\tilde{\delta}\alpha\tilde{\mu}\alpha—$

The metre of the sixth verse sounded to me in the strophe entirely pure :

$M\eta\tau' \epsilon\pi\iota \beta\alpha\rho\tilde{\upsilon}\alpha—$

In the antistrophe the dog of hell jumped with seven short syllables ; I wrote therefore $\phi\upsilon\lambda\alpha\kappa' A\tilde{\iota}\delta\alpha$, the doric genitive instead of $A\tilde{\iota}\delta\alpha\sigma$, which the glossator mistook for the accusative of $A\tilde{\iota}\varsigma$, and accordingly stuck in his $\pi\alpha\rho\alpha$ before it. Thus the sixth verse of the antistrophe was there :

$\varsigma\omicron\nu \phi\tilde{\upsilon}\lambda\alpha\kappa' \alpha\tilde{\iota}\delta\alpha.$

Allow me to make yet a remark or two on this chorus, which have nothing to do with the deficient verse.

What means $\epsilon\lambda\alpha\nu\sigma\alpha\iota$ in the seventh verse of the strophe ? What it ought to mean is manifest. The scholiast explains it by $\kappa\alpha\lambda\alpha\nu\sigma\alpha\iota$, namely $\omicron\delta\omicron\nu$ or $\pi\omicron\rho\epsilon\iota\alpha\nu$ εις, as we find in Steph. Lexicon. Might not Sophocles have written $\epsilon\tilde{\xi}\alpha\nu\sigma\alpha\iota$?

In the third verse of the antistrophe stands $\phi\alpha\sigma\iota$. In Doric it would be $\phi\alpha\tilde{\nu}\iota$.

And in the twelfth verse of the antistrophe, most of the editions read, as the Johnsonian does, $\alpha\iota\epsilon\nu\upsilon\pi\pi\omicron\nu\omicron\nu$. The scholiast

Scholiast found it in his manuscript as two words *αἰεν ὑπνον*; for he bids us make one word of it, since it characterizes Death as an infernal deity. A curious god, that is always asleep! And yet Stephens, in his Thesaurus, founds his explication of the word *αἰενυπνος*, which he has adorned with parallels, on this passage alone. The anonymous completer of the Johnsonian edition, says, that Johnson and the interpreter in the London edition of 1722. who signs himself A. B. translated it, *semper infomnem*, but that this explication cannot at all be admitted, since *αἰενυπνον* implies directly the reverse. The learned gentleman gave himself as little concern about the sense as about the rhythmus. By making the antistrophe *τὸν αἰενᾶν ὑπνον*, answer to *δῖχαιρὸς ἀεζοί*, we have a very suitable appellative for the porter of hell. And thus it is in the Brubach edition, as somebody has wrote in the margin of my copy. This *α* before *υπνον* was probably obliterated in the manuscript of the scholiasts or in that of their predecessors; hence the chasm, and the cavils and disputes about the new compound.

The faulty interpunctuation of the editions I altered as I copied the passage.

Francklin has thus translated the chorus which makes the subject of the foregoing disquisition:

Goddeſs inviſible, on thee we call,
If thee we may invoke, Proſerpina; and thee,
Great Pluto, king of ſhades; o grant,
That not oppreſſ'd by tort'ring pain
Beneath the ſtroke of death he linger long,
But ſwift with eaſy ſteps deſcend

To Styx's drear abode ;
 For he hath led a life of toil and pain.
 May the just gods repay his undeserved woe !
 Ye goddeffes revered, who dwell
 Beneath the earth deep hid ; and thou,
 Who, barking from thy gloomy cave,
 Unconquer'd Cerberus, guardst the gods below,
 On thee, o son of Tartarus, we call,
 For thou art ever wakeful, lead, o lead
 To thy dark mansions this unhappy stranger !

On which he subjoins the following note: *Goddeffs invisible, &c.*] This is the fourth song, or intermede of the chorus, who, perceiving that the death of Œdipus is unavoidable, and every moment to be expected, put up their prayers to the infernal powers for his easy and peaceful departure. The original consists, like the other chorusses, of strophe and antistrophe: I have taken the liberty to throw the whole into one irregular ode, of varied measures without rhyme.

THE SPORT OF FORTUNE.

AN ANECDOTE TAKEN FROM A REAL HISTORY.

ALOYSIUS was the son of an officer in the service of a german prince ; and his good natural talents were unfolded and cultivated by a liberal education. Being still very young, but fraught with much substantial knowledge, he entered into the military service of his

his sovereign; to whom he was not long unknown as a young man of great merit and of still greater hopes. Aloysius was in the full ardour of youth, and the prince was so likewise; Aloysius was impetuous and enterprising; the prince, who was so too, was fond of such characters. By a copious vein of wit, and a full stock of knowledge, Aloysius was the soul of every company he frequented; enlivened every circle into which he happened to fall, by a jovialty always equal, and diffused life and gaiety over every object that came in his way; and the prince knew how to prize the virtues which he himself possessed in an eminent degree. Whatever he took in hand, not excepting his very pastimes, had a tincture of elevation: no obstacle could affright him, and no disappointment could conquer his spirit. The value of these qualities was enhanced by a graceful figure; the perfect picture of blooming health and herculean vigour was animated by the eloquent play of an active mind; an inborn natural majesty in mien and gait and air was tempered by a noble modesty. If the prince was charmed with the mind of his young companion, this captivating exterior impressed his senses with an irresistible force. Equality of age, harmony of dispositions and character, soon formed a connection between them, that partook of all the energy of friendship, and all the vehemence of ardent affection. Aloysius rather flew than was raised from one promotion to another: but these outward marks of favour seemed very far short of the lively esteem the prince had for him. His fortune sprung up with astonishing rapidity, as the creator of it was his admirer, his passionate friend. Not yet twenty-

two years of age, he saw himself on a summit, at which the most fortunate commonly finish their career. But his active spirit could not long remain quiet in the bosom of idle repose, nor yet content itself with the shining appendages of a greatness, to the solid uses of which he felt a sufficiency of courage and ability. While the prince was running a round of pleasures, the young favourite employed himself in digging in the mines of records and books; and devoted himself with laborious assiduity to the business of the state: in which at length he rendered himself so accomplished and expert, that all affairs of any consequence passed through his hands. From being a companion in the pleasures, he became the chief counsellor and prime minister, and at last the master of his prince. There was soon no way to the latter but through him. He disposed of all offices and dignities; all recompences and favours were received from his hands.

Aloysius had mounted to this pinnacle of grandeur at too early a time of life and in too sudden a manner, for enjoying it in moderation. The elevation to which he saw himself raised, made him giddy with ambition; his modesty forsook him when he had reached the last aim of his wishes. The tribute of humble submission which was paid him by the first persons of the country, by all who were his superiors by birth, consideration, and fortune, and even by the veterans in office, intoxicated him with pride; and the unbounded authority with which he was invested soon gave a certain hardness to his deportment, which thenceforward became a main feature in his character, and attached itself to him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune. No services

were too painful and great for his friends to expect of him; but his enemies had reason to tremble: for as excessive as his complacency was on one side, so little moderation was in his revenge on the other. He made less use of his authority for enriching himself, than in making the fortune of numbers, who might look up to him as the author of their prosperity; but humour, not equity, selected the object. By a haughty imperious demeanour he estranged from him the very hearts of those whom he had cherished most, while he at the same time turned all his rivals into so many secret maligners or implacable foes.

Among the number of those who watched all his steps with jealous and invidious eyes, and were already forming themselves into the instruments of his ruin, was a count of Piedmont, Joseph Martinengo, belonging to the suite of the prince, whom Aloysius himself had put into this post, as a harmless creature devoted to him, that he might fill the place in the prince's amusements which he began to feel too dull for himself, and which he rather chose to exchange for a more important employment. As he considered this man as the work of his hands, whom, by a single nod, he could re-plunge into the primitive nothing out of which he had drawn him by the breath of his mouth; so he held himself sure of him, as well from motives of fear as from gratitude; and thus fell into the same mistake, as Richelieu did in delivering the young Le Grand as a plaything to Lewis XIII. But, besides being unable to correct this mistake with Richelieu's address, he had to do with a more artful enemy than the french minister had had to contend with. Instead of being vain of his success,

success, and making his benefactor feel that he could now do without him, Martinengo was sedulous to keep up the shew of dependence, and with a feigned submission to attach himself closer to the creator of his fortune. At the same time however he did not neglect to use the opportunities his post afforded him of being frequently about the prince, in their full extent, and to render himself by imperceptible degrees necessary and indispensable to him. In a short time he had gained a thorough knowledge of the temper and dispositions of his master, had descried every latent avenue to his confidence, and had insensibly stolen into his graces. All those arts which a generous pride and a natural elevation of soul had taught the minister to look down upon with contempt, were put in play by the Italian, who did not disdain to employ the most base and servile means for arriving at his aim. Knowing full well that a man is no where in more want of a guide and assistant than in the ways of vice, and that nothing conduces to bolder confidences than a co-partnership in secret indulgences; he inflamed those passions which had hitherto lain dormant in the heart of the prince, and then pressed himself upon him as his confident and encourager. He seduced him into those excesses which least of all admit of being witnessed or known; and thus imperceptibly accustomed him to make him the depositary of secrets from which a third was ever excluded. In short, he at length built his infamous plan of success on the corruption of the prince, and executed it the more easily, as secrecy was a means essential to its completion; so that he was in possession

sion of the heart of the prince ere Aloyfius could have the smallest surmise that he shared it with another.

It may be thought somewhat surprising, that so considerable a change should escape the attention of the sagacious minister : but Aloyfius was too secure in his own importance for admitting the thought that such a man as Martinengo was likely to become his rival ; and the latter was too present to himself, too much on his guard, to awaken his opponent from this presumptuous security, by any inconsiderate act of his. What had made thousands before him to trip on the slippery ground of princely favour, caused Aloyfius also to fall—too much confidence in himself. The private familiarities that passed between Martinengo and his master, gave him no disturbance at all. He readily granted the upstart of his own erection a happiness which he in his heart despised, and which he had never made the object of his pursuit. The friendship of the prince had never any charms for him but as it alone could smoothen his way to sovereign power ; and he carelessly kicked down the ladder behind him as soon as it had helped him to the elevation he sought.

Martinengo was not the man to content himself with playing so subordinate a part. At every advance in the favour of his master, he gave his wishes a bolder scope, and his ambition began to thirst after more solid gratifications. The artificial display of submission he had hitherto made to his benefactor, became daily more irksome to him as the growth of his prosperity awakened his arrogance. The refinement of the minister's behaviour towards him, not proceeding in equal pace with the rapid advances he made in the favour of the prince,

prince, but, on the contrary, often seemed visibly enough designed to humble his aspiring pride by a salutary glance at his origin; so this constrained and contradictory behaviour grew at length so troublesome that he seriously set about a plan to end it at once by the downfall of his rival. Under the most impenetrable veil of disguise he fostered his plan to maturity. Yet durst he not venture to measure swords with his rival in open combat; for, though the prime of Aloysius's favouritism was over, yet it had been too early implanted, and was too deeply rooted in the mind of the youthful prince, to be so suddenly torn up. The slightest circumstance might restore it to its pristine vigour; and therefore Martinengo well imagined that the blow he intended to give him must be a mortal blow. What Aloysius perhaps had lost in the prince's love he might have gained in his esteem; the more the latter withdrew from state-affairs, the less could he dispense with the man, who, even at the expence of the country, took care of his interests with the most conscientious fidelity and devotion — and dear as he had formerly been as a friend, so important was he now to him as minister.

The particular method by which the Italian reached his aim remained a secret between him who received the stroke and him who struck it. It is supposed, that he laid before the prince the originals of a secret and suspicious correspondence, which Aloysius should have carried on with a neighbouring court; whether genuine or forged is a matter on which opinions are divided. Be that as it may, he obtained his end to a dreadful degree. Aloysius appeared in the eyes of the
prince

prince as the most ungrateful and blackest of traitors, whose treason was placed so far out of doubt, that it was thought proper to proceed immediately against him without any formal trial. The whole was managed with the profoundest secrecy between Martinengo and his master, so that Aloysius never once perceived the storm that was gathering over his head. Obstinate in his baneful security, till the awful moment, when he was sunk from an object of general adoration and envy to an object of the deepest compassion.

On the arrival of the decisive day, Aloysius, according to custom, went to take a turn on the parade. From ensign he had become, in the space of a few years, colonel of the guards; and even this post was no more than a modest name for the office of prime minister, which in fact he filled, and distinguished him above the foremost in the country. The guard-parade was the place where his pride was wont to receive the general homage, where in one short hour he enjoyed a grandeur and glory which amply repaid him for the toils of the preceding day. Here persons of the highest ranks approached him only with respectful timidity, and those who did not feel themselves sure of his smiles, with trembling. The prince himself, if occasionally he presented himself here, saw himself neglected in comparison of his grand visier, as it was far more dangerous to displease the latter than it was of use to have the former for a friend. And this very place, where he was accustomed to be revered as a god, was now pitched upon to be the dreadful theatre of his degradation.

He entered carelessly the well-known circle, who stood around him to day with the same reverence as ever, expecting his commands, as ignorant of what was to happen as he was himself. It was not long before Martinengo appeared, attended by some adjutants; no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier—arrogant and strutting with pride, like a lackey raised to a lord, he went up to him with bold and resolute steps, and standing before him with his hat on his head, demanded his sword in the name of the prince. It was delivered to him with a look of silent surprise; when, setting the point against the ground, and putting his heel upon the middle of the blade, he snapped it in two, and let fall the pieces at the feet of Aloysius. This signal being given, two adjutants seized him by the collar, a third fell to cutting out the star on the breast of his coat, and another proceeded to take the ribband from his shoulder, the epaulets from the uniform, and the feather from his hat. During the whole of this amazing operation, which went on with incredible rapidity, among more than five hundred men who stood close round, not a single sound was to be heard, not a breath in the whole assembly. The terrified multitude stood fixt, with pallid countenances, with palpitating hearts, and with a death-like stare, round him, who in this wretched condition—a singular spectacle of ridicule and horror!—past a moment that is only to be felt under the hands of the executioner. Thousands in his place would have fallen senseless to the earth at the first impulse of terror, but his robust nervous system, and his vigorous spirit, outstood this

this dreadful trial, and gave time for the horrors of it to pass and evaporate.

No sooner was this operation over, than he was conducted along the rows of innumerable spectators to the farther extremity of the place de parade, where a covered carriage stood waiting for him. He was ordered by dumb signs to get into it; an escort of hussars accompanied him. The report of this transaction was soon spread over all the residence; every window was opened, and all the streets were filled by persons whom curiosity and surprise had brought from their habitations. A mob ran after the cavalcade, who assailed the ears of the disgraced minion with the intermingled shouts of scorn and triumph, and the still more cutting repetitions of his name with terms of pity. At length he was got out of their noise, but a new scene of terror awaited him here. The carriage turned off from the high road, down an unfrequented long by-way—the way towards the place of execution; whither, by express order of the prince, he was dragged slowly along. Here, after making him feel all the torments of the agonies of death, they turned again down another cross-road, much frequented by passengers. In the scorching heat of the sun, without any refreshment, destitute of human converse, he passed seven doleful hours in this conveyance, which stopped at last, as the sun went down, at the place of his destination, the fortress of Crumwald. Deprived of consciousness, in a middle state between life and death, as a fast of twelve hours and a constantly parching thirst had at last got the better of his gigantic force, they lifted him out of the vehicle—and he came to

himself in a horrid dungeon under the earth. The first sight that presented itself to his opening eyes was the dreadful prison-wall, against which the moon darted down some feeble rays, through a narrow crevice at the height of nineteen fathoms from the ground of his cell. At his side he felt a scanty loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and near him a scattering of straw for his couch. In this condition he held out till the following noon; when, in the middle of the turret, a sliding shutter seemed to open of itself, through which presently two hands appeared, letting down a hanging basket with the same allotment of provision he had found beside him the day before. Now, for the first time since his fatal reverse, pain and anxiety forced from him these questions to the invisible person; how he came here? and what crime he had committed? But no answer was returned from above: the hands were withdrawn, and the shutter closed. Without seeing a human visage, without even hearing a human voice, unable to guess at what might be the end of this deplorable stroke, in like dreadful uncertainty on the future and on the past, cheered by no genial ray of light, refreshed by no wholesome breeze, cut off from all assistance, and abandoned by common compassion, four hundred and ninety doleful days did he count in this place of condemnation, by the bread of affliction which was daily let down to him at noon in silent and sad uniformity. But a discovery he made soon after his confinement here, completed the measure of his distress. He knew this place.—He himself it was who, impelled by a spirit of base revenge, had built it afresh but a few months before for a brave
and

and deserving officer, who, for having been so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, was here to pine away his life in sorrow. With ingenious barbarity he himself had furnished the means of making this dungeon a more cruel abode. Not a long time ago he had come hither in person to take a view of the building, and to hasten the work. For deepening his misery to the utmost extreme, it must so fall out in the order of things, that the very officer for whom this gloomy cell was prepared should succeed to the post of the deceased commandant of the fortress; and, from a victim to his vengeance, should become the master of his fate. Thus vanished away his last sad comfort of self commiseration, and of charging fortune with injustice in loading him with such heavy calamities. To the sensible sensation of his misery was associated a raging self-aborrence, and the pain that is always most biting to stubborn hearts, to depend on the generosity of a foe, to whom he had never shewn any himself.

But this upright man was of a disposition too noble to harbour a mean revenge. The severity he was enjoined by his instructions to use towards his prisoner, cost many a struggle to his friendly spirit; but, as an old soldier, accustomed to follow the letter of his orders with implicit precision, he could do no more than bewail his misfortunes. The forlorn wretch in the dungeon found an active helper in the person of the chaplain to the garrison; who, moved at the distress of the miserable captive, of which he had not till lately heard, and that now only by obscure and unconnected reports, immediately took up the firm resolution, of doing somewhat for his relief. This worthy ecclesiastic,

whose name I suppress with reluctance, thought he could nowise better comply with his pastoral office, than by turning now to the benefit of a poor unhappy man, who was capable of assistance by no other means.

As he could not obtain from the commandant of the fortress leave to visit the prisoner, he set out in person on the road to the capital, to present his request directly to the prince. He made his genuflexion before him, and implored his compassion in behalf of a miserable man, who was languishing in utter destitution of the benefits of christianity, from which even criminals attainted of the blackest enormities cannot justly be excluded, and perhaps verging on the horrors of despair. With all the intrepidity and dignity which the sentiment of discharging our duty inspires, he demanded free access to the prisoner, who belonged to him as one of his flock, and for whose soul he was answerable to heaven. The good cause he was pleading gave him an irresistible eloquence, and as the first displeasure of the prince was somewhat abated by time, he granted him his request to go and comfort the prisoner by a spiritual visit.

The first human countenance that the wretched Aloysius had seen for a period of sixteen months, was the face of this ghostly comforter. For the only friend he had in the world, he was indebted to his misery; his prosperity had gained him none. The entrance of the preacher was to him the apparition of an angel. I make no attempt to describe his feelings. But, from this day forth his tears flowed in less abundance, as he saw himself pitied by one human being.

A ghastly

A ghastly horror seized the ecclesiastic on entering this cave of despair. His eyes rolled about in search of a man — when a grisly spectre crawled out of a corner to meet him, a place that looked more like the den of some savage monster than the sojourn of a human creature. A pale and death-like carcase, all colour of life departed from his visage, in which sorrow and despondency had worn large furrows, the haggard eye-balls fixt in one horrid stare, the beard and nails grown by long neglect to a hideous length, the cloaths half-rotted away, and the air about him charged with pestilential vapour from the total want of ventilation — in this condition did he find this darling of fortune; and all this had his adamant health withstood! Shuddering with horror, and overpowered with compassion at the sight, the preacher ran immediately from the spot to the governour, to draw from him a second boon in favour of the poor emaciated wretch, without which the former would stand for nothing.

But he, sheltering his refusal once more under the express letter of his instructions, the pastor generously resolved on another journey to the residence, to throw himself once more on the clemency of the prince: He declared, that he could not think of profaning the dignity of the sacrament so far, as to enter upon so sacred an act with his prisoner, until he was restored to the likeness of a man. This request was likewise graciously complied with; and from that time the prisoner might again be said to live.

In this fortress Aloyfius still passed several years, but in a far more easy situation, after the short summer of the new favourite was gone by, and others had succeeded

ceeded to the post, who were either of humaner sentiments, or had no revenge to satiate upon him. At length after a ten years confinement, the day of redemption appeared — but no judicial examination, no formal acquittal. He received his liberty from the hands of princely grace; at the same time that it was enjoined him to quit the country for ever.

Here the accounts of his history forsake me, which I have been able to gather alone from oral tradition; and I perceive myself obliged to skip over a period of twenty years. During this space Aloysius had began his career afresh in the military services of foreign states, which led him also there to the brilliant eminence from whence he had been so dreadfully hurled at home. Time, at last, the friend of the unfortunate, who exercises a slow, but an indelible judgement, took up the cause of this unhappy victim. The years of passion were over with the prince, and humanity began to soften his heart, as his whitening hairs admonished him of his mortality. Treading slowly the decline of life, he felt a hankering desire after the favourite of his youth. That he might compensate, as much as possible, to the old man the disasters he had heaped on him while young, he invited the exile, in friendly terms, to return to his country; to which Aloysius was by no means averse, as an ardent inclination to pass the remainder of his days in peace at home had long dwelt in his heart. The meeting was attended on both sides with real emotion, the embrace was as warm and affecting, as if they had parted but yesterday. The prince looked him in the face with a considering regard, as if contemplating the countenance so familiar and yet so strange;

strange; or as if counting the wrinkles he had made on it himself. With eager research he strove to recollect the beloved features of the youth in the shriveled visage of age; but what he sought for was no more to be found. They forced themselves into a kind of cold familiarity — shame and fear had separated their hearts for ever and ever. A sight that must ever recall his cruel precipitancy to his mind could give no complacency to the prince; and Aloyfius could no longer be familiar with the author of his woes. Yet sedate and consoling was his view of the past, as a man gladly looks back on the end of a frightful voyage.

It was not long ere Aloyfius was seen again in full possession of all his former dignities — and the prince repressed his inward aversion to give him a splendid compensation for what was past. But could he give him back the satisfaction he had before in these distinctions; could he revive the heart he had deadened for ever to the enjoyment of life? Could he give him back the years of hope? or think of conferring on him a happiness when old, that should but remotely make amends for the robbery he had committed on him when in the prime of life?

For nineteen years, however, he enjoyed this bright evening of his days. Neither age nor adversity had been able to abate the fire of his passions, nor entirely subdue the hilarity of his spirit. Still, in his seventieth year he was grasping at the shadow of a comfort, that in his twentieth he actually possessed. At length he died — commander of the fortress where the state prisoners were kept. It may be expected that he exercised towards them a humanity, the value of which he had

had so severely been taught to know. But he treated them with cruelty and caprice; and a burst of rage against one of them laid him in the grave in his eightieth year.

REMARKS ON THE GENUINENESS OF SOME PYTHAGOREAN WRITINGS.

BY PROFESSOR TIEDEMANN.

OBSCURITY and uncertainty in the accounts of the antients have been universally complained of by all such as have written on the pythagorean philosophy. Brucker, and some of his late followers, even go so far as to pretend, that whatever we know concerning this philosophy is, for the most part, if not altogether the fictions of alexandrine enthusiasts. Not that we are absolutely destitute of accounts of the first pythagorean times; but that these accounts appear to them under so suspicious an aspect, that they cannot venture to build any thing upon them. For, among other pythagorean remains, two are still in being of the utmost consequence in regard to physiology; one of Timæus the Locrian, the other of Ocellus the Lucanian. If these two relics be really of that high antiquity which the names of their authors should imply, we should be enabled not only to designate, but also to ascertain more accurately and consistently than from any other accounts, the true notions of the italian school concerning the structure of the universe; concerning the nature of matter, and the deity himself. These two,
of

of all the antient accounts, are the only ones that argumentatively deliver the physics of the Samian sage in almost its whole extent; they are almost the only ones, that, after taking off the veil of mystery, dress the pythagorean maxims in the ordinary language of mankind; in short, they are both by persons who drew their opinions from the mouth of the undisguised Pythagoras himself.

The inquiry then whether these two writings be genuine or spurious, is of indispensable necessity to the history of the pythagorean philosophy, and of the utmost importance to the history of the whole antient philosophy. Only by this means is the real antiquity of many principles, hitherto regarded as platonic, aristotelic, and stoic, to be ascertained. As I have for some time employed myself in making researches into the doctrines of the samian philosopher, I have fallen on various arguments, in my opinion not yet sufficiently unfolded, in favour of the authenticity of these two writings. Not that I, however, presume to affix the seal of certainty to them till I shall have learnt the judgement of the public on the weight of the evidence. This I am the more sollicitous about, as that must determine the method in which I am to proceed in the farther execution of my design; it being one of my most ardent wishes to lay the history of this philosophy before the public, cleared as far as possible from all uncertainty.

All avowed conjectures out of the question, I know of two arguments in favour of the work of Timæus on the anima mundi, which gain greatly in importance and weight by their mutual corroboration. The first is

drawn from the style and general contents of the piece itself. The style is artless, and entirely free from all dialectic and rhetorical ornament of later times; at the same time, replete with allusions to the more mystical terms and ideas of the Pythagoreans. The main subject turns on the pythagoric ideas of the numeral relations and numeral harmony of all things, of misshapen matter disposed into form by God; in a word, merely on such doctrines as have been unanimously ascribed to Pythagoras by all antiquity.

This argument, indeed, affords no more than a high degree of probability; since it is not altogether impossible that some artful impostor may have been able exactly to imitate the pythagoric language. But the other pushes this probability into certainty, as it rests solely on the depositions of such antient witnesses as are of unquestionable veracity. That Plato drew from the sources of pythagorism all antiquity affirms without exception. But, that he received instruction from Timæus of Locri, is likewise asserted by several authors of great reputation. Cicero affirms in two places, that Plato was instructed in the whole pythagoric system by Archytas, Echicrates, Timæus, and Acrion, the pythagoreans*; to this testimony we may the more safely trust, as it was delivered before the rise of the new platonic enthusiasm, before the confusion and imposture introduced by the eclectics, as they were called, by a philosopher who thought neither with the platonics nor with the pythagoreans.

* Cic. de Fin. lib. v. c. 7. Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. c. 17.

Thus

Thus then the account has already gained in probability, that Plato's *Timæus* is formed from a pythagoric writing, though it even should have been given us by an author not very credible in himself. But if this account proceeds from an author more antient and credible than Cicero; if it even be transmitted to him successively by the followers of Plato; then scarcely any doubt can remain of its historical certainty.

This older and more credible author is the syllographer Timon, who lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, consequently not very long after Plato; who consequently fetched this account from antient and uncorrupted sources. The syllographer Timon, who, as the common foe to all that were not pyrrhonists, could neither conceal nor disguise the truth, without rendering himself universally ridiculous and contemptible.

These followers of Plato, repeated by Timon, in his account, are Proclus and Jamblichus, who both affirm that they found it in Timon, and prove what they affirm by citing the very words of Timon. The former expresses himself in the following manner: The work on nature, by Timon the pythagorean, is composed in the pythagoric manner; from it Plato learnt, according to the account of the syllographer, to compose his *Timæus*; this book I have prefixed to my commentary, that it may be seen, where Plato's *Timæus* agrees with him, what he has added of his own, and where he deviates from him*. The latter speaks as follows: *Timæus* of Locri (who, as it is reported,

* Proclus in *Timæum* Platonis.

occasioned Plato to compose his like-named *Timæus*, which likewise Timon, the author of the satires, does in the following words: For a round sum of money he bought a little book, and from this he got the materials for composing his *Timæus*) says, in his book of the nature of the world and the soul, as follows, &c*.

From these testimonies we must conclude, that, if there be a book existing which has great similarity with the *Timæus* of Plato, in regard to its principles, and which that platonist acknowledged for the model of this dialogue: then must it be the very same that Plato made use of; that is, it must be that antient work of *Timæus* the pythagorean. All which perfectly agrees with this work; consequently, &c.

As there are never wanting people who take whatever is liable to some doubt to be absolutely unauthentic; so this proof has met with its opponents. Therefore, previous to our giving it full credit, it will be necessary to bring it to the test of these contrary arguments. On occasion of a review of *Timæus*, the anonymous author brings against it the following observation: Timon the syllographer pretends only to know of one book, from whence Plato composed his *Timæus*. Jamblichus expounds *τιμαιογραφειν* as if it signified, Plato wrote out the *Timæus*. But this is contrary to the common mode of speech, by which it means nothing more than that Plato wrote a *Timæus*. Gellius understood it so where he says that Plato bought the books of Philolaus, and thence composed his *Timæus*†.

* Jamblichus, in *Arithmetica Nicomachi*.

† *Bibliotheca Philologica*, vol. i. p. 210. Goettingen, 1770.

That *τιμαιογραφειν* means neither more nor less than to write a Timæus, Jamblichus also doubtless knew, and he must have had a poor opinion of his readers, if he intended to explain to them a word so clear and perspicuous in itself; he himself must have been rather fanciful if he meant to tell us that it signified to write a Timæus out of a Timæus. Jamblichus therefore does not explain Timon's *τιμαιογραφειν*: but he relates a matter of fact out of Timon. And this partly in his own words, and partly in the words of his voucher. If the verses of Timon still in being even imply no more than that Plato wrote a Timæus out of another book, yet the relation of Jamblichus says, that this book was a book of Timæus; and that Timon actually mentions this; for he cites it as an evidence of this account. The words above quoted from Proclus say exactly the same thing. They both together speak so determinately and clearly, that nothing short either of a new system of hermeneutics, or a logic not yet discovered, is necessary for giving them any other interpretation. That Gellius, with others, maintain that Plato borrowed his Timæus from the books of Philolaus, could only excite any doubt, if the words of the two authors in question were less plain. But have they rightly understood the words of Timon? Does not this very difference in the relation prove that Timon must have expressed himself ambiguously? If the relation of Gellius be perfectly just, then indeed this conclusion follows. But now the question arises, how far this may be granted? In the beginning of the principal piece he says that Plato bought the three works of Philolaus; and at the end, that he bought a

pythagoric work, and prepared his *Timæus* from it*. He manifestly hesitates between two opposite traditions, like *Diogenes Laertius*, who in one place asserts that *Plato* bought certain pythagoric works of *Philolaus*†, and in another, that he bought the books of *Philolaus*‡. Hence it incontestably follows, that the account at the beginning of the principal piece is drawn from a source quite different from that out of which he took the account at the end. It still more plainly appears, that *Gellius* at first speaks of *Plato*, then of *Aristotle*, and, regardless of all natural connection, comes back to *Timæus's* account of *Plato*. The latter is therefore, doubtless, an addition made afterwards by *Gellius*, when the beginning of the principal piece was already finished. From the whole, that at the beginning he speaks of three pythagoric books, and, at the end, of one pythagoric book, I draw this conclusion, that *Timon's* words cannot absolutely be understood of the works of *Philolaus*. What *Gellius* quotes from *Timon* implies nothing farther than that *Plato* bought a pythagoric work, and composed his *Timon* from it. Consequently, it cannot thence be concluded, that he understood *Timon's* words differently from *Jamblichus* and *Proclus*, or that *Timon* actually spoke of a work of *Philolaus*.

But, supposing that *Gellius* had so understood *Timon*, the question still remains, whether he rightly understood him? Two philosophers, who besides un-

* *Aulus Gellius*, lib. iii. cap. 17.

† *Diog. Laert.* viii. 84. iii. 9.

‡ *Diog. Laert.* viii. 85.

derstood their Greek, have explained him otherwise; and two philosophers are unquestionably of more authority than one compiler.

However, let us for once admit that the testimony of the two philosophers is of no value, and see what will follow. Nothing more than that Plato's *Timæus* was borrowed from a writing of Philolaus. For Timon says in plain terms, that Plato bought for much money a little book and drew up his *Timæus* from it. His expositors say, that this book was a book of *Timæus* of Locri, or of Philolaus. *Timæus* is rejected; therefore, Philolaus remains alone. This can be no other book than that on Nature, as the composition of the other works of this man have no resemblance with the contents of the *Timæus* of Plato. Now, the beginning of this book runs thus: All nature, the world, and whatever is in the world, consists of finite and infinite things*. This axiom will be sought for in vain in Plato's *Timæus*; we shall therefore justly conclude that the work of Philolaus was not his model; that it consequently must be our *Timæus*, as the only one, of all the antients, whose ideas are like those of Plato.

I am not ignorant, that it may plausibly be urged against this proof, that the little piece of *Timæus* may be composed from the platonic *Timæus*. This method has actually been adopted by the anonymous critic abovementioned; who has endeavoured to secure his argument against all attacks by various batteries, apparently formidable. It will be necessary to examine this matter a little more closely.

* Diog. Laert. viii. 85.

In this piece, says he, we meet with a great deal about eternal models and ideas by which the deity built and constituted the whole creation. These are doctrines which all antiquity first attributed to Plato *.

To find him here on the beaten road is somewhat surprizing, as in all the rest of the treatise he seems so abhorrent of that broad way. It would be curious if he should have proceeded unseasonably to some distance on this road, for the sake of being able unseasonably to quit it at another place. That Plato was the inventor of the ideal system is asserted by most of the antients, and after most of the antients, by all the moderns. Some antients, however, are of the contrary opinion; therefore it is wrong here to appeal to the testimony of all antiquity. If, moreover, the antients of the opposite party are very old, very credible; but the others very modern, very little acquainted with the pythagorean philosophy; then will this general faith, at first so formidable, be nothing more than an empty scarecrow. Diogenes Laertius quotes verses from the very antient pythagorean poet Epicharmus, in which he endeavours to prove the existence of such ideas †. A certain Alcimus shews from these and several other verses, that Plato purloined a great number of speculations or the ideas from Epicharmus ‡. Consequently, Plato, according to these testimonies, was not considered by all antiquity as either the inventor of the name, or as the inventor of the matter.

* Biblioth. Philolog. vol. i. p. 112.

† Diog. Laert. iii. 10. 14.

‡ Diog. Laert. iii. 17.

But, setting aside historical testimony, this is very easily demonstrable from the very nature of the case. This proof could not possibly have escaped the penetration of so accurate a judge of the interior pythagorean philosophy, as our anonymous critic. According to the testimony of Aristotle, Pythagoras represented every thing by numbers, and strove to represent justice and all the other virtues, under the similitude of numbers. Numbers, therefore, were with him what definitions are with us, and ideas with Plato. It is farther proved, that the Pythagoreans held all entities to be impressions of numbers, and numbers therefore to be the originals of all things. The platonic ideas, and the pythagoric numbers are therefore essentially the same, and Plato can no otherwise have borrowed his ideas than from the pythagorean system.

The same thing is also expressly affirmed by other pythagoric fragments. Archytas of Tarentum delivers himself thus : All things are either intellectual, or subject to conjecture, or sensible. Sensible are bodies, conjectural are such things as participate in the ideas, μετεχοντα των ιδεων ; and intellectual the necessary frames of the ideas, as the properties of figures in geometry ; farther, the ideas themselves, τα ειναι αβλα *. The same word also appears in a fragment of Aristæus†.

Accordingly, there were not only two, there were even, from the little that is come down to us, four authors who held the ideas for a pythagoric invention. I know that this conclusion may be evaded by declaring

* Stobæus, eclog. phys. lib. i. p. 92.

† Id. ib. p. 24.

all these fragments to be interpolated; but I likewise know, that those on the other side of the question will gain nothing by it, and that it will reduce them to a very forlorn situation.

They gain nothing by it; for if these writings be even supposititious, they yet betray a pretty general belief of the men of antiquity. He must, however, have been a very bare-faced impostor indeed, who would have attached to the Pythagoreans inventions which were held by all the world to belong incontestably to Plato. They reduce themselves to a very hazardous situation; for it certainly requires a no small degree of boldness to assert, that either more than one impostor, or an impostor had formed several writings, merely in order to make it doubtful that Plato was the inventor of what was universally ascribed to him.

Timæus, continues our critic, confesses in the last chapter, that no genuine Pythagorean, gently treating useful prejudices, would have divulged it. People, says he, who will not suffer themselves to be guided by rational representations, must be held in restraint by useful lyes; as some distempers must be cured by poison, when they will not yield to more wholesome remedies. If Homer collects all the terrors of Olympus and all the horrible tortures of Orcus, such fictions have always their use for certain kinds of people. In case of need we may even have recourse to outlandish fables and transmigrations. — This no true Pythagorean would ever have said, since it must immediately have occurred to him, that no more effectual means could be devised for depriving venerable prejudices

dices of all authority, than by publicly saying, that they are prejudices.

In this passage are contained two objections; one, that Timæus rejected the doctrine of punishments in the inferior world; the other, that he denied the transmigration. Both of them are dangerous; each of them therefore merits a particular examination.

If Timæus had intended to send his work immediately from the pen to the press, then indeed he would not have spoken so freely. But, if he wrote, according to the usual practice of the antient Pythagoreans, solely for the initiated, I cannot perceive why he might not deliver his thoughts freely; he ought to speak them freely in this case, because he otherwise would either have dealt deceitfully with his fellow-labourers, or have shewn himself unnecessarily cautious. He might even have spoke freely, though he did not merely intend to address himself to the initiated, but also to the exoteric Pythagoreans. The author of the critique of the philosophy makes the remark, that the Greeks regarded philosophy and theology as two distinct matters independent on each other, which might be set in direct opposition without producing either harm or confusion. He confirms this observation by several examples; from whence it follows, that either this assertion of our author is wrong, if the remark be right, or that this is wrong, if that be right.

This, and several other things of a similar nature, I should say, if the pythagorean toleration, from whence this consequence is drawn, was so general; and should take the proposition of Timæus himself in the sense which the author gives it. Timæus does not speak of

the lower world in general; but only concerning the fables of Homer about it. In the free translation of the author, this sense totally vanishes; I must, therefore, for my own justification, give one that is somewhat more verbal. “Is any one uncompliant and obstinate [against these representations]; then let him undergo the punishment which the laws ordain, and also those unutterable horrors, which, according to the traditions, are to be inflicted on him in the upper and lower world, (where unavoidable chastisements await the unhappy dead); nay, even all the woes which the ionian poet has feigned in a very laudable manner from the old traditions, in order to make mankind religious. For, as we sometimes cure bodies by poison, when wholesomer remedies fail; so we terrify souls by fictions, when they will not hearken to the truth.” The last period defends the utility of fictions; in the former nothing else was named but the description of the homerical fiction of the lower world; it is therefore manifest that here only the homerical fable is shewn not to be conformable to truth; consequently no injury is done to the pythagorean toleration.

But was not Homer's religion the popular religion? — Whether it was or was not is quite indifferent to us here, since we have express testimony, that Pythagoras declared the fable of Homer to be impious and absurd. Diogenes Laertius informs us, from Hieronymus, an author who lived under Ptolemy Philadelphus, that Pythagoras related that he had seen the soul of Hesiod, in the world below, bound to a brazen pillar, and writhing with pain; and that he saw the soul of Homer hanging to a tree, and surrounded with snakes, on account

count of those things which he had said of the gods*. This story acquires a greater degree of probability, from the known ill-will the earliest eleatics bore to Homer.

The accusation brought by Brucker against Timæus of denying the transmigration of souls, makes just as little as the former against his authenticity. For, had he actually denied it; yet he might be a Pythagorean and an antient author, without believing in transmigration. It is well known that the first disciples of Pythagoras did not all observe strict orthodoxy. But, if he did not deny it; then this is one proof more in behalf of his authenticity. And this latter I take to be the most just; though it be unjust according to the latin and the more recent translations. Timæus, after the words already quoted, proceeds in this manner: We then necessarily speak of unusual punishments, of migrations of the soul, &c.

For the sake of greater perspicuity I here subjoin the very words: Λεγομένο δ' αναγκαιώς και τιμωριαί ξεναι, ὡς μέλει-
δομεναν τᾶν ψυχᾶν των μεν δειλων ες γυναικεα σκανεα ποθ' ὕβριν
εκδιδόμενα, κ. τ. λ. The τιμωριαί ξεναι our author translates by outlandish punishments; but we may learn from any lexicon, that ξενος signifies, strange or unusual, and that the doctrine of the transmigration of souls was to the Greeks. Αναγκαιώς relates to those who would not allow themselves to be governed by reason, and in regard to them the transmigration was necessarily enforced, to keep them in restraint at least thereby; because for rational people such punishments were not

* Diogenes Laertius, viii. 21.

needful. Herein therefore is nothing against transmigration. But what is in favour of it is the conclusion: "All this," says Timæus, "hath Nemesis, in conjunction with the subterranean deities who revenge the crimes, and watch over the actions of mankind, established in the other period." This relates to nothing but the transmigration, as what was last spoken of; from whence it follows, that, far from combating it, he rather adopts it in all seriousness.

After these observations we shall not lay much stress on the following question: Why has no one of the antients, previous to Clemens Alexandrinus, cited Timæus? Why is he not once mentioned by that Alcimus who was so keen in detecting the plagiarism of Plato? We shall immediately recollect that Timon lived before Clemens, and that the latter has quoted him, according to the exposition of two philosophers; that the passage from Gellius cannot be safely alledged against this exposition; that consequently Clemens is not the first that names him. The conclusion that will be naturally drawn from hence is, that we should find him oftener quoted, if the writings of remoter periods, particularly of the learned Chrysippus, and the works of the antients on the history of philosophy had come down to our times. In that case we should not so very much wonder that Alcimus, though he so accurately traced out the plagiarism of Plato, has not spoken of him, as we do not know how far the reading and erudition of this Alcimus may have extended.

Perhaps, however, Aristotle, who is so busied in investigating the sources from whence his master drew his knowledge, mentions him? — The business of
Aristotle

Aristotle in detecting the sources of his master is not so extremely accurate as to justify us in drawing consequences unfavourable to Timæus from it. He says indeed, that Plato borrowed this and that from the Pythagoreans, but he never names the writings from whence he took it; as he generally mentions the name of the man, and never that of the work, whose opinions he endeavours to refute. The same method is usually followed also by Plutarch and Sextus; consequently, we have no need to be surpris'd at their silence. What, however, is observable in this silence I shall take notice of in speaking of Ocellus, whose defence I have now to undertake.

Concerning the existence of the work of Ocellus there is no testimony to be produced so antient as those concerning the writings of Timæus; but probably the authenticity of them will not therefore be the less apparent. Gale quotes several authors that mention Ocellus*; but, as most of them are too modern, or otherwise too liable to suspicion, I will rather pass them by entirely, than render a matter already uncertain, still more so, by adducing the testimony of doubtful witnesses. The oldest author, hitherto known, by whom this work is mentioned, is Philo Judæus, who affirms, that he saw it himself†. Sextus Empyricus also touches upon an opinion of Ocellus, without letting drop the slightest suspicion concerning the genuineness of this author*. Philo lived in the first century, con-

* Gale. opusc. mythol. p. 501.

† Philo *περί αφθαρτίας κόσμου*.

‡ Sext. Empyr. adv. math. x. 316.

frequently before the alexandrine fanatical impostures were put in practice; and Sextus was certainly the man to have detected this imposture if he had had but the smallest surmise of it. No evidence is at all in being from the antients concerning the forgery of this work; on the historical side there is therefore nothing to be alledged against it, of any importance.

But if we are disposed to give way to conjectures, it is certain that many things, with great appearance of truth, may be advanced on the opposite side: and it must be confessed, that the anonymus already so often cited comes upon us in this way with great ingenuity. His arguments are as follow: 1. It is somewhat surprising that all the philosophers before Philo, who lived in the first century, neither quote Ocellus nor mention his totally new system. Neither Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Galen, nor Plutarch, all of them philosophers of immense reading, once take the least notice of him. I know that silence cannot always be admitted as testimony against the authenticity of a writing. But a silence so general as this, and amid such circumstances, is always an inexplicable mystery.

That this inexplicable mystery is no irrefragable proof, is not to be denied, and the author himself seems to confess as much. At most it can only awaken some suspicion, so long as it is not shewn that the said philosophers ought absolutely to have named Ocellus. But, if it be evinced by other arguments, that nothing was more natural than this silence; then all suspicion falls to the ground. And this, I think, may be done, without much difficulty. Plato very seldom quotes more antient authors by name, unless when he wants expressly

to confute them. But, in regard to Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, he observes the profoundest silence ; throughout his works, the name of Pythagoras appears not much more than once, and of the names of the Pythagoreans very few beside that of Timæus. What is more, he never styles these persons Pythagoreans. For what reasons he acted thus, is here quite a matter of indifference. And thus therefore Plato's inexplicable silence is explained.

As little mysterious may the silence of Aristotle appear to an attentive observer. This philosopher, who otherwise always names his adversary, never quotes the title or the author of the pythagoric books he is refusing. He always makes use of the indeterminate expression, some Pythagoreans, or some italian philosophers, say this or that. Though assuredly he was acquainted with more than one of them ; since he marks the variations in their doctrine. The reason of this may have been what it will : yet thus much is plain from it, that his silence in regard to Ocellus is by far not so mysterious, nor by its mysteriousness so demonstrable, as the abovementioned author pretends.

In regard to Galen and Plutarch the same remark holds good ; neither of them ever quotes the writings of other Pythagoreans.

Hence it follows, that either this silence in respect to Ocellus, proves nothing, or that all the pythagoric fragments now extant are forgeries. To this proposition, singular as it may appear, our author seems to have no objection. He probably did not consider, that the testimony of Timon, in regard to Timæus of Locri, was false ;

false ; that the golden verses, which have more than one mark of high antiquity, are interpolations, and that Aristotle must stand in palpable contradiction to himself. For he has remarked the differences of the pythagoric opinions ; he therefore was acquainted with more than one pythagoric writing ; and yet these writings were not at that time extant ! Or did they somehow exist, only not as we have them at present ? — This can no otherwise be proved than by their opinions. I should be very glad to see this proof adduced by our author, concerning all and singular pythagoric fragments. It must necessarily contain much new and extraordinary matter, since from all that we know at present of pythagoric doctrines, it can hardly be made general.

In regard of Ocellus this author speaks in the following manner : 2. Plato even knew nothing of the hypothesis of the eternity of the world, as no philosopher before him had treated of it. All maintained an eternal matter ; they were only divided in their notions, whether this formless ~~un~~ was produced by an almighty being, and arranged into such a world as we now inhabit, or whether it was all the work of chance. — This hypothesis of the eternity of the world must have been absolutely unheard of before Aristotle ; as he publicly gave himself out for the inventor of it. Would not the teachers of the old academy, and all other philosophers who dissent from Aristotle, have held up Ocellus to him for his confusion, if he had actually existed at that time ? There is not one single antient author known to us, who has made this reproach to Aristotle,

Aristotle, or that has repeated it from another. Censorinus is the only writer that makes Pythagoras and Archytas, like Ocellus, maintain the eternity of the human race, and consequently, of the whole beautifully ordered world. But against this all antiquity testifies with one consent. It was the *μονα*s, that put the shapeless matter, *δυσ*s, into the best possible connection. Censorinus lived in an age when so many writings had been so long interpolated, that almost all criteria for distinguishing the genuine from the false were lost. Probably he had some pretended writings of Pythagoras and Archytas in his mind.

On the certainty of the proposition, that Aristotle first taught the eternity of the world, the author relies too much to think with others of supporting it by doubtful arguments. As soon as the reverse is shewn of him, these arguments fall away of themselves. That the word of Censorinus is not of the utmost validity he very justly remarks; but herein perhaps a little too much may be affirmed, that he is the only author who ascribes to Pythagoras the hypothesis of the eternity of the world, and the whole of antiquity is unanimously against him. Varro perfectly coincides with Censorinus*, and Varro lived in a place where the interpolated writings did not first appear; at a time when the imposture of the Alexandrines had not yet gained ground. Again, a little before Varro lived a certain Alexander surnamed Polyhistor†. From this Alexan-

* Varro de Re rustic. voll. ii. 1.

† Jons. de script. hist. Phil. vol. ii. 16. 1.

der, who agrees with the accounts of Aristotle *, Diogenes Laertius relates, that Pythagoras maintained the following proposition : The animals procreate their species by seed ; that they originate from the earth is impossible †.

We know that almost all the philosophers affirmed the origin of animals to be from the vivification of mud and slime by the heat of the sun. The question is here manifestly about the first rise of the animal species ; for, as no man could be so senseless as to maintain that still in his time animals grew up out of the earth : so likewise none could be so childish as to maintain the contrary. Laertius quotes this tenet of Pythagoras as a remarkable one, and it could only be so by reason of its opposition to the majority of the other tenets. This being supposed, he asserts nothing else than the eternity of the world. For if it be impossible that animals ever grew up out of the earth ; if it be certain that they are only engendered of each other : then it follows, that animals must have been from eternity, and therefore likewise arranged mundane systems.

Accordingly, there are very credible and antient authors who contend with Aristotle for the honour of having invented the hypothesis of the antecedent world. But there are also moderns who have espoused this party. Stobæus affirms ‡, that Pythagoras taught his followers, that the world had a beginning only in the

* Diog. Laert. viii. 36.

† Diog. Laert. viii. 28.

‡ Stobæus Eclog. Phys. lib. i. 25.

abstract, not according to time. In another place he produces a passage out of Philolaus in which the world is termed an eternal effect of the eternal God *. Allowing this testimony to have proceeded from unauthentic sources; yet the corrupter of these sources must have had an authority before him, for enabling him to ascribe to Pythagoras a discovery of Aristotle. It is impossible therefore that the belief of antiquity, that Aristotle was the inventor of the hypothesis of the eternal world, was either so general, or so ascertained, as our author endeavours to prove.

That Plato was not acquainted with this philosophy would indeed be surprizing, if we did but know for certain that he was not acquainted with it. It is not expressly laid down in *Timæus* Locrus; he therefore, as commentator, had no occasion to touch upon it. That he has not quoted it in other places, might arise from hence, that he did not venture to name it, as being contrary to the received fabulous doctrine. We know that Plato, rendered prudent from the example of Socrates, is very cautious of touching on matters that ran counter to the popular religion.

But Aristotle declared himself its inventor, without drawing upon himself the censure of any for it? Doubtless the author knows too well, from the literary history even of our own times, that we cannot make any great dependence on authors boasting of their own inventions; for him to rely implicitly on the deductions from this proposition. And Aristotle, in particular is

* Stobæus, *Eclog. Phys.* lib. i. 24.

known for one who was very apt to make use of foreign inventions under borrowed names, and with some new limitations to pass them for his own. His forms are undoubtedly platonic, and his contrasted principles undoubtedly pythagoric. Against both he contends in more than one place of his writings, and yet adopts both with the alteration of a few collateral circumstances.

That nobody reproached him with it is easily comprehended, if we do but accurately state who that nobody is. It is not, as the author pretends, the whole antient world; for that we know not; it is only the small remains of antient authors which grudging fate has suffered to reach our times. Cicero, Sextus Empyricus, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, are the principal persons that this large expression comprehends. Why these did not make that reproach to Aristotle it is not difficult to see. Cicero had not read any pythagoric writings, since he never quotes them; Plutarch and Sextus are in the same predicament, as they likewise never name the pythagoric writings. Therefore no reproach was to be expected from them.

But from the other authors from whence they drew their materials? — In proper Greece the pythagorean philosophy could never make its way; accordingly the pythagoric writings were not there much known. And even if they had been more known: yet it may so have happened, that these few remains had no convenient opportunity for divulging this aristotelian theft.

This theft however has been actually divulged, and that exactly, by a writer whose words are quoted by our

our author himself. Philo says expressly: some have said, that, not Aristotle, but Pythagoras, was the inventor of the hypothesis concerning the eternity of the world. This reproach then was made to Aristotle by more than one, and it was made before Philo; therefore, also, before the alexandrine impostures. This manifest contradiction our author keeps from his reader's sight, by saying: Philo expresses himself problematically. A man must be greatly disposed to the problematical indeed, to find uncertainty in Philo's plain and simple words, *some say*; and he must have a very problematical knowledge of the language, who should translate *ἐνιοὶ λέγουσι*, by *some believe*.

But, even if the eternity of the world should here prove nothing: yet the author so often mentioned, deduces from the nature and frame of the doctrine of Ocellus another argument against the authenticity of the piece. He goes on thus: 3. Of the peculiar pythagoric opinions we find not one in all Ocellus. Not the least mention of numbers, without which a genuine disciple of Pythagoras in this doctrine concerning the origin of the world, could not proceed one step; nothing of symbols, of the origin of the human soul; nothing of the mystic, mysterious language, that in a manner characterized them. On the contrary, not only the doctrines, but even the expressions, agree with those that we find in the treatise of Aristotle *περὶ γενεσεως και φθορας*. Eternity of the world, transformation of the elements, the *ἐναντιώσεις, δυνάμεις, σοιχεία*, and the like, are in both precisely the same. How could Ocellus, who is said to have lived shortly after Pythagoras, so far conceal the system and the technical

terms of his master, as that nothing of either should escape him any where? Such a consistency of ideas, and such a clear and artless diction, are so different from what are seen in the fragments of the other pythagorean adepts, of Empedocles, for example, that it could not but be observed.

The objections are here so artfully drawn up in a phalanx, as to seem irresistible; perhaps, however, this phalanx may be defeated, if we can but divide it. The deficiency of symbols, of mystic language, of numbers, would undoubtedly prove much, if the author had but first proved that a Pythagorean could absolutely neither think nor write without them. If to this we add, from the history of Pythagorism, the remark, that all these matters were adopted for no other purpose than to throw dust in the eyes of the profane; that Ocellus wrote only for most intimate friends: I say, if we take all this into consideration, I cannot see why Ocellus might not have laid the mask aside.

From the assertion that the transformation of the elements is likewise taught by Aristotle, it will yet hardly follow, that it cannot be taught by Pythagoras. Accordingly it ought necessarily to have been here shewn that this doctrine is not pythagoric. And this proof would have been attended with so much the greater difficulty, as very antient and authentic testimonies declare the contrary. From Alexander Polyhistor and Aristotle, Diogenes Laertius relates the following: From solid figures arise solid bodies; and to this class belong the four elements, fire, water, earth, air, which are interchangeably altered and transformed.

formed *. Whoever has read Timæus Locrus with any degree of attention, will have found in him this very maxim.

In like manner will a little attention to the antients, together with a competent recollection of particular passages, very easily discover, that even the opposite principles are genuine pythagoric. Ocellus reckons heat and cold, dryness and moisture, among these opposite principles. This, in conjunction with the just-mentioned testimonies, that there are four elements, and with the ordinary perceptions of mankind, that fire is hot, water cold, the air moist, and the earth dry, would of itself afford a strong presumption in favour of the opposite principles. This presumption however we have no need of, since express testimonies are extant. Light and darkness, heat and cold, moisture and drought, says Diogenes Laertius, after Alexander and Aristotle, are distributed in the world in equal portions †. Who sees not here the opposite principles? Aristotle himself speaks of them, when he cites the ten *συσχημας*, which are all opposed to each other. Though heat, cold, drought, and moisture are not expressly found among them; yet we need only consider, that heat and cold are with Ocellus the active, dryness and moisture the passive principles; that the Pythagoreans gave the two, in their mystic symbolical languages, the epithets of male and female, for finding them likewise in Aristotle.

* Diog. Laert. viii. 25.

† Diog. Laert. viii. 26.

It is to be hoped, that no one will hastily admit the clear and artless expression, and the well-connected ideas to make against this writing. We must, in that case, receive it as an axiom, that Pythagoras and his disciples, without exception, were frantic or foolish from enthusiasm. And thus then this formidable phalanx of objections is happily dispersed.

Our author seems to build much on the argument, that Diogenes Laertius does not produce Ocellus amongst the Pythagoreans. But, he likewise does not name many other Pythagoreans; and yet it would be doing very wrong to conclude, that we should deny existence to all that are not mentioned by him.

EPISTLE ON THE MODEL OF THE TYRRHENA REGUM
PROGENIES, &c. OF HORACE.

WHY, o my friend, now that all nature is decked in her loveliest charms — why sit we solitary at home, while the three fabulous sisters are yet spinning our lives in vigorous threads? — Escape from toil, cease at once to investigate of what springs and wheels our bodies are composed, or what powerful force re-conducts the deranged machine into its former course: for a while leave father Hippocrates and his discordant sons.

Benign joy now visibly walks along the aromatic groves; every child of nature discards his little cares,
and

and earth and water and sky invite to purest pleasure. Thou fittest perhaps sighing behind thy curtain in profound meditation on our future destiny ; or, like a fool, art hunting after the fame of a philosopher or a poet. — Remember, only that is our's which we enjoy ; the rest is irrevocably snatched away by the swift-footed messenger of time.

My friend ! God wisely covers with a tenfold night the deep recesses of futurity ; and laughs when we tremble more than we need. What is present strive to take with thee ; the rest is like our stream, here it gives moisture to the blades of grass, here the cattle feed, and it fills inspired men with song, now it overwhelms the time-worn rocks, roots up trees, and bears flocks and houses and fields along its swelling torrent.

Blessed is the man that is master of himself ; and joyfully he lives, who every night can say : This day I have lived ; to-morrow, shine again, thou sun ! or let the tempest hide thy glories from the earth — the iron pen of time has written up to-day for me, indelible even to eternity.

Fortune, the capricious goddess of fools, is now favourable to me, and now to others — I can praise her while she stays. But, if the buzzard flies away on rapid wings — then welcome holy poverty ! welcome thou prolific parent of arts and virtues — wrapped, O Innocence, in thy velvet mantle, I calmly wait the unfolding sky, and the crashing earth. Shall I, because Caius robs me of my estate by law, or my relations craftily lurk behind me, and even justice opens her wide jaws, shall I break out into curses, like a woman, call down vengeance from heaven, or seek to bribe it

by my vows? — o! then I soar aloft on easy pinions, cut through the yielding air, see deep below me the point of earth, descry infinite worlds, have hopes even from the grave, and exclaim, with the poet: Whatever is is right.

A SCRAP CONCERNING THE CHINESE.

HOW much the prejudice of antiquity and the aversion to what is foreign, are in opposition to the increase of the comforts of society, is demonstrated by the state of the numerous and in their way tolerably civilized nations beyond the Ganges; though by those means their internal constitution is secured, and, fortunately for the states of western Asia, they are kept free from the rage of conquest. That their remotest progenitors were deficient neither in understanding nor talents, is seen by their civil institutions and the flourishing state of the arts. They are still quick of apprehension and successful in imitation: but upon the whole, they must adhere to the antients, and even their conquerors must comply with this rule; for to all new modes and inventions they turn a deaf ear. Their art of medicine is without anatomical knowledge, their gunpowder is ungrained, in their armies is much useless lumber, the use of the magnetic needle is very defective, their paper is without consistence, and their printing-press without types [for their types in blocks are nothing like ours]. The mechanism of clock-work they have not

not at all; and therefore european clockmakers are indispenfably neceffary at the court of Peking.

The great Cang-hi, who in his attempts on his country, refembled Peter the great, but without his fuccefs, though he was equally fenfible of the fuperiority of the Europeans, and would have willingly introduced them among his fubjects, caufed two glafs-houfes to be eftablifhed at Peking with european workmen; but it does not appear that they were continued after his death, or that they promoted the ufe of glafs throughout his empire. At leaft the windows are ftill fupplied with paper or oyfter-fhells, and their mirrors are of white copper. Of all our glafs wares they efteem none but fuch as are prepared for dioptrical ufes. Since glafs was fo early found out as to have the Phœnicians for its inventors, and is not yet introduced among the Chinefe; it fhould feem that they did not obtain thofe arts which they have in common with us, from abroad, but found them out themfelves. Accordingly the arts with them are nearly what they were at firft, and the improvements of them are about 300 years behind our's. Books that treat of grammar, of nature, and their civil hiftory, geography, houfehold management, mechanical arts, morality and politics, they have in great numbers; and they are not wanting in poets. But of fpeculative fciences they know nothing: their philofophers are only expofitors of the books of Cong-fu-tzu, and their priefts only teachers of the dreams of the Budda or Sommona Coddom.

The languages of thefe tribes confift of monofyllabic words, and are the medium from the animal founds to human fpeech. In the remoteft times, while pure fenfitive

fitive men, like the *Ægyptians* and our forefathers, they had but few wants, which however increased in the sequel with the use of reason, the former they could sufficiently denote by the variations of the simple sounds; afterwards they were indeed in want of more words; yet it did not occur to them to form them like our's by the combination of single sounds, but they thought to preserve the latter by giving them various tones some of them scarcely distinguishable by an european ear. Hence it was that for each of their simple ideas they a simple word.

Of all these languages the chinese has continued the poorest, consisting only of about 800 syllables, each of which begins with a consonant, and some of them end only with *n* and *ng*; they have besides no *b*, *d*, *g* and *r*. The other nations, as *Coreans*, *Tonquins*, *Siamese*, *Peguans*, and *Thibetans*, begin their monosyllabic words, not only with all our sounds, as well vowel as consonant, but likewise form their terminations in them; and the *Malayians* have a dissyllabic language. Of the like nature the languages of the islands in the *South-Seas* seem to be.

The words of the Chinese not consisting of compounded syllables, they never attempted a dissection of them, or an alphabet from that method; but sought to represent their ideas by the delineation of the object thought of in rude figures: in process of time they separated these figures, preserving only some of the main strokes, the crooked lines whereof they changed into strait, for the greater conveniency of pencil-writing. Thus arose their present characters; which, in regard to facility, plainness and easiness of comprehension,

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can come into no comparison with our mode of writing. With these signs they proceeded farther : for signifying abstract ideas, as we do at times with the syllables of our words, they made a selection of 214 of these signs, consisting of several strokes, looking on each as a simple one, which had its own peculiar name, and represented a single matter, comprehending several objects in it. Hence arose a real catalogue consisting of as many main-divisions as they thought they could properly comprize the signs of all their ideas in. And, in order by this means to obtain a stock of signs for all possible ideas, they set two, three, and sometimes more of these single characters together. These now lost their usual names and main-significations in this connection ; but still lay as the ground of the compound characters, according to which they were arranged in the 214 classes, either by the natural relation of their significations, or the similitude of the metaphors under which the Chinese thought of the matter. In this manner the lexicon formed in the reign of the emperor Cang-hi is composed, which consists of forty volumes.

Such a mode of writing may have this use, that it will be understood by nations of quite different languages : only it should consist of easier signs, nearly of such as bishop Wilkins made an attempt with.

The Mandshours who are masters of the empire, in their polysyllabic language, make use of a syllabic-writing formed from the old-syriac, with which they could even write well the Chinese, if the signs of the tones were added. In both modes of writing, the words *Constantinus dux Saxoniae*, would sound thus : Co-no-so-tan-ti-nu-fu du-ku-fu Sa-ko-so-ni-je.

BIANCA.

ABOUT the end of the fifteenth century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine, of a good family, but poor, took up his residence with a merchant in Venice, his countryman. Opposite the house where he lodged, was the back-gate of the dwelling of a Venetian of quality, Bartolemeo Capello. In this house lived a young lady of extraordinary beauty, of the name of Bianca. She was indeed closely watched; however, Buonaventuri soon discovered her, as she came frequently to the window. Of a nearer access to her, he did not dare to form any hopes; yet he did all he could to entertain her, and to evince his inclination. He was young and amiable; it was not long before he ceased to be indifferent to her: and, in short, after repeated negotiations, the two lovers at length found means to accomplish their wishes. Bianca never failed, every evening at a late hour, when all the family were in bed, to slip into Buonaventuri's chamber, in the merchant's house, by means of a little back-door, which she took care to leave ajar for that purpose; and without any soul being aware of it, returned every morning before break of day.

After they had carried on this diversion for a pretty long while, as it commonly happens, she grew bolder by habit; and, having once staid longer than usual with her lover, it happened by chance that a baker's boy, who wanted to fetch yeast from an adjoining house, perceived that the little back door stood open. Not
dreaming

dreaming that this could be owing to any thing but neglect ; he shut it to.

Presently after came the young lady ; and found the door fast. In great consternation, she hurries back to the house from whence she was come out ; knocked gently at the door, was let in by her lover, to whom she related the ugly accident. Gratitude as well as love impelled him to take a sudden resolution ; every thing was to be sacrificed to their safety. He quitted the house on the spot ; hired an apartment for himself and Bianca in the house of another Florentine, and kept themselves concealed with all possible care, till a favourable opportunity offered for eloping to Florence.

In Florence he had a small house, on the Via larga, near S. Marco, directly facing a nunnery. Here they likewise kept themselves in the closest retirement, for a considerable time, for fear of any pursuit from Venice.

The then grand duke of Tuscany was Francis Maria, the son of Cosmo I. and father of Mary di Medicis. He had to his wife Johanna of Austria, daughter of the emperor Ferdinand, dowager queen of Hungary ; a very worthy princess, but now somewhat advanced in years. Hence it happened, as is no uncommon case, that the grand duke would sometimes prefer another lady to her. One of his courtiers, who had a spouse, as well skilled in officiousness as himself, used commonly to play the confidant in these intrigues of the prince.

Bianca might keep herself concealed as much as she would : there was soon a rumour in Florence of the beautiful venetian lady that was newly arrived ; and the report

report of her adventure as well as of her beauty, to which her studied reserve not a little contributed; all this made the grand duke long ardently to see her. Every day he purposely passed before her chamber; and, as it was her only favourite pastime to stand at the window, it was not long before his curiosity was satisfied. She was half-veiled; but the grand duke had seen enough for being desperately in love with her.

The confident, who soon perceived the unconquerable passion of his master, now began to set his wits at work, in conjunction with the duke, in order to contrive the means of satisfying it. His like-minded lady was duely admitted of the consultation. The late hard fortune of Bianca, and her gloomy prospects in the future, gave the worthy dame the fairest opportunity for letting Bianca privately know, that matters of consequence could be communicated to her; and accordingly for inviting her to her house. Buonaventuri had a long struggle with himself, whether he ought to consent that Bianca should accept of the invitation or not. Yet, the high rank of the court-lady, and then his own penurious circumstances, helped him at length to surmount all difficulties. Bianca went, and was received with the most flattering politeness, that bordered on real tenderness. She was desired to relate her story; it was listened to with heartfelt emotion, at least in appearance; the most affectionate offers were made her; she was loaded with civilities; presents were tendered, almost forced upon her.

Highly satisfied with this first visit, the grand duke flattered himself that he might be present at the second. Shortly after, the court-lady invited Bianca once more :
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she was again accosted with the utmost respect and tenderness; and after repeated expressions of pity, and numberless encomiums on her beauty, she was asked whether she was not desirous of being presented to the grand duke? He, for his part, had intimated his wishes to be able to make her acquaintance, as he had already found an opportunity of seeing and admiring her. Bianca had either not fortitude or not virtue enough, for resisting this fresh instance of good-will. At first indeed she made some attempts to elude it; but she made them with a look — as her artful seductress quickly perceived — that only wished to be farther intreated. At this moment, according to their preconcerted plan, the grand duke entered the room, as if by chance. Bianca found herself extremely taken with his person, with his animated praises, with his liberal offers. The visits were repeated; they imperceptibly grew familiar together: a few presents which she did not dare to refuse, as coming from the bounty of her sovereign, helped to further the grand duke's designs; and her husband, thought it, on the whole, not adviseable to interrupt a connection, that, at any rate was advantageous, and might *perhaps* be innocent. — The grand duke was not a man to stop short in so fair a course: promotions of the husband must necessarily assist him in gaining the favour of Bianca; and, to be brief, he at length attained the end of his wishes, so completely to the satisfaction of the several parties; that he and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, were at last as perfectly fitted together as the three sides of an equilateral triangle. The husband very quickly adapted himself admirably to his new situation; he hired for himself and his

his handsome wife a better house; and daily made new acquaintances with the courtiers, and people of figure. But this sudden good fortune was too much for the merchant's clerk to be able to bear; he grew, as usual, haughty and arrogant; began to shew his insolence to the principal nobility, and even to the grand duke himself; and thus raised himself so many enemies, that at length he was one night attacked in the street, (it was in Italy) and murdered.

Who now were more glad than the grand duke and Bianca? They completely laid aside the last remains of decorum and reserve; and shewed themselves publicly in splendor and magnificence.

Johanna, the legitimate wife of the grand duke, though she strove, as much as possible, outwardly to conceal her just indignation at the conduct of her spouse, and her jealousy towards her rival, yet they rankled only the more furiously within; she pined at heart, fell sick, and died.

The death of the duchess opened fresh prospects to the aspiring Bianca. The heart of the grand duke was wholly at her command; he must do what she pleased: and now she exerted all her art to induce him to wed her in form. In vain did the grand duke's brother, cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, who in default of a male descendant, was next successor to the throne, employ all the means in his power to prevent it; she was so happy as to accomplish her aim; and Bianca was, in a short time after, grand duchess of Tuscany.

She now naturally wished to bless her spouse with a prince who hereafter should succeed to the throne. She caused prayers to be put up for her in all the churches;

had masses read ; ordered star-gazers and prophets to be fetched from every quarter : all to no purpose ! She therefore at length took up the resolution, in order that she might have her desire, to feign herself pregnant, and then to substitute a foreign child. Intending thus, at least, to have the honour of a mother. A bare-foot friar of the monastery of Ogni Santi, was easily persuaded by bribes to take the execution of the project upon him. The grand duchess now began to be indisposed : she was taken with unaccountable longings : she complained of tooth-achs, head-achs, qualms, indigestions, &c. She took to her chamber ; and at length to her bed : she acquainted the court with her situation, and no one was more rejoiced at the news than the grand duke himself.

When, according to her reckoning, the time of her delivery must be come, she suddenly made a great alarm at midnight ; roused her attendants ; complained of the first pangs, and ordered, with great impatience, her confessor (the bare-footed Carmelite) to be called.

The cardinal, who was not unacquainted with the cunning of his sister-in-law, had for a long time past caused her to be so closely watched, that he was perfectly informed of the plot. He no sooner got intelligence that the confessor was sent for, than he hastened to the ante-chamber of the grand duchess ; where he walked up and down, and kept reading his breviary. The grand duchess, on hearing that he was there, ordered him to be told ; that she begged him, for God's sake to be gone, as she could not endure the thought of a man being so near her in her present circumstances.

The cardinal answered dryly : Let her highness attend to her own business, and I will mind mine ; and continued to read his breviary. Now came the confessor, according to appointment. As soon as he appeared the cardinal flew to meet him with open arms : Welcome, welcome, my dear ghostly father ! The grand duchess has labour-pains, and is greatly in want of your assistance. With these words he hugged him fast in his arms, and was thereby immediately struck with the sight of a lovely new-born child which the good father had concealed in his bosom. He took it away from him, and called out so loud, that even the grand duchess could hear him in the adjoining chamber : God be thanked ! the grand duchess is happily delivered of a chopping prince ; and directly presented the little one to the bye-standers.

The grand duchess incensed even to fury at this malicious trick, resolved to be revenged of the cardinal, in the cruelest way, cost what it would. And she soon found means to make the grand duke himself, whose devotion to her remained always entire, to furnish her with an opportunity for effecting her purpose.

One day they all three made a party of pleasure to Poggio a Caino, and dined together. Now the cardinal was particularly fond of almond-soup : the grand-duchess therefore caused an almond-soup to be prepared for him, which was poisoned, and to be set upon the table. The cardinal had his spies upon all her actions, who executed so well their commission, that he knew of this plot before the almond-soup came up. He seated himself as usual at table ; but would not take any
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of the almond-soup, though the grand duchess pressed it upon him with all the politeness imaginable. Well, said the grand-duke, though the cardinal will have none of it, yet I shall take some. And immediately took a portion of it on his plate. (Here the situation of the grand duchess will be more easily imagined than described.) Unable now to prevent him from eating it, without making an entire discovery of her horrid purpose, she saw that she was undone; therefore, in order to escape the vengeance she had to expect from her brother-in-law, she ate up all that remained of the almond-soup. The consequence was, that she and her husband died, both on one day, namely the 21st of October, 1587. The cardinal succeeded to the grand-ducal dignity, under the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1608.

This narrative which is said to be taken from an ancient MS. is not indeed perfectly conformable to history; for Moreri says, that Franciscus Maria had absolutely a legitimate son, of his second marriage, named Antonius de Medicis, who lived till 1621.

However, on the side of the narrative, it is again certain, that really no son of the grand duke Francis Maria, but that this very cardinal Ferdinand did succeed him; which would scarcely have been the case if a legitimate son had then been living. Farther, this circumstance also agrees with it, that, according to the same author, they both did die on the same day, namely

the ninth of October, which difference in the date may be in some measure accounted for, by supposing that the two relators followed different styles.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE ART OF SCULPTURE.

NICHOLAS PISANUS, who was born at Pisa in Tuscany, about the commencement of the thirteenth century, was the first restorer of sculpture and architecture from the state of decay into which they were fallen. His merit should be more known and confessed than it actually is. As my design at present is to consider him only in the light of a sculptor, I shall add to the praise already bestowed on him as an architect by Vasari, but one short anecdote, which will place his merits on that article beyond all doubt. The design and the execution of the church of Santa Trinita at Florence are both by him. It was built in the year 1250. Michael Angelo Buonaroti used to call it his mistress [sua dama]; and, whenever he was at Florence, he seldom passed by it without visiting it with admiration*. There reigns so much judgment in the disposition, so much symmetry and simplicity in all its parts, so much magnificence and sublimity in the whole, that skilful judges would scarcely take it for a

* Cinelli, le bellezze della città di Firenze, 1677.

work of the thirteenth century, if history did not affirm it.

Nicholas of Pifa was, both in architecture and sculpture, a scholar of the masters of modern Greece, who had been for several centuries revered in Italy as the sole proprietors of the art. It required a great force of genius to raise himself above so strong and inveterate a prejudice. This he displayed in its full extent at an age when others are blindly forming themselves on the precepts and examples of their masters. While an apprentice, he was employed under these greek artists in the cathedral at Pifa. It happened that the Pisanese, who were then very powerful at sea, and carried on an extensive commerce, had brought with them some broken marble columns, of the best times of the grecian art, from the Levant. On one of them was sculptured Meleager's chase and the Caledonian boar. The beauty of these figures made so strong an impression on his mind, that he from that moment took a dislike to the formal and stiff manner of his masters, and thought of nothing now but the improvement of the art by a diligent imitation of these beautiful pieces.

He excelled in a short time all the artists who were then in the highest reputation. For, so early as the year 1225, the Bolognese invited him to execute a marble monument over the body of St. Dominic. This performance was accounted the best that had been produced for some centuries. He was afterwards called into several cities of Italy to ornament their churches with his works of sculpture. The bas-reliefs he executed at Lucca, Pifa, Siena, Florence, and Orvieto, are so many testimonies of the abilities of this great

master. The emulation to which this gave rise amongst his contemporary artists throughout all Italy, contributed very much to the advancement of the art of sculpture.

The most capital of his works are the historical carvings on the pulpit of the cathedral at Pisa, and the representation of hell on the porch of the cathedral at Orvieto. The fertility displayed in the invention, the natural simplicity in the ordonnance, the truth and vivacity in the expression, in conjunction with a tolerably just drawing, and which particularly distinguish these works, especially the hell at Orvieto, would have conferred a great reputation on any other artist even in the sixteenth century. Were they somewhat more highly finished in the execution, and a little more decorated in the drawing, we might truly advance, that, since him, the art of sculpture in half-raised works, has not advanced one step. In the picture of hell every species of horror and torment is presented to the sight. Some of the damned are seen tearing their own faces with their long sharp nails; others are entwined and gnawed by hideous serpents; others again pinched and torn by grisly spectres, and in the countenance and limbs of all are variously exhibited the expressions of pain and rage and despair.

Some persons are of opinion that he drew these horrid images from the Inferno of Dante: but, according to the calculation of Vasari, Dante was then either quite a child, or not yet born. And what disparagement would it be to him if he were indebted for these terrible ideas to the reading of Dante! Would the great gulf between thoughts and execution be thereby

filled up? This is beyond the reach of any moderate artist; nor is any ordinary genius capable of being so thoroughly imbued with the grand and sublime ideas of a poet, as to express them with sentiment and energy in marble or bronze.

That Nicholas of Pisa was endowed by nature with a peculiar creative power is evinced by various other of his expressive works, which are to be seen in the cathedral at Orvieto, particularly the historical piece of the visitation of the virgin Mary. What grace in the attitudes of Mary and Elizabeth greeting each other! How meekly they incline their persons, and extend their arms to mutual embraces! How tender joy sits smiling on the countenances of both! What beautiful proportions in the structure of their limbs, how grand and simple the drapery, how soft and natural the bendings and folds! We here plainly see that this great man knew how to soar far above the taste of his times, by his having so just an idea of the beauty of drapery. The pictures of those times that are still in being bear witness, that the dresses then in use were very narrow, the folds pointed, full of corners, and in direct opposition to true taste. He must therefore have composed his drapery, not from nature, but after the antique. From this source he not only drew the forms of his drapery, but the attitudes and movements of his figures. In his hell, a similarity with the bacchanals of the antient Greeks is evidently betrayed. In another bas-relief in the same cathedral, which represents Cain murdering his brother, we clearly discern in the figure of the murderer, a fighting Hercules with the lion's skin, perfectly in the taste of the antiques.

He was, both in sculpture and architecture, the Buonaroti of his age; and not only his son, John of Pisa, who excelled him in both, but all Italy, formed itself in those arts, by the model his works presented.

While, through the talents of this extraordinary genius and his scholars, the art of sculpture not only revived, but even attained to a perfection which bordered on that it reached in the sixteenth century, flourished Cimabue and his disciple Giotto, with the fame of being the restorers of the art of painting. But, if we compare the painting of both these with the performances in sculpture by Nicholas of Pisa, they seem to us more like the rude essays of young practitioners than works to be brought in competition with his; and we are struck with astonishment, how it was possible that painting, which rests on the same principles with sculpture in their first advances, should remain so far behind it. In the same cathedral at Orvieto there are even paintings by Ambrosius Lorezetti and Peter Cavallini, who lived almost a whole century later, and were reckoned by their contemporaries among the ablest painters, which must greatly yield in point of perfection to the first productions of reviving sculpture. When now the sculptor had once made a beginning to improve his art by the study of the antique, and this with such good success, it is not to be comprehended, why the painter had not recourse to the same means; at least how he came to remain at such a distance behind in drawing. It is still more wonderful, that Dante and Petrarch, men of the finest taste and the loftiest fancy, who had the works of the Pisanes sculptor and his son before their eyes, and might compare with them

them the stiff painting of Cimabue and Giotto, yet celebrate these to the stars. How could they do this without being blinded by an universal prejudice?

It is highly probable, that, at the time of which we are speaking, sculpture and painting were held to be arts so very different, and this prejudice was so common and so deeply rooted, that it never once occurred to the great men of that period, to compare their progress and their state of perfection together. The prime excellence of painting was made to consist in a brilliant mixture of colours, in conjunction with so much drawing as was sufficient for distinguishing a devil from an angel. The subjects were either the image of some saint, or figures from the scripture-history, with the characteristics and designs which the grecian painters, from the time of Constantine, had annexed to them. As these characteristics were familiar to the very lowest of the vulgar, the painter had done his business when he had filled up the outlines of the figures, and their principal members, with shining colours. All that Cimabue, Giotto, and their contemporaries, contributed to the completion of the art, amounted to no more than the correcting of some senseless errors, that had been sanctified by custom. For instance, that the outline was no longer drawn with black or golden lines, but with colours as the nature of the subject required; that the figures no longer stood on tiptoe, the fingers not always stiffly extended, and the like. For the rest, the figures which they painted on a golden ground still remained, more or less, in the same stiff attitude. They, like their predecessors, perpetually worked for the eye of the populace, and shewed,

shewed, as they had done before, that they were totally ignorant both of the just notion and the true aim of painting.

Even to the times of Masaccio, who lived almost two hundred years after Nicholas of Pisa, either it did not please them, or they thought it unnecessary to improve the art by the imitation of the antiques. Even down to that period, there is no picture to be produced which discovers any traces of it. Vasari relates of Masaccio, that he was the first who undertook to paint after nature, and to imitate the best performances in the art of sculpture. To this end, he not only made use of the works of Brunelleschi and Donatello at Florence, but took a journey to Rome for the sake of studying the antiques, that he might excel all his predecessors and his contemporaries in the art he professed. Accordingly, it was much above a thousand years that the art of painting had fallen into a total decay, before it once came into the mind of a painter to improve his art by the imitation of nature and the study of the antiques. A remarkable instance of the force of inveterate prejudice; which is still the more striking, if we consider, that, in the fourteenth century, the painter was for the most part sculptor too, and had carried this art to a very considerable degree of perfection by the imitation of the antique.

The assertion is still farther confirmed, that they placed the essence of painting in the colours, and thought they had reached the perfection of the art, by their filling up the outline of the saints, which had been introduced by the greek masters several ages ago, with beautiful and lively colours; and when they
wanted

wanted to carry the art to the utmost length, like Cimabue and Giotto, they expressed the divisions of the members by somewhat softer strokes and more proper colours. They never dreamt that their art was capable of so high a perfection as that to which it was brought in the succeeding times by Leonardo da Vinci, by Raphael d'Urbino, by Titian and Correggio. As they had, for many centuries, no other model than the mosaic and other stiff paintings of the Greeks, it was morally impossible for them but to conceive in their minds a perfect work. Not only the art itself, but the very idea of it was lost. There was no method left for restoring it in all its parts, but that of proper and personal invention. If we consider the difficulties that were to be surmounted, and how many essential parts were to be invented, beside the design, before painting could attain to perfection, all astonishment ceases at its being later in reaching the perfection of sculpture, which lay obvious in so many antiques.

THE YOUNG PERSIAN.

By Mr. MEISSNER.

CYRUS, ARTAXES, Courtiers.

CYRUS.

SHAME upon thee, prince! — Who would waste more than an hour in lamenting such a trifling loss! — There will be more races another time. To-day thou wert

wert second at the goal; in the next thou wilt be the first.

Artaxes.] Never! so long as that youth contends with me who got the victory to-day; and, should he not contend, what glory can I acquire? — Ah! how his horse flew along with the swiftness of an arrow! With what inimitable ease he managed him! — I see nothing but him wherever I turn my eyes; what magnanimity in the modest mien and the silent dignity with which he took down the laurel, after conquering me for the second time.

Cyrus.] Even so! thou art of the blood of Cambyfes! [*Embraces him.*] Though conquered, thou art dearer to me than a general who comes to bring me an account of his victory. — It is already a great matter impartially to praise the outward advantages of a competitor; but he who is capable of extolling the spirit of him must be one of those noble mortals but rarely met with. — I should be glad to know the man who bore away the prize from thee.

Courtier.] That thou mayst, monarch, as soon as thou wilt. I saw him erewhile before thy tent.

Cyrus.] Well, let him be called. [*Exit Courtier.*]

[*Artaxes retires behind the throne of Cyrus.*]

Cyrus.] Whither art thou going, cousin?

Artaxes.] To hide myself behind thee, that he may not see my confusion.

[*Courtier enters with the young soldier.*]

Courtier.] Here he is. I have brought the invincible hero. I found him with a parcel of his comrades, among whom he was distributing the thousand pieces of gold, the prize of the race.

Cyrus.] Was that well done? And wherefore? I myself gave the prize: dost thou disdain my gift?

Soldier.] How could I do so? It was infinitely more than I deserved. But I kept possession of this [*holding up the laurel-wreath*], which I deemed of so much consequence, that I could not think of accepting in one day two such presents from fickle fortune. Besides, — [*he stops short.*]

Cyrus.] Why dost thou stop? Speak freely what thou hast to say.

Soldier.] I contended for fame; and that I gained. Ought I not to bestow upon my brethren what I gained over and above the prize I fought?

Cyrus.] Bravely said! I am the sovereign of the noblest nation beneath the sun, if there be many Persians who speak and think as thou dost. But, if this wreath be of so much value to thee, wouldst thou part with the horse that helped thee to win it, for a sum of money?

Soldier.] Not for any.

Cyrus, half smiling.] But for a command?

Soldier.] Not for a kingdom. But I would with pleasure resign it to a friend, if I could find one worthy of that connection.

Artaxes, rushing forward to him with open arms.] Noble youth! let me be that friend! — Embrace me, thou first of men, embrace me!

Soldier.] How willingly, if thou wert not Artaxes! But, as it is, I dare not; thou art —

Artaxes.] And what? — a prince, perhaps? too high for thee? — Take the half of my province! I shall dispose

dispose of it to profit, if it make thee my friend and my equal. — Embrace me!

Soldier, continuing to retreat.] I dare not. Thou art my benefactor, always infinitely above me. Besides — pardon me — I cannot venture to be a prince. I am but too seldom master of myself; how should I be able to govern others?

Cyrus, starting from his throne.] How poor am I! Have I in all my treasures a jewel fit to be a recompence for sentiments like these, which I could venture to offer to a youth like this? — Warrior, for the future in battle thou fightest beside me, and soon, as commander, even without me; this Cyrus asks. And to embrace me and Artaxes are the orders of thy king.

Soldier, after embracing, to Cyrus.] My gratitude can find no words. *To Artaxes.*] Accept of my esteem, till I am worthy of thy friendship. — See here the proof of it. [*He parts the laurel crown.*] The half of it be thine! Thou wert next to me at the goal.

F I N I S.









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